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THE

LAND OF SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA AND
THE SOUTHWEST.

EDITED BY
CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

VOLUME VII.
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DOLORES.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

JUNE, 1897.

DOLORS.

BY JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

In the garden. Summer.

He (to young Dolores, the Southern maid) :

—"Not that !

Do not gather that flower," he said,
 "That is a flower we lay on the dead.
 That waxen white—that weight of perfume
 Sicken the brain and speak of the tomb."

She.

"Is it so ?

In my land, where the earth is bright
 With the tropic moonlight,
 Where soft winds of the South caress like the mouth
 Of a babe with its mother at play,
 On the warm still air like fondest prayer
 Comes the scent of this night-flower,
 Whispering '*I love*'—so they say—
 And who gives the flower gives his heart away.
Asi me lo dicen—por mi no lo sé."

* * * *

She. "It was Love's own summer flower," she said,
 "But the summer is gone and now Love is dead.
 Ah was there no power in its passionate breath
 To keep love from lying so cold in death ?"

He. "Love is not dead. Love cannot die.
 He stays for a moment, then passes by."

She. "Is that so ?
 (*Down heart ! Hush that shivering cry !*
Fold the robe decently ! Silently die !)

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LAND OF SUNSHINE.

In the ball-room. Winter.

She. "How good of you! All these flowers for me!"

He. "Some garden flowers, too, though the year is spent,
And frost has come and the North wind blows.
Mignonette—you love that,
And your favorite tube rose—
You are ill! (*Heavens, how pale!*) pray speak
Not in that voice, so heartstruck and weak.
What *can* I do"—

She. —"that window—my fan—
It's nothing—quite over—I'm really ashamed—
The air of this room tightened my heart like the grasp of
the tomb
And those horrible flowers with their poison perfume"—

He. —"But I thought that you loved them!
Last year you would wear
No other flower in your dress or your hair."

She. "Was it so?"
Then I'm changed, you see.
Change comes to all things—why not to me?
It's *not* nice and romantic, but why should one be
The only exception to '*Souvent varie?*'
"Will I waltz?"
I'm so sorry. I've not left one dance.
I'm engaged—don't you know? And we're off soon for
France.
For a very long stay, I believe.
Your winters are cold here. Physicians decree
I must go where the sun shines—must travel by sea.
Ah—here is my partner—my husband to be."

A wailing Strauss waltz.

He (apart). "By Jove!
I don't know what to think of that girl!
First smiling, then fainting, then off in a whirl.

(*Throw flowers out of the window.*)

I give it all up—my brain I won't vex
Guessing riddles in flowers or whims of the sex."

She. (Alone, where none could see—*pobre Dolores, ay de mi!*)
With hair down-streaming as a veil,
With thinned hands holding withered flowers,
She, weeping till the stars grow pale,
Mourns for those lovely by-gone hours,
And still she says (*beneath her breath*)
"I loved, and Love is stronger than Death."

MY REAL BROWNIES.

(Southwestern Wonderland Series, XV.)

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

LONG before Palmer Cox's irrepressible elves had birth of his fancy and came to be adopted at every fireside where humor is, my real Brownies were pattering up and down the earth unguessed by literature. No bobtailed, spider-legged, nutmeg-headed whimsies they, but sheer bodies of youth, consummately human in flesh and blood and dimples. *They* were droll, too, but not in the drollery of drawing-paper; pranky with a mischief that puppets never imagined, yet smitten upon occasion with sobriety beside which the printed page of mannikins is noisy; competent to aggravate as only such creatures can which have a larger creator than Art—yet to be loved as we love only the things that are born of woman. And the long and short of it is that I prefer *my* Brownies. With all admiration for Cox, I think God has rather the better of it when it comes to making Brownies. His are the real article.

It seems very long that they and I have been friends. More than a third of my life has been mitigated by them—I wish I might believe that they had got so much from the companionship.

But that is the thing that never shall come to pass. Sure they loved "Old Crooked Stick" when he was warped with paralysis; and no less when the hickory has straightened again, and *Oute Palude* has become *Im-pa-peh*, My Big Brother. But somehow it is in the program that the man may never be to the child quite so much as the child to the man. To the child, the man is something big and



REYES, A TIGUA BROWNIE.



PUEBLO BROWNIES AT THE SWIMMING-HOLE.

Photos. copyright by the author. Engravings by Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.



strong, rather nice, but very far-off; to man the child is the resurrection and the life.

It was a sapient spinster who remarked: "Babies are like tooth-brushes—one prefers one's own." But with or without one's own, it is always good to have chums among the youngsters—if you can find tolerable ones. That is one of the ad-

vantages of my Brownies—there are no spoiled ones. The aborigine does not breed that two-legged pestilence the intolerable child. There are no Indian brats. Impudence and disobedience and "smartness" are distinctively products of civilization. The Indian is the tenderest of parents. He almost never chastises his offspring—because he almost never needs to. Filial obedience and respect for seniority are the basis not only of the Indian toddler's catechism, but of his heredity; and children of that training are welcome even outside the family circle.

Of the Real Brownies I have come to know, in a baker's dozen of years, a great many thousands, in homes all the way from Colorado to Bolivia. The largest number of them have been little Pueblos, for among them I lived for five years; and in some ways I care more for them—partly because we are more intimate, partly because they are of a little more complete civilization. But all are worth while—Pueblo Brownies and nomad savage Brownies, Quéres, Tigua, Moqui, Zuñi, Apache, Ute, Yuma, Navajo, Aztec, Zapotec, Mixtec, Maya, Columbia, Ecuador, Quichua and Aymará, Indian Brownies and Mexican Brownies; born in communal pyramid or under flat azotea, in earth-covered hogán or hide tepee or on the Mojave sands. For the amount of it is that God is no fool; and when He makes anything baby-shape you may depend upon it it's a baby, all over and through and through, with just as much of human and divine in it whether its hide be chocolate or rose-leaf.

And while I prefer rose-leaf at home, there is no dodging the fact that the brown skin is the more artistic and richer. When you fill it as young pelts are wont to be filled where people live much nearer nature than we do; and when you sow it with more dimples than a child of our civilization could find room for—why, then you've something good to look upon.

Three-year-old Lolita, standing wide-eyed and stark upon the beetling cliff of Acoma to welcome me; and pretty 'Canda and *descalza* Reyes (with one moccasin off and one on) who used to haunt my bachelor camp in Sheeh-huib-bak; and shy Monica and grinning Juan, and gently-smiling Petra, and all the other host of my small friends in the home pueblo, and the hundreds in the 25 other pueblos; and slender Beatriz who used to perch upon my shoulder and



PETRA.



THE ACAPULCO CONTINGENT.

ride in naked two-year-old pomp about Acapulco; and her rivals for my affections in a hundred other towns of Mexico; and my Brownie chums in Guatemala and the Isthmus and Guayaquil and Lima and Arequipa and La Paz—verily, when I forget them I shall forget my own. For they have been, through so many wandering years, my little sisters and brothers and teachers, who have shown me more and deeper things than all the books—for he is but a dunce, no matter what else he has learned, who has not yet learned the humanity of Man.

The one advantage of the paper Brownies is that they stay so always. And the deuce of it with the real ones is that they *will* grow up, just like other

youngsters. And if there is a more discouraging and uncomfortable and wholly uncalled-for thing than to come back looking for the unashamed barebreek that rode your knee, and find her a timid matron with kneeriders of her own; or him a serious councillor of his people—then I do not know what it may be. It wouldn't be half so bad coming where your own small copies tell head is getting to look just

sters themselves Confound them! other child should by the time all we off it, what a would be, to be by beings as God no chance for our becilities to undo or big, these special *my* Brownies. Only hugging one that



BROWNIES OF SHE-E-HUIB-BAK.

used to ride me pickaback—and now, if my clinch was still the stronger, he had half a head the better of me in stature; and the same day a maiden that used to go to sleep on my lap, put her hands on my shoulders for the ceremonial embrace of her people as if afraid that I'd either bite or break. All of which led me to a new realization of the fact that Time is a thief and a robber.

There is only one thing that is burglar-proofed against him—and that is Memory.

"The things to come are bubbles,
That we have had is ours."

Nothing can whittle me out of those little companionships; and as the Real Brownie crop is always coming on, there are always new youngsters to take the place of those so ungrateful as to grow up.

One must be a fanatic philopedist who could enjoy an invasion

you unblushingly: "Papa, your like my squirrel," if the young-

would only stand still.

If I had my way, not an- ever grow a stitch—and old fools had perished decent world this sure—peopled only made them, and with own passions and im- His job! But little ones will always be

the other day I was



A BOLIVIAN BROWNIE.



MEXICAN BROWNIES.

of so many American hopefuls, in season and out; for the immature Caucasian is apt to be wearing when you get him in bulk. But self-possession and control seem to go with the bronze skin; and I never have found the young barbarian a burden. When I was busy—which was generally—they squatted upon my floor and made much of the papers in my waste-basket—so unobtrusive that I have written at ease with a score of them in the room as busy as so many ants and as undisturbing.

And when the last page was written, and it was

time to go hunt my bachelor supper of wild ducks, what a scampering of noiseless feet, what an obsession of clinging hands, what chuckles and laughter and falsetto whooping imitations of the Enemy-

Yell! What unconfined joy when the camera came out to picture some-one, or when we played *pa-tól*, the Game of the Bounding Sticks, or the aboriginal hide and seek. Wildest of all was the fun when the fire-fights were on, and one party defended the pueblo, and the other, assuming to be Cumanche, attacked it at dusk. Then how we rolled adobe mud pellets, and stuck them on the tops of our throwing-sticks, and jammed a live coal into a side of each, and sent them hurtling into the enemy's camp—until all the sky seemed to rain shooting-stars! And what perfect spirits! Now and then a fire-ball would find its billet; and there would be a howl of pain—and in the next breath the wounded warriorling would be bombarding again, with more spirit than ever and not a whit worse nature. That is another of the good things that generally go with the brown skin—these Children of the Sun, young and old, are fit players at any game, for they do not lose their tempers. They give and take like the manly creatures Nature meant us to be, and not the peevish, selfish, inflammable things that civilization has made us. I would like to see just how long one of these happy fire-fights could go on between an equal number of Little Lord Fauntleroy before there would be several real fights on hand.



SENEGAMBIAN BROWNIES.



IN MANZANILLO.





From Vancouver's "Voyages," 1794.

THE MISSION OF MONTEREY IN 1792.

THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

BY CHAS. F. CARTER.

II.

APPROXIMATELY speaking, the greatest activity of the Franciscan Missions in California was contemporaneous with our own Revolution on the far Atlantic coast. Yet surely no one could have dreamed, in all the world, that movements so far apart, geographically and intrinsically, were one day to find relationship.

The Mission of San Juan Capistrano* (begun the year before, but abandoned after the attack on San Diego) was permanently founded Nov. 1, 1776. It was one of the most successful Missions in its relations with the Indians, and never had any trouble with them. In 1790 it baptized 569 of them and had 741 neophytes. Later, the finest church building in the whole history of the California Missions was erected here; and its ruins [the stone domes] are to this day the admiration of every educated visitor.

The Mission of Santa Clara† was established Jan. 12, 1777; and about three miles distant, the first *pueblo* [town] in the present State of California, that of San José de Guadalupe, was founded Nov. 29, 1777.

To mitigate the warlike tribes on the overland route from Mexico to



by the author.

SAN DIEGO MISSION.



L. A. Eng. Co.

MISSION DOLORES.

* St. John of Capistrano, Italy (1385-1456). Canonized in 1690. Famous as a Crusader and as a writer. His day is Oct. 21.

San Juan is the first Mission taken charge of by the Landmarks Club. In 1896 all its principal buildings were repaired by the Club, and their preservation ensured for another century.—Ed.

† St. Clara (1193-1253) the first Franciscan nun. Canonized in 1255. Her day is Aug. 12.

New California, two Missions were founded on the Colorado river in the fall of 1780—one, La Purísima Concepcion de Maria Santísima, where Ft. Yuma now is; the other, San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñier, three leagues below. These were "Pueblo Missions," founded by the Franciscan College of Santa Cruz at Querétaro. In July, 1781, the Yuma Indians massacred 46 persons (including four missionaries) and destroyed the Missions, which were never rebuilt.

Though Alta California was included, successively, in the bishoprics of Durango and Sonora, it was never visited by a bishop till it had one of its own in 1841. A ten years' license to confirm was granted Father Serra in 1777, and reached him the next year. At his death, in 1784, he had confirmed 5309 persons. The license was renewed in 1785, and in 1790 was forwarded to Padre Lasuen, then president of the Missions, who confirmed 10,139 persons in the next five years.

The pueblo of Los Angeles was founded Sept. 4, 1781. The long delayed mission of San Buenaventura*—projected in 1772 but delayed by lack of troops—was at last established March 31, 1782. The presidio of Santa Barbara was begun about a month later; but the Santa Barbara Mission was not founded till four years afterward.

The "Apostle of California," the greatest of Western missionaries,



MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA

Miguel José Serra, was born at Petra, Mallorca, Nov. 24, 1713; assuming the name of Junípero when he entered the Franciscan order in 1731. Filled with missionary zeal he came to the New World to help in the conversion of its innumerable savages; and in 1767 was made President of the Missions of Antigua California on the expulsion of the Jesuits.

He accompanied the first expedition to open up Nueva California; and from that time to the day of his death devoted his every energy to that new field—founding Missions, teaching and confirming the savages, as president administering the great Mission system of the new territory, traveling up and down the coast from San Diego to San Francisco and back, a stretch of over 500 miles, walking every step of the way and visiting every Mission.

In walking up from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico in 1749 (when he first reached America) his leg became swollen, it is supposed from the bites of insects; and blood poisoning set in, from which he suffered greatly all the rest of his life. Thereafter, walking was always painful; sometimes next to impossible. But Father Serra never permitted these

* St. Bonaventura—Giovanni di Fidanza, native of Tuscany (1221-1274). Restored from a critical illness in childhood, his mother dedicated him to God as Buonaventura. He became a Bishop and Cardinal, and is known as "the seraphic doctor" for his writings on mystic theology. His day is July 14.

sufferings to hinder his work — and he not only maintained the most active tours, but made them always on foot, sustained by his wonderful will and his passionate love for the Missions. His steadfastness was equalled by his humility. Though besought to use a horse, he would not; and only in his few last confirmation trips did he allow anyone to accompany and assist him in these lonely and painful foot-journeys over great distances.

August 28, 1784, this great and good man died at the Mission of Monterey; and he was buried on the 29th, with every honor possible in the little colony. He was surely one of the most remarkable men his church ever produced; and deserved canonization more than some who have received it. He was the perfect type of great missionary and apostle. His biography was written by his lifelong friend Father Palou, who accompanied him from Mallorca to Mexico and California and was with him at his death. It was published in Mexico in 1787. On Serra's death, the presidency of the Missions devolved on Palou as senior friar in California; but he desired to leave the country, and held the office only until he could be given a successor — Fermin Francisco de Lasuen.

The Mission of Santa Bárbara* was founded on that saint's day, Dec. 4, 1786. In 1787 the third Channel Mission, La Purísima Concepcion, was founded. Santa Cruz was established Sept. 25, 1791; and in the same year Nuestra Señora de la Soledad. During the next six years no new Missions were founded.

The padres had long desired to establish a line of Missions somewhat inland, each equidistant (as nearly as practicable) from two of the first Missions. After long explorations, Gov. Borica recommended a plan to the Viceroy of Mexico, who in 1796 approved it. The Mission of San José was accordingly founded June 11, 1797. Then followed in quick succession San Juan Bautista (June 24), San Miguel (July 25), San Fernando† Rey de España (Sept. 8, 1797) and San Luis‡ Rey de Francia (June 13, 1798.)

At the end of the century the population of the Mission establishments of Nueva California was 13,000. Between 1769 and 1800 there had been 16,000 baptisms.

The following table presents in convenient form for reference the most graphic view of the missionary work in California. It gives the list of the Missions in order, the dates of their founding, the largest number of neophytes at each in any one time, and the year in which this maximum was reached.

| Mission | Founded | Max. Neophytes | Year |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|-------------------|------|
| San Diego de Alcalá..... | July 16, 1769 | 1829 | 1824 |
| San Carlos Borromeo..... | June 30, 1770 | 921 | 1794 |
| San Antonio de Pádua..... | July 14, 1771 | 1296 | 1805 |
| San Gabriel Arcángel..... | September 8, 1771 | 1701 | 1817 |
| San Luis Obispo..... | September 1, 1772 | 852 | 1803 |
| San Francisco de Asís..... | October 9, 1776 | 1252 | 1820 |
| San Juan Capistrano..... | November 1, 1776 | 1361 | 1812 |
| Santa Clara..... | January 12, 1777 | 1464 | 1827 |
| San Buenaventura..... | March 31, 1782 | 1328 | 1816 |
| Santa Bárbara..... | December 4, 1786 | 1792 | 1803 |
| La Purísima Concepcion..... | December 8, 1787 | 1520 | 1804 |
| Santa Cruz..... | September 25, 1791 | 523 | 1796 |
| La Soledad..... | October 9, 1791 | 725 | 1805 |
| San José..... | June 11, 1797 | 1886 | 1831 |
| San Juan Bautista..... | June 24, 1797 | 1248 | 1823 |
| San Miguel..... | July 25, 1797 | 1076 | 1814 |
| San Fernando..... | September 8, 1797 | 1086 | 1819 |
| San Luis Rey..... | June 13, 1798 | 2869 | 1826 |
| Santa Inez..... | September 17, 1804 | 768 | 1816 |
| San Rafael Arcángel..... | December 18, 1817 | 1140 | 1828 |
| San Francisco Solano..... | July 4, 1823 | 996 | 1832 |

† This includes the "asistencia" San Rafael; San Francisco proper was 622.

* St. Barbara, virgin and martyr. The legend is that she was daughter of Dioneo, an idolater of Asia Minor. He tortured her for her christianity, and beheaded her; whereupon he was struck dead by lightning. St. Barbara is patroness of sailors and the artillery; and the powder magazine on Spanish ships was called by her name.

† St. Ferdinand (Ferdinand III, King of Spain from 1217 to 1251). Canonized in 1671.

‡ St. Louis (Louis IX, King of France from 1226 to 1270). A leading figure in the Crusades.

LOST ON PIKE'S PEAK.

BY ALBERT MC FARLAND.

FROM Manitou on the 22d of May, 1879, I innocently undertook to ascend Pike's Peak. It was two months too early for tourists who, with experienced guides, made the ascent on burros. But having read of the exciting charms of the trip and not dreaming of danger, I set out, dressed in light summer clothing and a palm-leaf hat. I secured a horse at the livery stable without informing anyone of my destination. Fortunately I strapped a heavy blanket on my saddle; it was worth more to me than a National Bank before I got through.

The morning was charming, with soft, piny breezes, cloudless sky and tuneful birds.

Passing Ute Springs, I entered the cañon and followed the brawling stream. The trail up the cañon is just wide enough for a horse, and winds alternately along the stream, beneath fragrant spruces, and around lichened rocks. Vast walls and pinnacles loom at every turn, their fantastic summits chafed and disintegrated by the storms and frosts of centuries. Great boulders, fifty feet high, lie piled upon each other clutched by the gnarled roots of aged trees.

At two o'clock I reached the "half-way-house," a log cabin where excursion parties were wont to remain over night and then, with guides, proceed before day to the signal station on the top of the mountain to view the sunrise. But I was in no mood to stop. I could see Pike's Peak just ahead.

So, storing a lunch in my coat-tail pocket, despite the host's earnest warning that it was too early in the season to make the trip with safety, I decided to push on. I could not believe that such a sky would be treacherous.

So I commenced the ascent. As I proceeded, the sky became flecked with clouds, through which the sun faintly struggled, while toward the plain all was lost in a smoky haze.

In several places the trail led through snow that reached the stirrups, and the wind began to sough mournfully through the dead leaves. The timber grew more gnarled, and every twisted, stunted tree told by its deformity the struggle it had had with the winds for life. Then the line was reached where vegetation gave up the contest and resigned the field to desolation. Here, expecting to return in a few hours, I dismounted and securely tied my horse to the branch of a spruce tree at the edge of the timber line.

Now commenced the work in earnest. The wind was rising and the air betokened a change of weather. There were large patches of snow



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co. THE OLD STATION ON PIKE'S PEAK.

Photo. by Jackson



THE PEAK FROM MANITOU.

on the ground which I attempted to avoid by going around; but as the elevation increased, the snow and wind increased. The exertion in climbing warmed me up, and perspiration fairly poured off me. The trail, indistinct at best over the hard surface, was at last lost. The snow covered it—it covered everything. The air became full of snow wildly driven in gusty swirls by the cruel wind. The far mountains loomed gloomily through the storm, and the roar of the tempest became so terrible that I repeatedly sat down in the snow and pulled my blanket over my head to shut it out.

The altitude was now over 11,000 feet, and the rarefied air made the least exertion tiresome. But the waning light showed the closing day; the only hope

of safety was in struggling to the summit, which was always invisible. At this instant I noticed the small poles of a telegraph line; and painfully floundered through the snow to find that the wire was low enough for me to reach, and had evidently been stretched over the most direct route to the top of the mountain, regardless of steepness or broken ground.

I was no longer lost. I knew that the wire led direct to the Peak, and that my safety was simply a question of endurance. To try and follow the line down was impossible, for it doubtless spanned forests and chasms.

As I looked up along the line, the low poles arose, one above the other, on a grade of forty to sixty feet; and four or five poles only were visible at a time—the farther one standing out alone against the sky as if it were the last. I followed the wire, thinking that when I reached the last pole in sight I should be on the summit. But the farther I advanced the farther reached the beckoning poles. There were always new poles in the distance.

The snow was soft and deep, and every step became painfully laborious and discouraging. The wire had been stretched over ravines and acres of rough stone, covered by the snow drifts, through which I broke and over which I staggered, wrenching every muscle and straining every nerve. Finally the over-exertion brought on a chill. My boots were full of snow, and my hat had been torn to shreds and carried away. Sick and exhausted I sank down in a drowsy stupor, and pulled my blanket over my head to muffle the screaming tempest. It required a struggle to keep from falling asleep. All around was utter desolation. I lay and counted the telegraph poles in sight stretching up the mountain side; and looking back over the route so painfully and slowly traveled, it seemed impossible that I could reach the crest ahead. Knowing the danger of going to sleep I determined to make one more struggle for life. I found that the poles were about fifty feet apart;



and after a long rest by leaning against a pole, I would grasp the wire and plunge on to the next pole. Stepping into the little ravines beneath the line, filled with snow, my hold would be broken and I would fall into the drifts and lie there until partially recovered, to rise and repeat the struggle over and over again. A nice dilemma for a man 56 years of age!

Repeatedly hope and strength had given way. Beyond me still stretched the deluding wire up the mountain side, each pole towering above the other until one alone stood out against the snowy sky. Could I reach the pole? And if so, would it be the last, the termination of the line where the stone signal station was, or would the dreary line still stretch on? If that was not the end of the journey I knew I was lost. I could go no further. The suspense was dreadful.

With lips swollen and bleeding, and heart fluttering, I frantically struggled on and fell, to rise and fall again. Nature must yield, pay its last debt, if from the top of that point no rescue were in sight. Slowly, (oh, how slowly!) I clambered up to the telegraph pole!

The sky was dark and wintry, and the wind still raged with fearful force. Night was coming on apace, and Nature seemed to be wrapping her chilly drapery around her and shutting out all hope and sympathy.

Another step or two would decide my fate. If it disclosed a continuation of the telegraph line my doom was sealed, for I could go no further.

But what is that strange noise, like a watchman's rattle above the storm? Peering through the darkness, I saw something like a weather-vane spinning and clattering in the wind. And there is the little stone hut, cold and cheerless to all appearance—but no human structure, however imposing, will ever seem so inviting to me. Standing over 14,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by perpetual ice and snow, and shaken and scourged by the winds, with no trees or bush in sight.

Assured now of rescue I sat down, and leaning against the long-sought "last telegraph pole," took a long rest before clambering over the rocks to the door. At my knock an amazed young man appeared, and kindly invited me to enter.

"Is it possible you came up by the telegraph line?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he exclaimed, "do you know it is a miracle you ever got here? The line is built over the most direct route, spanning the steepest ground and sharpest rocks; and, besides that, a tornado has been blowing all the afternoon. Right now the wind-gauge registers a velocity of sixty-five miles an hour." (This wind-gauge spinning on the roof of the station was what had proclaimed my rescue.) "The last man who came up through the snow was young and accustomed to the hardships of the trip. He had gone down to repair the line, and came near perishing. When I opened the door to let him in he fell in a swoon upon the floor, and was revived with difficulty."

My host was Lieut. Wes. Blake, of the Signal Corps, U. S. Army; the sole occupant of the government station, and often left entirely alone for a month. In case of injury to the wire by falling trees or snow he was literally cut off from all communication with the world below. A comrade relieved him every four weeks. Besides keeping in order the



delicate instruments used in the meteorological observations and making out detailed reports, he was compelled to be his own cook, cut up his firewood and do all the necessary drudgery. In case of sickness or accident he might die and no one know it for weeks. He told me that his predecessor had been found a raving maniac. The unintelligible telegrams the poor fellow sent to Washington led to the discovery.

A roaring wood fire in a big stove, and a hot bowl of tea were good enough for me. Nothing had passed my lips since morning, but I did not hanker for a banquet. I worried about my horse tied to the tree away down the mountain; but as my host was the sole occupant of the station he thought the chances of getting up a rescuing party were rather poor.

"Not wishing to throw a chill over our cheerful surroundings," he said, "I would merely express the opinion that you will never see your horse again. Before now he has grown cold and restive and broken loose, and doubtless stumbled into the crater of one of the extinct volcanoes along the route over which you passed. There are several a thousand feet deep."

But nothing could have kept me from sleep, though my host sought to entertain me with graphic descriptions; and seeing an alluring cot and army blankets near by, I tumbled into bed on the first invitation, wet boots and all.

The storm raged all night, and the stone walls of the building, two feet thick, shook like a pasteboard box. The structure was one story high and heavily anchored to the rock by "hog chains," but it seemed at times as if the whole outfit would be torn loose and blown into some bottomless gulf.

At four next morning I scrambled out to see the sunrise. The sky was clear and the snow had ceased falling, but it was torn from the surrounding peaks by the scurrying wind and tossed about in restless drifts. Far to the east, a few fleecy clouds were pierced by faint rays which shot athwart the sky until the sun, like a great headlight, burst upon the vast expanse in a blaze of glory.

"Night's candles were burned out, and jocund day
Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

It was too big a thing for me to handle, and I quietly went in again and crept under the bed clothes.

At nine I was awakened by what sounded like some one chopping wood; but it proved to be my host, who had pulled a quarter of frozen beef out of the snow and was chipping off some chips for breakfast. His refrigerator comprised "all out doors."

At ten o'clock the Lieutenant thought the wind had subsided sufficiently to make it safe for my descent, but to guard against snow blindness he insisted upon painting my face with a burnt cork. Then, wrapped in my blanket and bare headed, and looking like the remnant of a stranded minstrel show, I bade my friend good-bye and started down the mountain. The snow was frozen hard, and with the telegraph posts as a guide I made rapid time—often sliding five hundred feet without a break. My anxiety about my horse became very great as I approached the timber line; but I was suddenly delighted to hear his friendly whinny. I had fortunately tied him under a large tree that partly protected him from the storm, and he had patiently endured his vigil of twenty-four hours.

At six in the evening I was at the dinner table of the "Manitou House" enjoying a square meal, and feeling that I had got well out of a bad scrape.

If Lieut. Blake is living and should see these lines, I wish to acknowledge to him my thanks for his hospitality on that occasion.

Los Angeles, Cal.



HOWEVER the loyal Phyllis, in the first few years of her transplanting, may yearn for the dear East of her upbringing, she will (if she be an honest Phyllis) thankfully acknowledge many points wherein housekeeping is simpler and vastly more satisfactory in the land of her adoption than where she was "raised."

What woman does not recall the regret and inward rebellion with which those first few inexpressible days of early spring—the time of the oriole's advent and the chaste revelation of the bloodroot—were annually sacrificed to that historic ordeal, housecleaning?

The average man has no idea that the average woman loathes this periodical purification quite as much as he does.

She loves the result but not the process; but she must keep up his courage as well as her own, and it would never do to let on to him her secret detestation.

But when all outdoors was wooing her romantic soul, when she could smell the ravishing odors of fresh grass and warm mould, and could imagine the delicate green gloom of the woodland in tender leafage, and longed with all her winter-sick heart to loaf and roam and browse *à fresco*, then to bow to broom and dustpan and scrubbing-brush was indeed bitter.

By the time the trial was over and every last cubbyhole in blameless condition, and weary Phyllis at last emerged to get a taste of nature, she found that ethereal, elusive charm of the rathe season vanished from the earth, the pearly breakers of the bloodroot shattered, the oriole too busy with his own domestic concerns to rejoice her ear with those fluty rhapsodies by which he celebrates his return to the North and his bridal.

It was very disappointing; and if she made haste and crowded all the arduous business into one week, or even two, then she was laid up with the strain for a week or two more, so that the resultant loss was the same.

But here! Here, those perfect days come as a rule the year round, and happy Phyllis may house-clean to her thrifty heart's content, with a breeze to order for every curtain and carpet, light for the lace and stronger for the Bagdads, and sunshine galore to sanitize every shred of hanging and bed clothing, besides a yearful left for pure enjoyment.

In fact, here Phyllis doesn't need to turn everything upside down twice a year after the time-honored custom, because she can have her house opened up to the air and sun practically all winter.

Phyllis is no sluggard, and she feels insulted to have the small epitome of industry parade her example forever on the pantry shelf in contempt of borax, Persian Powder and everything except the nauseous coal oil.

But the same climatic clemency which abets the ant's prolonged depredations, allures that opal of the air, the humming-bird, to permanent residence, and so the great law of compensation holds good.

And what would you? we must have some small trials to keep our patience polished and to preserve Paradise from belittlement.

A few ants less, a shower or two more in summer, and the natural conditions of the Happy Land would be accomplished.

Again, when fastidious Phyllis is devoutly wishing that the adamantine water of the Angels' City would impart some of its hardness to the coal, and that the coal would reciprocate with a donation of half its softness to the water, let her recall her first delight at the responsiveness of this same coal.

"A baking oven in fifteen minutes, Augustus! We can have what even our best Biddy never could manage for us, hot baked apples and roast potatoes for breakfast."

And as an offset to the hard water, let her reflect on the satisfaction with which she viewed her first generous basket of crisp vegetables, fresh from Hop Sing's attractive display—and so cheap.

Anything, from rhubarb to okra, and at almost any time in the year; no telephoning here to the grocer for "good peas and fresh lettuce" to have them arrive limp, a proof of the perfidy of their purveyor, constraining the recipient to vow a trial of that last, desperate, expensive resort, a garden of one's own.

The enlargement of dietary possibilities by the extension of the fruit and green vegetable season is a real surprise to Phyllis, for all she has read for years of strawberries in December and green peas in January.

She reminds herself of a traveling companion on a European trip who could never get over it that things are really just as the map and Baedeker say they are.

With self-protective caution native to the Yankee, however intelligent, Phyllis never half believed in these alluring reports, and so, during her first winter here, she goes out to Hop Sing's cart every day with new trepidation, to find, hardly crediting her eyes, unbelievable outdoor green peas, Lima beans and spinach in December added to the usual winter assortment.

Week in, week out, the salad bowl and the stock pot flourish on simply what goodnatured Hop Sing "throws in" after the bargain has been made; and his frequent gift of a sugary cantaloup to the little folk makes a dessert leaving nothing to be desired.

And when she has actually partaken of real strawberries, acceptably ripe and sweet, on Christmas day, she repudiates all her former doubts and holds herself prepared for anything.

And as to fruits, if Mother Earth puts so unimpeachable a dessert as a ripe, rosy Crawford or a plate of figs into her hand in October, or a honey-sweet Navel orange in January, and great shining blackberries practically all the year, more delicious to palate and more gratifying to the eye than the best meringue on her best pudding, Phyllis would be a goose if she gave up her time or the cook's to frequent mince pies or omelettes soufflées.

Even in apples she has only exchanged the cherished Northern Spy and Greening of her childhood for the delicate Pearmain, the Bellflower and others just as good.

One singular individual has been heard of who complained that the delectable Muscat grape is too sweet; but he must have been as hard up for grounds of objection as was the old lady for grounds of praise when she commended the unnameable one for his persistency.

This continuance of the fruit season soon demonstrates to Phyllis the futility of much canning, only a few jars to piece along from very late peaches, grapes and blackberries to very early strawberries and other small fruits. And so another yearly burden slips off her shoulders.

All this looks toward simplifying life's machinery to the degree that one may find much more time for the new (or better the old) book, the beloved drawing or music or what-not that enlarges life and the joy and use of it.

When, added to all this, Phyllis has found by trial and inquiry that she can have her own mint and horseradish and parsley and dandelion greens, and even (oh new thanksgiving of the Pilgrim Mothers!) even real Eastern pumpkins, as well as those strange hypertrophied objects that they boast of here, and that do not know, themselves, whether they are not really squashes—when Phyllis has made sure of all these special weaknesses, if then she cannot cheerfully condone the ubiquitous flea and look upon it as one more point of *vraisemblance* between Dante's and Our Italy, she is indeed captious.

The most headlong devotee of this all-deserving clime must yield that the brown bareness of midsummer and fall in the country here is extremely depressing to the newcomer, but one unforgettable rose season eliminates the thorn. The delightful winter rains come on, some soft and gentle, some wild and drenching, enough to satisfy even perverse Phyllis, who was confident of missing these elemental dramas in a land of persistent complacency.

And if she should not miss them altogether, the alternative foreboded by the familiar expression "the rainy season" was not attractive; who has not imagined the face of occidental nature dripping and sodden the entire time embraced by that unfortunate term?

Will you not believe, oh transcontinental doubter, that the "rainy season" is a time of brilliant weather and luxuriant growth varied by just such refreshing showers and downpours as preserve the verdure and effluence of an Eastern summer?

So when Phyllis has thought it out and got it straight that the green and flowery season here is even longer and more flowery than the same season East, and that the interim is only a change from white implacability to brown monotony, relieved generously with green and bloom at the least encouragement, then she feels more settled.

Finally another pre-migratory bugbear, Chinese service, is tracked to its lair and found to be innocuous. Mr. Martin's delivery, true, no doubt, ten years ago, had fastened its sting in Phyllis's apprehensive soul.

"It's a chore to get help and you may have to drudge."

Phyllis's first venture, a Norwegian maid, was such a happy surprise that she thought it must be a mere chance, a special dispensation; but when her sister secured without effort or changes a like treasure, and friends began to furnish testimony to similar experiences, Phyllis allowed herself to rejoice without trembling, and wrote to the friend to whom she swore to reveal the whole truth concerning this over-boomed, under-estimated region, as follows:

"It is not a 'chore to get help' and you do not 'have to drudge' here or in any reasonable city or town in Southern California, if you have the money to pay for help; it does cost more, a good deal more, than in the East, but it is here, as good and nearly as abundant as there."

As a matter of fact, scores of capable, economical housewives do all of the work, except the washing, of their pretty ménages themselves, and to make this possible have built unto themselves some of the daintiest, cosiest birdsnests of cottages imaginable, adding a unique feature to this inexpressible country.

And so reluctant, conservative, homeloving Phyllis begins to take comfort, to cease to look upon her stay here as an experiment, but as a happy, interest-bearing, non-assessable, long-time investment, yielding returns absolutely sure and of a gratifying amount. So she lays away her regrets and nostalgia in lavender and rose-leaves, and publishes herself a convert.

Redlands, Cal.

THE SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE OF THE FOLK-MUSIC OF OUR ABORIGINES.

BY JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.



SCHOLARLY people do not need to be reminded of the importance, to ethnology and anthropology, of study of the mental life, the history, the manners, customs, religious and social ideas of the various races and tribes of our American aborigines. The comparison of the inherited ideas and customs of the different race-stocks with each other and with the races of the Eastern hemisphere, if it could be made thorough and complete, would throw a world of light on many important questions which are still in doubt. The studies already made in this field by American and foreign anthropologists have been decidedly fruitful; but nevertheless serve

mainly to show the enormous magnitude of the field and the pressing necessity for its immediate occupation. For it is patent to every observer that the aborigines of this continent are fast vanishing from the face of the earth; and that those who still remain are forced to live under conditions so different from those of their ancestors that their inherited ideas, customs and traditions must very soon perish from the memory of men. Whatever is done to preserve the unwritten records of their past,—records which are priceless in their relations to our scientific understanding of primitive men,—must be done quickly. A short delay and all this incomparably important body of scientific knowledge will have perished without hope of resurrection.

Upon American scientific men and American scientific bodies rests the responsibility of allowing the rich harvest of anthropological and ethnological knowledge which still remains in the domain of American aboriginal life to perish ungathered, or of doing what may be done to collect and record it in permanent form, accessible to students. This responsibility is ours whether we will or no; it is forced upon us by circumstances. It is we who are crowding the Indian to his doom. Our race has destroyed all the conditions of his primitive life. We are pressing upon him our ideas, customs, habits, and are doing all we can to eradicate from his mind, as from his daily life, everything which was characteristic of his ancestors. It will be anything but creditable to our boasted civilization, and professions of interest in the science of man as man, if we shall fail to do what in us lies to preserve whatever can be preserved of the memorials of these fast vanishing tribes.

A vast proportion of the most valuable ethnological and anthropological material to be gathered among our American aborigines is embodied in their folk-music. The Indian is extremely religious. He not only worships, but he does nothing whatever without reference to the superior powers with which he is at all times surrounded. Whether he hunts, plants, harvests, goes to war, makes peace, eats, drinks, sleeps, makes love—no matter what he does—he conceives each special mode of activity as related to the gods. Religious ideas permeate his whole life and affect his every thought, word and action.

Now, it is a curious fact that Indian prayers are *always sung, not said*. At least this is true so far as my knowledge of them extends. Every Omaha mother, for example, teaches her child to sing, not say, "Wakanda, I am poor and needy; have pity upon me." When her son approaches the border-line between childhood and youth, she sends him out to fast and pray, to receive visions and to dream dreams; but

*From a paper read before the Southern California Academy of Sciences.

the prayer which he is to bring home with him as his own peculiar property must invariably be a song. When he goes out upon the war-path his intention is announced and his departure accompanied by a war-song. The warrior society to which (if he shall distinguish himself in battle) he may have the honor of being admitted, will record his valiant deeds in song and transmit them in this form to posterity. The *Haethuska*, the warrior society of the Omaha tribe, keeps all the historical chronicles of the tribe in this way.

Children have singing games; young men sing when they gamble, when they make love, when they gossip among themselves. Medicine men sing in their ministrations to the sick and during all their acts of conjuration—and the singing is regarded as essential. The great religious ceremony of the *Wa-wan*, or Sacred Fellowship Pipes, which I was once permitted to witness, is a full choral service of four or five hours in length, every act of which is sung.

In view of these facts, it is obvious that whoever collects and thoroughly studies the folk-music of any one tribe, thereby acquires a tolerably complete knowledge of the governing ideas of that tribe.

Of course there are serious difficulties in the way of acquiring this knowledge. The Indian is always suspicious of the white man, until his confidence has been completely won. He is always expecting his white visitor to look on his religious ideas and feelings, not with respect and sympathy, but with more or less of contempt. "You will not believe me," said a Sioux priest to a friend of mine who was his guest at the great Sun-dance, "but I pray to God, and I am answered." "Certainly," was the reply, "why not?" The priest looked surprised and said: "But your people think my people are dogs!"

Whoever would study the Indian must absolutely divest himself of all feeling of superiority of any kind and think of his red brethren simply as men like himself, differing, to be sure, in their bringing-up and in their inherited ideas, but as well-intentioned and living up to the light they have quite as well, on the average, as the men of his own race. If he can show himself brotherly and sympathetic he will, sooner or later, overcome the natural suspicion with which the Indian at first regards him, and then the way is open for an intelligent comprehension of the Indian character. Such was the attitude of Mr. Frank Cushing among the *Zuñis*; and how great and complete was his success you are doubtless aware. One of our own number, Mr. Chas. F. Lummis, was equally successful in *Isleta* and other Pueblo towns. To him I owe some valuable songs of the *Tigua* tribe.

To Dr. Franz Boas I owe an introduction to the *Kwakiutl* tribe of Vancouver Island, whose music I had the opportunity of transcribing at the World's Columbian Exposition; and to Mr. Carl Lumholtz I am indebted for songs of some Mexican tribes and of the cannibal natives of Australia. One of our Pomona College graduates, Mr. David Barrows, learned some valuable songs among the *Coahuilas* two years ago, and I transcribed them from his singing. He has since been studying in Chicago University and Columbia College. He and I purpose visiting the *Coahuilas* this summer to make further collections.

But by far the largest collection of aboriginal folk-songs thus far obtained, (unless it be that of Dr. Washington Matthews), was made by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, a Fellow of Harvard University and an assistant of Professor Putnam, of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology. She spent several years among the *Omahas* in Nebraska, won the entire confidence and the devoted love and gratitude of the whole tribe and learned to understand the innermost life of those people. She was admitted to their most sacred religious ceremonies, sang their songs with them, reduced them for the first time to written form and afterward turned them over to me for scientific study, such as could be made only by a professional musician. Both she and I had the invaluable assistance of Mr. Francis La Flesche, a son of the chief

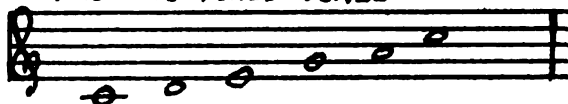
whose guest she was during her stay among the Omahas; now her adopted son and a trusted employé of the Indian Bureau at Washington, D. C. He accompanied me to the Omaha reservation in the summer of 1891, enabled me to witness religious ceremonies rarely opened to a white man, helped me to verify Miss Fletcher's records and to attain scientific results never before achieved in the domain of folk-music. The results of all this work were published in 1893, by the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology of Harvard University, in a volume bearing the names of Miss Fletcher, Mr. La Flesche and myself.

Thus the Omaha music has been pretty thoroughly exploited. Of no other tribe has so complete a collection of songs been published. I have a large number of phonographic records of the songs of the Kwa-kiutls and their neighbors, obtained by Dr. Franz Boas; and Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. A., formerly stationed at Fort Wingate, N. M., made a larger number of similar records of Navajo songs. A few of them are now in my possession, and a number of them, which I transcribed, have been published. But all these put together form but a small percentage of the enormous amount of material which might, with proper effort, be obtained from our aboriginal tribes.

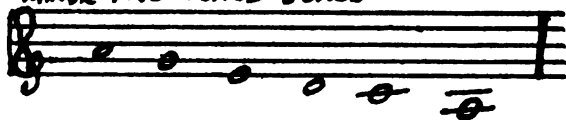
The value of these Indian folk-songs does not consist alone in their relations to ethnological and anthropological science. They also have important bearings on the science of music. Such questions as the origin of scales, the relations of primitive melody to harmony, the naturalness of our major and minor scales, the progressive development of them and above all, the fundamental question "*What is the line of least resistance for the human voice in primitive man making music spontaneously?*" (which I had the honor of being the first to ask and to answer)—all these have been illuminated, as never before, in the investigations made on the material collected during the last twenty years. I have already mentioned the foremost collections of Indian songs which it has been my privilege to study. The World' Columbian Exposition gave me the opportunity of making comparisons, at first-hand, of our Indian folk-music with that of many other races: Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Dahomeyans, South Sea Islanders, Esquimaux, etc.

All this comparative study has already led to important scientific results. It has shown, for one thing, that all folk-melody, the world over, is *harmonic* melody; i. e., implies harmony and is clearly the result of a sub-conscious perception of the harmonic relation of tones. The line of least resistance for the human voice making melody spontaneously is a *harmonic* line; i. e., the voice, when it changes pitch from a monotone, tends to move along the line of the Tonic chord, or chord of the key-note. When it departs from this it fills in the gaps between these chord-tones with tones belonging to the chords most nearly related to the Tonic, viz, the Dominant, Subdominant and Relative Minor chords. These tones are precisely those of our major scale. This scale usually appears at first with the fourth and seventh omitted, making the 5-toned scale so familiar in Scotch and Irish music. A shifting of the center of gravity from the first to the sixth of the major scale gives minor tonality, *without any change in the actual tones of the scale*, the key-note being merely shifted from Do to La, thus:

MAJOR FIVE-TONED SCALE



MINOR FIVE-TONED SCALE



These scales are, therefore, natural and not artificial. Primitive man everywhere, no matter to what race he belongs, produces them naturally and spontaneously, as a result of a natural and universal harmonic sense, founded in the immutable laws of acoustics as related to the human ear and vocal organs.

Now the question whether other scales might not be just as natural as those we have was considered doubtful by no less an authority than Professor Helmholtz; so that the discovery, by means of this extended comparative study of primitive folk-music, of the fact that men of all races, the world over, do actually produce songs based on precisely the same major and minor tonalities that we ourselves use, *and on no others*, and the obvious inference that they, *and they alone*, must therefore be natural, is a matter of first importance to the science of music.

It used to be thought (and most if not all the histories of music still say), that the Arabs have a scale of 17 tones within the octave. But Mr. Land, a Dutch student of Arab music, has shown that this is an error. The Arab lute, he says, does indeed provide separate strings for the sharps and flats; but one set is used for the sharp keys and another for the flat keys; the two are never used for the same tonality. By this means each key is in pure tune, instead of being tempered as in our system, so as to make, for example, C sharp and D flat identical. The *tonality* of their music, whether major or minor, corresponds precisely with our own. And this tallies exactly with my own observations of Arab folk-music at the World's Fair.

There are those, I believe, who still imagine that our own aborigines sing quarter-tones or even smaller intervals, producing scales of a different character from those on which our European folk-music is based. But these bizarre scales exist nowhere in the world except in the imaginations of those whom my friend Mr. Lummis aptly calls "arm-chair students." The Indian does, indeed, often sing more or less out of tune; but singing out of tune is a phenomenon not confined to our American savages nor to any other savages. Nor is it any more intentional in the case of Indians than in the case of our own opera-singers. Numerous and repeated experiments of the most thorough and careful sort have demonstrated that the tonality of all the Indian songs yet studied corresponds precisely to our own. The same is true of the folk-music of all races, so far as yet appears; and I think that enough specimens have been collected and compared to justify such induction.

Nevertheless, the duty of the scientific man is to hold his mind open to the reception of new truth and to be ready at all times to modify or abandon any or all his former opinions, if new light should prove the necessity of so doing. It is conceivable (although I do not think it probable), that further collections of material may modify the views above expressed. For that reason, if there were no other, we ought to preserve as much of it as possible. But when we consider the importance of the ungathered material for the purposes of ethnological study and comparison, and the meagreness of the results thus far accomplished, the necessity of speedy and vigorous action presses upon us with overwhelming weight. When we consider, further, the difficulties of the undertaking, the time which must necessarily be consumed in preliminaries before and after the fields of work are reached and the fewness of the competent investigators whose interest has thus far been enlisted, the necessity of energetic action becomes still more apparent.



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As this number of the magazine goes to press the first \$1000 for San Fernando is subscribed, lacking a few dollars. It has been no sleepy task in times like the present to raise \$1000 for an object which appeals only to people of intelligence; but the Club happily has that sort of people to work among, and the \$1000 is raised.

This sum enables the Club to begin the work of repair at the Mission of San Fernando; and it is intended to begin operations at once. But it is only half as much as is necessary to complete the absolutely essential repairs. Another \$1000 must be raised, before this fall, that the two great buildings may be protected from the rains. Again the Club calls on all members who have not yet renewed to send in their dollar for 1897; and upon all who are able to be more generous, to do so.

The Club has acquired two more valuable paintings for its future California museum. Both are watercolors in the best style of Alex. F. Harmer—than whom no one has been more successful in painting the Missions. Both were done years ago and preserve features which have since disappeared and are not otherwise commemorated. Both pictures, in fact, are historical "documents" of importance—particularly the one showing the church of San Fernando before the destruction of its roof and cloister. Mr. John F. Francis generously purchased this and presented it to the Club.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$1957.55.

New Contributions: From the Pasadena Branch, proceeds of entertainment given March 25, \$395.01; Calixto Lopez & Co., New York, \$10; Wm. H. Avery, \$5; D. M. Ferry, Jr., Detroit, \$5; "A Friend," Redlands, Cal., \$5.

\$1 each—C. W. Bartlett, Wm. M. Tisdale, C. L. Partridge, H. L. Graham, "A Friend," K. C. Wells, Redlands, Cal.; Dr. J. A. Munk, Los Angeles; R. Harris, San Jacinto, Cal.





There are surface indications that the Senate has secretly ratified an arbitration treaty of its own. With the Fool-Killer. There is no other accounting for his failure to ply his profession in that august body.

Mexico—a country which won its own independence from Spain, and far more impulsive than we are—has not the remotest notion of meddling with Cuba. But then, Mexico has no United States Senate. She loves freedom and she does not love the mother country; but she is not a natural fool. She knows what the Cuban rebellion is; she knows what "independence" would mean there. For that matter, not one of all the Spanish-American republics thinks of recognizing the insurgents of the distressful isle. The United States is the only nation in the world which follows the profession of being buncoed by its newspapers. ONLY ONE SUCKER.

The arbitration treaty has been ratified by the heads and hearts of the American people. The Senate of the United States (which has come to represent nothing in the world but itself; a handful of old men with more money than brains, and more mouth than either) has indeed killed the letter of it; but the spirit has come to stay. Its LIFE IN DEATH.

"body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But its soul is marching on."

What can the well-grieved Achæans be thinking about? Couldn't they hold on for a steamer or two longer, when they knew who was coming? Greek history has had some rather pretty pages; but there was never before a chance for Greeks to die with Gen. Miles looking on. THE CHANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

To the Greek war the London *Times* sends Kipling; the most ambitious American journals have forwarded Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis. This rather reminds one of old Kaa (the sledge-hammer headed) and the chattering Bandar-Log.

It is almost too fearful to be believed, that corruption in American politics has crept so high as the Cabinet. If we must unwillingly confess that crooked legislatures, governors and even Congressmen are no novelty among us, we would fain be confident that the President and his official family are impregnably straight. When they cease to be, then God pity the Republic! COMING TO A HEAD.

But nowadays we believe what we must, not what we would. Every business man would know what was what if one of his clerks were to

do as the Secretary of War is now doing ; and even a Cabinet officer is not above the laws of common honesty. Only, we have been loath to believe it possible that a dishonest man could get to sit in that high seat.

For over eight years the people of Southern California have been struggling to get a harbor built as ordered by the government. For eight years the United States has been trying to keep its repeated promise. The obstacle has been one man, who is not exactly penniless. For eight years Collis P. Huntington has been stronger than the people and stronger than Congress. But at last Congress has broken away, investigated the matter thoroughly again, and ordered the work done.

General Alger betrayed his hand early, and has now laid it down in plain sight. On a pretext which he must know is only a pretext, he has blocked the work ; and will undoubtedly try to defeat it in the end. He has given the country a spectacle undreamed of before in its history—a Cabinet officer vetoing acts of Congress. If he were the paid attorney of Huntington, he could do no more for his master.

Happily there is a man on his trail whom he will hardly dodge. Senator White has as much the better of Gen. Alger in brains as in cleanness of record. He is upright, balanced, and strong ; he is roused as his constituents are ; and he never lets go. If Mr. Alger fancies that he can deliver the goods to Mr. Huntington, he will presently find himself the most effectively pilloried person in American political history.

A WORK
WORTH
WHILE.

On another page is an expert statement as to the need of studying our aboriginal folk-music before it is quite vanished.

To people who know anything of the larger world of brains, it is needless to remark that Prof. Fillmore is the foremost authority in his specialty. It is comforting to know that the Southern California Academy of Sciences proposes to prove its right to existence by sending Prof. Fillmore, this summer, to original research among the Coahuila and other local tribes. There are provincial "scientific societies" whose sole authority is to tickle themselves ; it is seriously gratifying that *this* association aims to do what will give it standing among the world of scholars. We need this sort of brains here, and we have a right to expect it.

OUR
STANDING
DISGRACE.

As every traveled American knows (who took his eyes and his American common sense along) no other civilized nation ever filled its diplomatic service with such unrepresentatives as we do habitually. There are unlicked Americans who have thus far escaped being ministers and consuls abroad ; but probably their time is coming. The Lion has personally known many people of those this country sends to represent it in foreign lands. He knows many gutter-snipes, drunkards and dead-beats among them ; and he knows some of them for fine old countrymen perfectly at home in North Carolina or Posey, but absolutely lost in the seats to which they were accredited because they had "done something for the party." He has never known of a United States minister or consul in the New World who

was a large business success. He has known the best—and possibly also the worst—among them; and the best was not able to cope with a beardless boy of the country to which he was ticketed. Diplomacy implies breeding, tact and that certain human attitude capped by the specific education. Every other civilized nation trains its diplomats; we pick ours green.

That for a few years past the generally honorable but always hopeless old gentlemen who have been our ministers to Mexico have not done us greater harm, has been almost wholly due to Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, Secretary of Legation; a Californian of high type. A gentleman in English, a gentleman in Spanish, a scholar all round, his personal gifts and the prestige of the United States are all that have given our Mexican Minister any standing in Mexico. Every American who went to Mexico admired Judge Sepulveda; the Mexican government respected and trusted him. To all parties he has stood for the Legation, and the Minister has been a nonentity. With a very few exceptions—our representatives to England, France and Germany—this is the way we do our diplomatic service—sending men who could not hold up their heads but for their clerks.

Now, another worthy gentleman has been given Mexico; and is burro enough at the outset to part with Judge Sepulveda. The new minister cannot speak the language of Mexico; he cannot talk with the President or Cabinet or his fellow-Ambassadors (except the British Minister). But he can draw his salary.

The Lion owes no more bones to Judge Sepulveda than do ten thousand others who have incidentally tasted his courtesy and competency. But the Lion is an American; and it makes his American paws ache to see American business conducted as if the United States were an asylum for imbeciles instead of the smartest nation in the world—at home. The turning out of the only competent man in the American Legation in Mexico is merely a typical incident of our whole diplomatic service.

During the summer months the editor will be absent on A FOUR MONTHS' FAST. special missions for the Harpers. If contributors will now return his attempts at courtesy, he will be grateful. In the last nine months—and merely in postscript to heavier work—he has read a little over 5100 MSS.; of which possibly one per cent. were worth the pains. That ought to last him till about October 1st—at all events it will have to. Foundlings left on the doorstep during his absence will simply have to await his return, and would much better be spending the interim with their fond parents.

The Senate burns, it is well known,
To recognize the Cubans prone;
But tell me, Nymphs, if you can pen it—
—Who cares to recognize the Senate?



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

CURIOUS how out of step the sister arts advance! In painting, for instance, you must as much toil upon your last canvas as upon your first. In letters, a reputation has still to be made as the Old Masters made theirs—by hand. But having made it, you may stencil the rest—and raise your price with each chromo. If you are built that way.

WRONG BY
ONLY A
CENTURY.

Rossiter Johnson is one of the most amiable of those encyclopedias that go upon two legs and not in a calf binding—and one has need to be encyclopedic and amiable both who is vowed to a periodical department of Notes and Queries.

But while he has mellowed by many years of ameliorating the ignorances of them that God made particularly to seek wisdom not by study but among the "Answers to correspondents," Mr. Johnson occasionally reverts to the green-apple stage. He is not quite ripe on the side of American history.

In the April *Book Buyer*, for instance, Mr. J. informs a Seeker of Truth that "the first book published in America" was the "Bay Psalm-Book (Cambridge, 1640)." Which is a rather sad fruit to be plucked from the *Book Buyer*.

About \$5 would procure for Mr. Johnson a good copy of Icazbalceta's monumental bibliography, from which he would learn to his betterment that "the first book published in America" was a hundred years old before the so-called "Bay Psalm-Book" was thought of; and that half a century before 1640 several hundred books had been published in America—in one European language and a dozen American tongues.

Where much is given, much shall be required; and Mr. Johnson is precisely the man who ought to know something about the literature of America.

IN
GOOD
COMPANY.

Six very diverting stories are those which swell the fat covers of *The Impudent Comedian*, by F. Frankfort Moore. The "Impudent Comedian" is the notorious Nell Gwyn, who turns to us in the title story a takingly human side—and it is not amiss to be reminded that even the ladies who would if Mary Ambree wouldn't, were not altogether unwomanly. The other stories are all of the same picturesque period of English history, and all deal with famous actresses of that day. One may have suspicion of Mr. Moore's historical color; but there can be no two notions about the entertaining qualities of his tales. The book is in the exquisite workmanship of H. S. Stone & Co. Chicago, \$1.50.

The calendar has intervals wherein it seems particularly easy for poor humanity to revert to the ancestral anthropoid. Amid that (mostly vernal) impulse, the mirror is a great saver of later blushes; and one wonders, in the West, why that reminding glass is always turned to the wall just when prehensile twinges attack Manhattan. Certainly if its reflective side were outward, one glance into it would be enough to bring down in shame more monkeys than a few—unless, indeed, the sense of proportion is quite impossible to such as know nothing but New York, and only the nominals of that.

BEFORE
THE
GLASS.

We have mostly forgiven and forgotten the *Critic's* election of an American Academy of Immortals (who couldn't stick elected); and its many comparable innocencies; but the young are expected to grow up.

The raw Frontier would like to know why the *Critic's* leader of May 1. Was it designed to show how much less dignity suits a New York literary journal than Chicago would tolerate? Or is it merely a token of what the *Critic* takes to be wit?

I know positively one man who is less than his father; and it is a ripe suspicion with me that there are others. If such a thing there be as a good name in American letters, Nathaniel Hawthorne had it; but he palpably failed to beget his peers.

HEIRS
AND
ASSIGNS.

Julian Hawthorne, his son (incidentally caddied by some other person), has recently published a text-book on *American Literature*. The most interesting thing between its covers is that Whittier is given two pages, Lowell four, and Julian Hawthorne fourteen. This is American literature as she is littered. God rest us!

It is a curious and none too creditable fact in our scholarship that there is not yet—after half a century—anything remotely approaching a complete flora of the floweriest part of the Union. New England and the other Atlantic States are botanied threadbare; but the richer and more fascinating plant-growth of California is thus far shamefully neglected.

A PACIFIC
COAST
BOTANY.

A compact and competent text-book of elementary botany, by Prof. J. Y. Bergen, of the English High School, Boston; with an appendix of 158 pages on the flora of the Pacific Coast, by Alice Eastwood, of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, has just been issued and will be warmly welcomed. Prof. Bergen's concise manual is excellently practical and clear. The coast department of the book does not pretend to any completeness in the flora; but it facilitates acquaintance with several hundreds of species the most important and most interesting. It will undoubtedly have a large popularity in California. Ginn & Co., Boston, \$1.50.

Clarence Urmey's *Vintage of Verse* is a slender little volume, but in the faultless taste that marks all Doxey's output. Mr. Urmey, who resides at San José, Cal., is a well-known contributor in verse to the minor magazines; and this collection shows him at his best. His muse is a Native Daughter, given to no long flights—an unaffected, sincere and lucid home-body. Her vocabulary and her

ANOTHER
CALIFORNIA
BOOK.

imaginings are not inspired, but neither are they heavy. She has many pretty conceits, and clothes them not at all ill.

Mr. Urmy's verse will be read locally, at least, with interest, for his texts are Californian. His metres are not wholly fluent—as in the very second line :

"Wave-washed by the quiescent sea
Balboa sighed rapturously."

Nor does "the whirl of the sickle" compliment his observation. But these are his worst. San Francisco, Wm. Doxey, \$1.25. For sale by Parker, Los Angeles.

A ROMANCE
OF
GOLDSMITH.

The critic who walked the earth with raw Ben Jonson and his retinue is unavoidably absent from the office; and perhaps it were not worth while anyhow to come to expert judgment whether those worthies would have said and done just precisely as Mr. F. Frankfort Moore procures them to. But in any event his novel, *The Jessamy Bride* is interesting enough to be believed reasonable. It invites us into tall company—the Great Bear of English literature and his dog Boswell, inimitable Garrick and many more; and about the author of the "*Elegy*" and the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" and "*She Stoops to Conquer*," it weaves a perfect halo. Innocent, tender-hearted, brave and chivalric, Goldsmith is painted as even rarer man than poet. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.50.

STRAY
LEAVES.

The Little Lady of Lagunitas, "A Franco-Californian Romance," is Richard Henry Savage all over—and needs no more definition to the average reader. Mr. Savage's unprecedented style, his impossible local color, and his nevertheless invariable interest to those who read just for fun, show no change. The "Oriental Library," Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25c.

The *Chap-Book* takes the *Literary World* out and has fun with it for its colorless optimism; but wholly falls short of the basic truth. The Boston paper is really not the *Literary* but the *Moral World*—it looks at literature only through the church door. Just now it is engaged in proving that Byron should be damned as a poet because as a man he was almost as loose as dear Bobbie Burns.

"Col." Richard Henry Savage runs very much on the plan of the old-time Mississippi steamers on a race—pitch under the boilers and a colored person squatted on the safety valve. His romances (if so tame a word may be lent them) are the most breathless yet known, and their normal temperature is at least 610° F. Rand, McNally & Co. now issue his *Delilah of Harlem* and *Prince Schamy's Wooing* in paper at 25c. each.

Among the latest issues of the "Globe Library" are *My Uncle Barbasson*, by Mario Uchard; and *A Man's Privilege*, by Dora Russell. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25 cents.

Robert Buchanan's *Lady Kilpatrick* is an Irish "story of today," with the due program of love, hate and villainies. Published in the "Globe Library," Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25c.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



CARNATIONS BY THE ACRE, AT REDONDO.

Photo by Waite.



Union Eng. Co.

FOOTBALL, INDIANS VS. WHITES. Photo. by W. F. Burbank.
(Phoenix, A. T.)



EVAPORATED VS. SULPHURED DRIED FRUIT.

BY ALFRED P. GRIFFITH

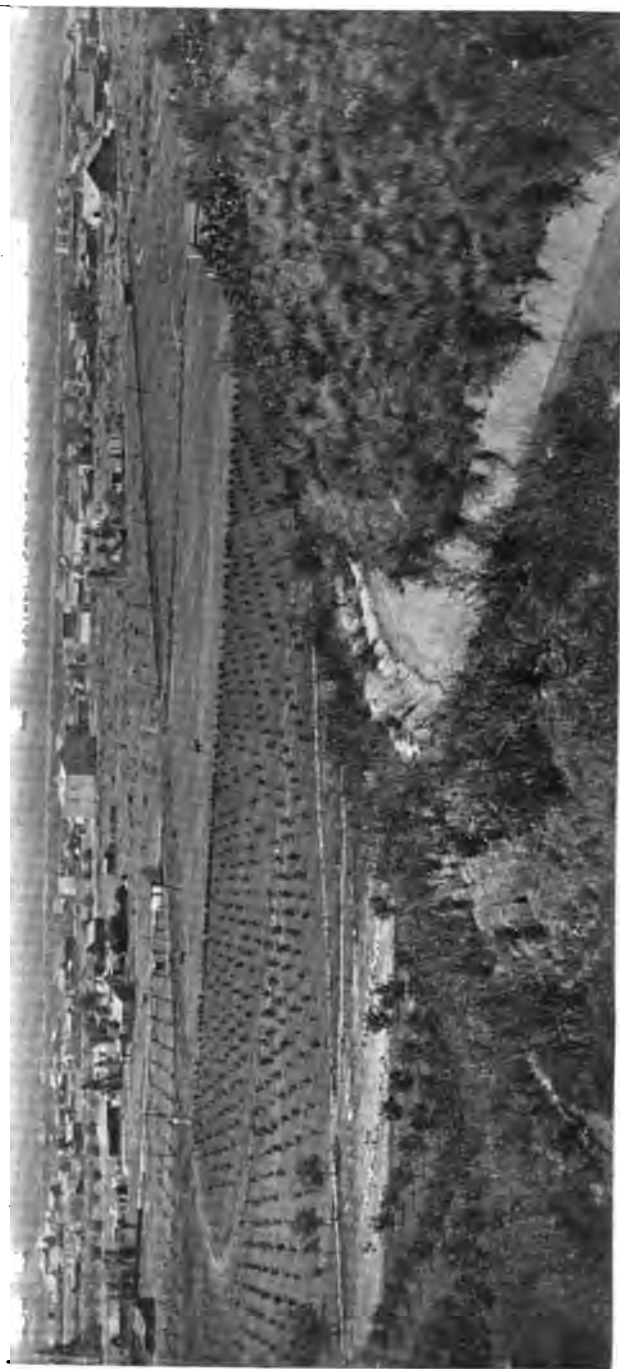
THE proper preparation of our deciduous fruits for market is a subject of very great importance to our people. We have all the natural advantages of soil, water and climate to produce the finest apricots, peaches and plums on earth. But how to prepare them for market so that they shall please the taste and return us something for our labor and investment is the question of the hour. It would seem that the Easterners have got tired of buying our sulphured fruit; and as they have been educated to believe that only pretty fruit is good fruit, they decline to buy unsulphured because of its unsightly appearance. None will deny that cut peaches or apricots, immersed in fumes of burning sulphur for from three to six hours will be impregnated with sulphurous acid; but some claim that this can be dissolved by soaking in water over night, and of course throwing that water away. And none will deny that fruit cured without sulphur is superior in flavor to sulphured fruit, though it will not have the same attractiveness to the eye. The eye being a large factor, our goods must please it, hence we desire to prepare our fruit in such a manner that it will attract, trusting to the reputation of our own California to convince the buyer that he likes the fruit after it has been prepared for the table. Sulphured fruits do attract the eye the first time; but the absence of flavor (which has been destroyed by sulphur fumes) prevents a second purchase. The poorer classes are too poor to buy our output, and the better classes want something better and turn to the Alden dried fruits or canned goods. It is true that if our goods go to market a little dark on account of the use of less sulphur they bring a reduced price; but ask yourself "do you sulphur the fruit you eat?" Some say "no;" others that "they do not eat dried fruit." Well, if *you* don't like sulphured dried fruit, is it reasonable to suppose that you can fool the Eastern customer all the time with eating your bitter-acid fruit, even to tasting of the sulphur? Why should we destroy the superb quality of our California fruits merely to make them attractive to the eye, while we use the slovenly method of exposing it to the sun for two or three days to dry, the wind blowing the dust upon it and the moths laying their eggs upon it later to develop worms in the fruit? Because sun heat is cheap. We must find some plan by which we can dry our fruit that will not horrify the eye and will please the palate, and yet not cost too much.

By the evaporator process I produce a superior article of dried fruit. The rapidity of the process prevents the loss of much fruit-flavor, and of course the flavor is not destroyed by sulphur fumes, and drying with a high degree of artificial heat, in twelve hours, is a sure preventive of worms in the fruit. All who have partaken of this fruit pronounce it *par excellence*.

I shall put up this season fruit on my ranch by this process, and am sure all who buy it will want more of it. I shall package the fruit in pound packages, sealed, thus insuring the quality of the contents and cleanliness, and with each package will go directions for proper preparation for the table; and I am sure if this process were generally adopted, our dried fruit business would experience quite an improvement.

Artes, Cal

Read at the annual meeting of the Pomological Society of Southern California.



L. A. Ras. Co.

GENERAL VIEW OF AZUSA FROM THE NORTHEAST.

Photo by Maule.

THE VALLEY OF AZUSA.



TWENTY-FIVE miles northeast of Los Angeles, on the Southern California Railway (Santa Fé route), lies the valley of Azusa. Its location is about the center of the San Gabriel Valley, the most picturesque in its scenic attractions of all the Southern California valleys. But this is not all. Climatic advantages, fertility of soil, abundant water supply for all purposes and the best of transportation facilities have been the factors towards its present high development as a producing section. The valley of Azusa has long been recognized as the most fertile part of this favored region.

The valley begins at the mouth of the San Gabriel cañon, spreading some miles eastward and from the foothills to the wash south of Covina. The first consideration to the intending settler is the question of water. The lands of the valley are under one of the most perfect irrigation systems. The Azusa Water Company, and Irrigation Company, carry the waters of the San Gabriel river in immense systems of canal and pipes to the farms and orchards, furnishing an abundant supply for irrigation and domestic uses of the purest of mountain water.

"Water is king," is a well recognized fact in Southern California, for without ample supply at all times horticulture cannot be successfully prosecuted commercially. The quality of soil must also receive careful investigation. It must contain all the elements necessary to vigorous plant growth. The soil of the valley of Azusa possesses preëminently the fertility required to produce quality as well as quantity of product.

Those unacquainted with the facts will hear incredulously the statement that the loam in many parts of the valley is of unfathomable depth. Wells put down in the early days 100 feet showed the same stratum as at the surface. The principal ingredients of this loam are sand and finely disintegrated granite. It is exceedingly friable, but being close in structure, holds moisture remarkably well, and works to perfection. The topography of the valley enables the soil to remain warm throughout the winter months, and as a consequence the orange and lemon mature to perfection early in the season. Strawberries, blackberries, grapes, apricots, peaches, prunes, olives, apples, pears, etc., follow in their season, giving the "tiller of the soil," who mixes brain with brawn, returns for his labor every month of the year.

The fruit era, in the Azusa valley, is comparatively young, being covered by the last eight years; but the extremely favorable combination of soil, water and climate, has been productive of such results as to make possible the records of shipments from Azusa station (1895) of

AN EMBRYO HORTICULTURIST.



McMillen, Photo.

THE GRIFFITH PRIVATE RESERVOIR.

Union Eng. Co.

1,101,100 boxes of oranges, making 337 carloads; lemons, 10 carloads; 343,071 pounds of strawberries, and 17 carloads of dried fruits.

To the grower every facility is offered to market his product to the best advantage. The Azusa branch of the Citrus Association (A. G. C.) manages its affairs conservatively and to the best interests, financially, of its members.

Prospective settlers, by visiting improved property (ranches), can judge as to what can be accomplished within three or four years from the breaking of the soil. A visit, for instance, to the home ranch of



McMillen, Photo.

RESIDENCE OF H. L. MACNEIL.

Union Eng. Co.



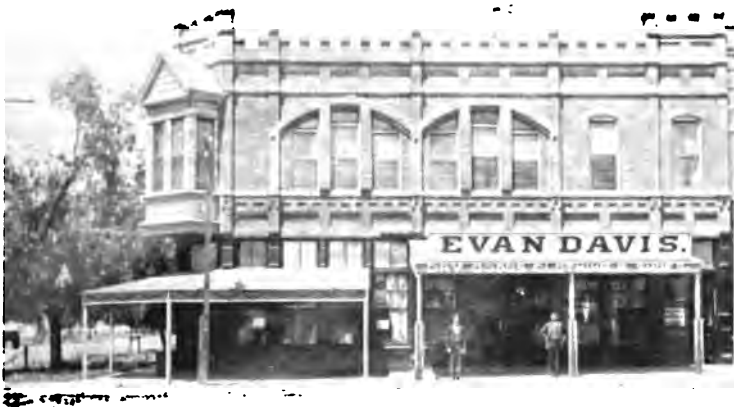
McMillen, Photo.

THE A. P. GRIFFITH BLOCK.

Union Eng. Co.

A. P. Griffith, one of the later comers to the valley, must convince the most skeptical that nothing in the way of horticulture or agriculture is impossible in the valley of Azusa.

Good roads are of importance everywhere, but not every community is wide-awake enough, and determined enough, to expend its own cash to improve outside roads. The Azusa people, recognizing that the permanent improvement of the highways leading into town meant permanent prosperity, organized a local committee, and placing the necessary cash in its hands, prosecuted the work in such manner as today to enjoy the reputation of "the best roads in the valley."



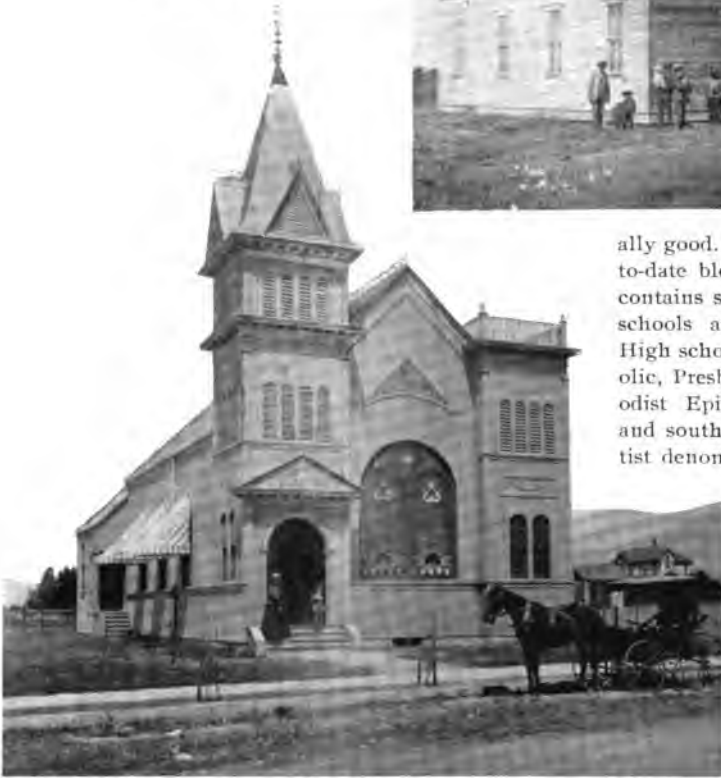
McMillen, Photo.

THE SLAUSON BLOCK.

Union Eng. Co.

The Azusa Ice Factory, run by water power, has an export output of 200 carloads per year, besides supplying the local needs of the valley.

The town of Azusa is the trade center of the valley, and offers all commodities usually kept in a town of many times its size. The educational, religious and social advantages are exception-



ally good. Besides its up-to-date blocks, the town contains splendid public schools and the Citrus High school. The Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal—north and south—and the Baptist denominations, have

houses of worship in the town.

The Baptists enjoy the distinction of being the pioneer religious society in the valley. Their organization dates to 1873, with a mem-

McMillen, Photo.

AZUSA BAPTIST CHURCH, 1873 AND 1896.

Union Eng Co.

bership of seven as the nucleus. The new church was built in 1896, and has a constantly increasing membership.

Last, but far from least, are the attractions of the famous San Gabriel cañon; its trout fishing, hunting and camping allurements, offering sport, recreation and rest to all lovers of the picturesque in Nature.



Commercial Eng. Co.

IN SUNSET LAND.

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" THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 7, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1897.

MEMORY.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

I watched the almond blossoms blow
And whiten the warm earth below :
 " Even so," I said, " they used to fall—
The slow, white petals of the snow,
 In my first, earliest home of all,
 And I, a child, would watch them fall
In my New England, long ago."

I watched the petals of the snow
Cover New England's breast ; and " So,"
 I said, " I've seen my almond trees
 Snow down their blossoms when the breeze
Blew soft as breezes used to blow
In that sweet season long ago,
 In the dear Land of Sundown Seas."

A dweller in a distant star,
Watching the worlds fade and arise
Down the long vistas of the skies,
Shall I still yearn with eyes afar
 And mists of memory in those eyes—
 " In my old earthly paradise
Where all my lost beloveds are,
 Even so I watched earth's fireflies."

Pasadena, Cal

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THE FIRST AMERICAN POTTERS.

(Southwestern Wonderland Series, XVI.)

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Copyright by C. F. L.

THERE are two places where the fictile art, as among aborigines, reached its highest development. First, of course, stands Perú—and man still in the patriarchal stage never elsewhere made such perfect pottery as the coast tribes of Chimbote and Ancon, whose marvelous “portrait-vases” fear nothing by comparison with the sculptures of ancient Greece.

Perhaps next to the coast Peruvians stand the Pueblos of New Mexico—the second best Indian potters in America—a good deal behind the Peruvians artistically, but second to none mechanically. The broken sherds of water-jars made by their prehistoric ancestors, the so-called Cliff-dwellers, and for centuries exposed to the weather, are still in texture and in coloring fit to make a civilized potter scratch his head.

Naturally man does not go in much for the fictile until he has ceased to be a vagabond. The nomad makes baskets, because they can be safely and easily carried about. It is only when he learns to sit down and pull a wall around him that he begins to see any real utility in earthenware. Then, indeed, it comes by slow stages into his comprehension that a pot which could be set upon the fire would beat one whose contents must be heated by putting red-hot cobble-stones into it. Like the conservative he is—and the savage is the father of all conservatives—his feet are leaden on the path of wisdom. It is long before he will concede, even



OLD ZUÑI TINAJAS.

(Elk and “Roadrunner” decorations.)

Vignettes by Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

theoretically, that a fire-proof boiler may be better than a combustible one; and from theory to practice is as long and slow a winning. Determined at last to make a crock, he first makes a basket, builds his clay over it or in it, and completes the job by burning off the weaving



Commercial Eng. Co.

Copyright by C. F. Lummis.

TIGUA WOMAN FIRING POTTERY

which was four times as much work as the modelling that is left. By such vivacious steps does man — in breech-clout or full dress — press on unto knowledge.

But the encouraging thing about man, after all, is that he does learn—by mass. It may take a few centuries' toll of him on the road to discover that he has other talents than digestion—and 6000 years may be inadequate to teach him manners toward even that digestion. This leaves room for considerable waste of the individual; but the crowd emerges at last—even as the coral reef, built upon millions of submerged lives, finally gets its head above water.

But I stray. The point is that after a few ages as a basket-weaving vagabond; and some generations as a householder still too conservative to abandon baskets; and some more as an apprentice who makes needless baskets to burn, the aboriginal groper who is our common parent at last burst into the full light. And it is another of his saving clauses that when primal or secondary man does at last learn a thing, he learns



A RARE ZUÑI WATER-JAR.

it with every tissue of him. Wherein he has at last the better of us—who learn with incomparably greater swiftness (because we have help) and with incomparably less thoroughness (largely for the same reason).

Having blundered it all out for himself, painfully, slowly, wastefully, the aborigine knows his way at last. The civilized potter must have his wheel; but the Indian needs it not—and in fact never had it. In all the New World the potter's wheel was absolutely unknown before the Conquest, and is almost as unknown among the Indians to this day. The wonderful range of fictile art among hundreds of tribes between Santa Fé and Valparaiso is almost exclusively done without any other aid than a good eye gives to a competent hand—just as the Indians of



Quito today whittle from the ivory-nut, with a rude blade, miniature vases which would tax an American jeweler with a lathe.

The Pueblos were the only considerable potters within what is now United States—as they were the only aborigines who had homes. The drifting Indians of the plains who ebbbed and flowed with the buffalo, the nomad Southwestern tribes (Navajos, Utes, Cumanche, Apache and their branches, who lived a little by hunting, a little by piracy), the unspurred loafers of the Pacific watershed—these all wove baskets. With different degrees of zeal, it is true—and somewhat oddly the lazy Californians wove the best in the world; the baskets whose modern specimens cost the collector up to \$200 apiece. Now and then a restless dreamer of them burnt a bit of clay; and the Californians dug serviceable pots out of soapstone. But pottery in our North America was limited to the sedentary tribes. The Pueblos alone of all our Indians had homes; and as a logical result they lost the art of basketry and became the best (and practically the only) workers in clay in all the country.

How long ago they graduated, we shall not learn. Mr. Cushing tallies them by millennia; but Mr. Cushing, while always a student, is sometimes a poet. All we know is that a thousand ruins in the Southwest were old, old in 1540—and with them the broken sherds which cover almost every square yard of their tumuli. Five hundred years is certainly a safe limit for some of them; a thousand years may be—but the safe figure is sufficient. While





QUERES JARS.
(The sacred Summer Bird.)

a given pottery comes. The micaceous clays of Tesuque, the ebony of Santa Clara, the specific reds and greys of Acoma and Zufii—all are

Great Britain was yet less civilized than Moqui is today, the First American farmers and householders were making smooth gray water-jars, decorated with imperishable colors, and the quaint, characteristic and rather puzzling ware (invented, I believe, by men nowhere else) which is indifferently called by laymen the "coil," the "corrugated," the "fish-scale" and the "thumb-nail" pattern. These curious patterns date back to the most ancient cliff-dwellings, as well as the oldest pueblos of the plain—which were largely contemporary—and are still somewhat obscure. There are Wash-

ington scientists who gravely hold that they were made by coiling endless thin tapes of clay until they resulted in a jar!

The corrugated pattern is no more made; but the other processes of pottery go on today, all across New Mexico, practically as they did before England was born. The Pueblo woman gathers her clay, in this locality or that, according to the nature of the vessel she would make—and even a half-way expert can tell as readily by the ware as by the decoration (both entirely unmistakable) from which of the 26 Pueblo villages



PREHISTORIC POTTERIES FROM CAÑON DE TSÉ-YI.
(That to the left is of the "corrugated" pattern.)

characteristic; and by the decoration a connoisseur can tell not only the pueblo but very often the exact family that made it.

To this day, though Studebaker wagons, and oak cabinet sewing machines, and Winchesters are ridiculously common among the Pueblos, there are probably not a dozen American kettles, nor a dozen buckets. This is not because the brown farmer who pays \$100 for a wagon and \$85 for a sewing machine couldn't and wouldn't expend a dollar on an iron pot. It is simply because he finds (as every graduate cook knows) that the right earthenware is better for cooking than any metal.

The cooking vessels (ollas) of the Pueblos are plain and artistically trivial — solid red or solid black, according to the clay used. But the water-service of a people who still follow the example of Rebecca lends itself seriously to art. In modeling and decoration the *tinajas* (water-jars) in which the Pueblo women bring

upon their heads from river, spring or acequia the household supply, are always admirable and often classic.



The chaste black-and-white geometrics of San Felipe, the red-and-brown "Summer Birds" of Acoma, the Zuñi elk in black and red, are the largest generic local types; but around and beyond these is infinite variety—for no two tinajas were ever made precisely alike. Only less scope of decoration characterizes the fewer and larger *tinajones* (storage-jars), made for keeping bread and the like. These do not attain the size of some warehouse potteries in Peru—where I have helped excavate specimens four feet in diameter—but they come near enough.



GEOMETRICAL AND FLORAL SYMBOLS.
(Laguna, Acoma and Zuñi, from left to right.)

To make these serviceable and artistic potteries the Pueblo woman kneads her clay thoroughly, shapes it up with no other tool than her hand and a little flat stick, guided by her eye; polishes it with a water-worn pebble; paints the decorations (of ground mineral dyes) with a feather, and not by a pattern but from her head, and sets it to dry. Then she builds an out-door fire of *bois de vache*, sets up her circle of

vessels about the slow, pungent blaze, and toasts them till they are done.

Her art has undergone no vital change in more centuries than there has been an English language. But to one superficial innovation she has consented—she makes today certain clay toys which interest her children occasionally and the tourist all the time.

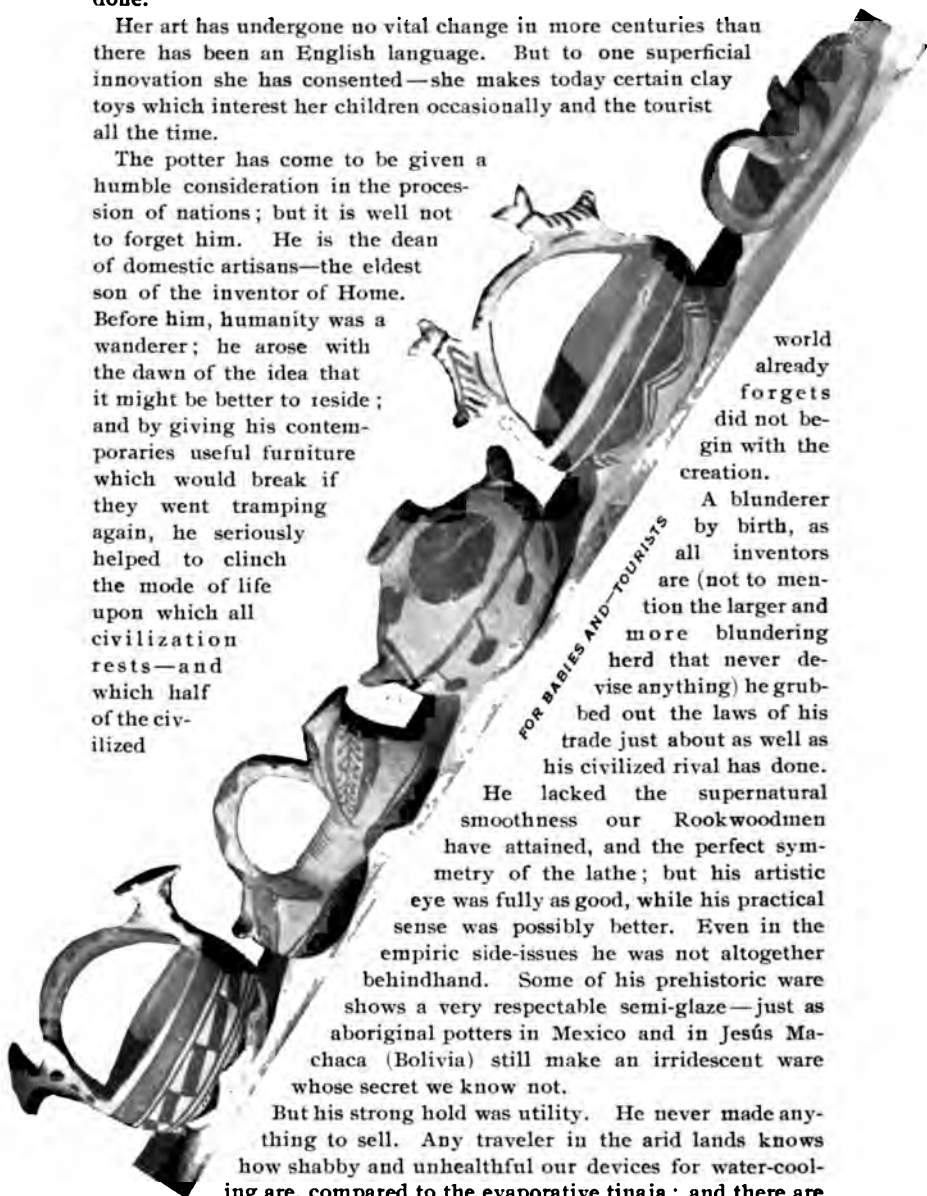
The potter has come to be given a humble consideration in the procession of nations; but it is well not to forget him. He is the dean of domestic artisans—the eldest son of the inventor of Home. Before him, humanity was a wanderer; he arose with the dawn of the idea that it might be better to reside; and by giving his contemporaries useful furniture which would break if they went tramping again, he seriously helped to clinch the mode of life upon which all civilization rests—and which half of the civilized

world already forgets did not begin with the creation.

A blunderer by birth, as all inventors are (not to mention the larger and more blundering herd that never devise anything) he grubbed out the laws of his trade just about as well as his civilized rival has done.

He lacked the supernatural smoothness our Rookwoodmen have attained, and the perfect symmetry of the lathe; but his artistic eye was fully as good, while his practical sense was possibly better. Even in the empiric side-issues he was not altogether behindhand. Some of his prehistoric ware shows a very respectable semi-glaze—just as aboriginal potters in Mexico and in Jesús Machaca (Bolivia) still make an iridescent ware whose secret we know not.

But his strong hold was utility. He never made anything to sell. Any traveler in the arid lands knows how shabby and unhealthful our devices for water-cooling are, compared to the evaporative tinaja; and there are many other household points wherein we well might take lessons from the first American potters.



FOR BABIES AND TOURISTS

THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.*

BY CHAS. F. CARTER.

III.

PICTURE to yourself the Nueva California of 1769, before civilization had set its foot here—a country of Indians mild, it is true, but among the lowest of all aborigines—and then compare it with the California of the beginning of this century, after 30 years of peaceful conquest by the Church. The contrast is amazing. That a few friars backed by a mere handful of soldiers (six to each Mission) should have achieved such results would be beyond belief were it not so fully proved. Here were eighteen Missions, beading the coast from San Diego to San Francisco (more than 500 miles), with over 12,000 converted Indians in their charge. Though the peaceful character of the savages contributed to this marvelous result, it was due much more to the indomitable energy and quenchless zeal of the Franciscans. The Missions were peculiarly fortunate in having Serra at their head. No hardship could detain nor danger daunt him in the fulfillment of what he believed to be his mission on earth; and while courage and zeal were common to the first missionaries, he had in an unusual degree the genius of the founder. There is little doubt that if the wavering company at San Diego had returned to Mexico (as it was about to do), thus abandoning the enterprise, Fray Junípero would have remained behind with what few followers could be persuaded, and attacked the wilderness almost single-handed. Such was the man—and such a man it needed to carry out so stupendous a work.

With the new century the Russians (who had so much influenced the Spanish colonization of New California) came first in contact with the Spanish settlements. The Russian American Company was organized in 1799, and established fur-sealing colonies in Alaska. In that inhospitable land they suffered greatly for want of provisions; and in April, 1806, Rezanof (the Russian chamberlain and inspector of the settlements) voyaged to San Francisco, aiming to procure supplies for his perishing colony and to establish a regular trade. After the bitter north, he was charmed with the fertility of California and the cordiality of the Californians—who on their side were glad to welcome, in their isolation, guests from the outside world. Rezanof and Doña Concepcion, the beautiful daughter of the Spanish *comandante*, Capt. José Arguello, fell in love with one another. The Russian sailed away with a laden ship for his starving colony. He was to return as soon as he should have made a trip to Russia, but died on the way to St. Petersburg. For years Doña Concepcion waited before she heard of his fate; then she took the veil. When the Dominicans founded the convent of St. Catherine at Benicia she entered it and there remained until her death in 1857.

* Condensed from an unpublished historical sketch. See May and June numbers.



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INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL AT PALA.

Photo. by C. F. L.

This first considerable contact between the Russians and Spanish was followed by years of aggression and recrimination—though the colonies on both sides were too feeble for serious conflicts. The Russians persevered, and in 1812 founded Ft. Ross, about 40 miles north of San Francisco. This revived the diplomatic quarrel between the two countries; but the Russian colonists were prudent as well as persevering, and held their post till 1820, when Russia yielded the territory claimed by Spain in return for the privilege of trade with California.

Father Lasuen, after filling the presidency of the Missions for 18 years, died at San Carlos June 26, 1803. He had wisely and well carried on the great work begun by Serra,* and with less friction in his relations to the military authorities. His salary as a missionary (\$400 a year) ceased with his elevation to the presidency of the Missions; through that long term he was dependent on the alms of his brother Franciscans. He was succeeded by Estéban Tapis.

Santa Inés† (the 19th Mission, and the first in this century) was founded Sept. 17, 1804, between Santa Bárbara and Purísima. It was never large—only Santa Cruz and Soledad had fewer neophytes. President Tapis desired to found a Mission on Santa Catalina island, for the aborigines there who refused to join the mainland establishments. His plan (outlined in his report of 1804) was approved; but before it could be carried into effect an epidemic of measles swept the island, over 200 Indians died, and the project was abandoned.

In 1804 (after 8 years' deliberation) the Californias were officially divided into the provinces of Antigua and Nueva California, with the boundary already established by the Dominicans and Franciscans.

In 1816 San Antonio, an *asistencia* (branch chapel) of San Luis Rey, was founded at Pala, an Indian settlement 20 miles east of San Luis. It flourished from the first, and in two years had 1000 converts and a resident missionary.

San Rafael Arcángel—the first Spanish settlement north of San Francisco, and with one exception the last Mission—was founded Dec. 18, 1817, as an *asistencia*. In 1828 it had enrolled 1140 neophytes: A branch chapel of the Mission San Gabriel was established about 1822 at San Bernardino, 50 miles east; but in 1834 it was sacked and burned by the Indians, who massacred several persons. Padre Esténega, who went out from San Gabriel to quiet the savages, was held prisoner by them for a short time.

A mortality among the Indians of Mission Dolores led to a transfer of many neophytes to the north side of the bay; and there the twenty-first (and last) Mission, San Francisco Solano, was founded July 4, 1823. To avoid the confusion of names, the two Missions dedicated to St. Francis came to be distinguished as "Dolores" and "San Solano"—the latter name finally reverting to Sonoma, the Indian place-name. A twenty-second Mission was planned to be founded at Santa Rosa, in 1827; but the project was given up.

* Bancroft very naturally ranks Lasuen above Serra; but history will hardly sustain the verdict. Lasuen was a very happy choice for his task; a more politic man, and one who deserves high honor for a wise administration. But he was of a very different and of a less remarkable type than the great man who carved from the savage wilderness something to be administered. A "commercial traveler" in letters cannot fully grasp a nature like Serra's; and it is noticeable that Bancroft is invariably unable to translate such characters as the Apostle of California and the Herald of New Mexico. Lasuen is one of the notable names in California; Junipero Serra, one of the largest figures in all missionary history.—Ed.

† St. Agnes. When she was 13 the son of the prefect, Sempronius, entered her chamber; but, as he approached her, was struck blind. His sight was restored through her prayers. St. Agnes was beheaded in 304, in the persecution of Diocletian.

CAVES OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

BY ROB. C. OWENS.

ABOUT thirty miles off the coast of Santa Barbara, a group of barren and unpromising peaks rise from the bosom of the ocean, like sentinels before the pretty mainland harbor. Grim and desolate as they appear from the distance, they are rich in hospitality and entertainment for all who visit them.

These islands are as yet little known; and for that reason, among others, are a charming resort. On their hills thousands of sheep are raised for the wool. They are cared for by small colonies of Basques employed by the owners of the islands, who (aided by the lack of transportation) have thus far restricted excessive visitation and have held in



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CUEVA VALDEZ.

check that relentless enemy of nature—civilization. No hotels mar the pretty harbors. No company has yet advertised their beauties. But in modest retirement from the active world, washed by an almost boatless sea, they offer that peaceful enjoyment not found where people throng.

Santa Cruz, the largest of the group, and the most accessible (eight hours' sail from Santa Barbara), has ideal spots for camping. In its harbors are cañons which equal those of the mainland, while the hunting and fishing are unsurpassed. Among its many points of interest I would name first the sea caves along its coast.

We must start from our camp betimes to avoid the rough sea which rises later. Before 5 a. m. the air is redolent of boiling coffee, and we are dashing about in hasty preparation. By 5:30 we are off—two boatloads of merry young people. The sun is just rising over the bay. The



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LADIES' HARBOR, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.



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CUEVA VALDEZ.

horizon is blended of crimson and gold. The sea is perfectly calm, and only the screaming of the birds interrupts the gay chatter of the party.

Half-past six: and we are nearing the dangerous point. The sea is becoming rough, and the young lady in the bow of the boat bravely pretends she is not at all uncomfortable. The rocks seem but a few boat-lengths away. The oarsmen strain every muscle. The girls are



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THE ARCH.

bailing out water; but as they throw out one gallon, ten are dashed in by the waves. The young lady in the bow is now crying; the oarsmen rowing for dear life.

All over! the danger is passed, and each declares he was not frightened, and had been in seas twice as high. The conversation resumes its former gayety.

After rowing into many smaller caves we arrive at about 8 o'clock at the famous Painted Cave, so named because of the beautiful coloring with which nature has decorated its walls and the series of arches that spring over the watery floor.

The first arch is lofty enough for a merchant vessel to enter. After the fifth is passed, the chambers gradually get smaller, till on looking back, the great entrance seems but a mere knothole. It is now time to light the torches, as the deepening darkness is oppressive and not without danger, and the din of the sea lions increases our fears. But as the torches blaze forth, we forget our nervousness, and gaze in wonder at the beautifully colored walls and majestic arches. Cautiously we enter another chamber. We are prying into a labyrinth, where a few false strokes of the oars will send us whence we shall hardly return. We know that the frightened seals may stampede and capsize the boats, yet the knowledge seems to enhance our enjoyment. Two of the oarsmen in each boat have reversed their position and are ready to pull back at the signal. The hoarse "bark" of the seals, like peals of thunder, echoes through the long corridor; and splashing is heard on all sides, as the great animals tumble from the walls of the cave into the water. Consternation again comes upon us; and as a drove of seals rushes frantically past, the signal is given to pull back. With a few strong strokes the boats shoot out from the chamber of terror, and we wind our way back to the blue sky and the sunshine, stopping occasionally to watch the many fishes that dart through the clear water; and to gather sponges, or bright colored mosses from the niches and crevices.

A parting gaze at the magnificent dome, and we start homeward, stopping at every nook and inlet and visiting other caves. Reaching a shaded harbor about noon, we beach the boats and walk up a small cañon to a large oak, where, by a musical brook, we investigate the contents of the lunch box. And at last back to camp; where by the fire, while the clams are roasting, we relate the day's experience to a group of eager listeners.

Claremont, Cal.

AT SAN JUAN.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

The tawny hills lie sleeping in the sun,
 Their shapely flanks hirsute with grasses. Blue,
 Ah, blue as Eve's eyes when the world was new,
 Paler than sapphire, tenderer than any one
 Terrestrial pigment, lifts the sky, as spun
 A peerless tissue in aerial looms.
 These for the setting. Here are cloistral glooms,
 Pensive and cool. The agile lizards run,
 Oddly exempt by those four nimble feet
 From that antipathy as old as man.
 Around the ruined apse the swallows flit—
 Small mission mothers they, in service fleet.
 The quaint gray nests follow each moulding's span
 And in the doorways round the fledgelings sit.

Redlands, Cal

"LITTLE BREECHES" AND ITS GODFATHER.



Harvard-Collier Eng. Co.

E. H. WINANS.

WHILE every American has, in our Ambassador to England, that undivided interest of the fractional master in the public servant, there is upon our present representative at St. James an unusual local lien. For it was not more Mr. McKinley than a gentleman of Los Angeles who sent Col. John Hay to keep the Lion's fur smooth to us-ward.

However much their graduated author may look down upon those first achievements, it is not the Life of Lincoln but the Pike County

Ballads that have been his making. As a historian, Mr. Hay is assiduous, sincere and—a recorder. As the troubadour of Pike he was and will remain a classic; and it is better to be a backwoods classic than a metropolitan mediocrity. But for "Little Breeches" and its tremendous vogue he would hardly have come into the *Century* with Lincoln; but for the *Century* he never would have gone to Great Britain short of his own proper expense; and but for an Iowan now gracefully growing gray in Los Angeles, there would have been no "Little Breeches"—for Hay's masterpiece rests upon a true story.

Ephraim H. Winans is now a well-known Angeleño. About the year 1863 he was an itinerant preacher in the Middle West; and in New Virginia, Ia., witnessed the dramatic incident which was destined to be the *motif* of one of the best dialect ballads in American literature.

Several years later, Mr. Winans was in Warsaw, Ill., the home of Hay's father. He dined at the Hay house, and afterward the family (including John) accompanied him to the Presbyterian church where he preached on "Divine Providence; its possibilities under natural laws." His exegesis was, briefly, that Providence may work in answer to prayer, or of its own tender mercy, without miracle but wholly in accord with rational laws—chiefly through the spirit. And among other illustrations he told the story which has since (with some changes under poetic license) become the enduring "Little Breeches." In a visit this spring to Warsaw Mr. Winans secured the letter in which Hay acknowledges the source of his inspiration.

This private letter (of which, even after 26 years, the LAND OF SUNSHINE does not print the private passages) was addressed to Thomas Gregg, for many years editor of the *Warsaw Signal*. Hay remembers gratefully his "many acts of kindness and consideration, at a time when you were a busy man and I an inquisitive and talkative boy;" and tells his old friend of his new successes. He was then (the letter is dated Feb. 16, 1871) doing editorial work on the *N. Y. Tribune* under Horace Greeley, and writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*. He also mentions that "Osgood & Co. publish a book for me next summer called *Castilian Days*—which consists of sketches of life and character as I saw both in Spain."

Following in facsimile is the concluding paragraph of the letter:

I do not think much of my present. They have had an enormous success - both in this country and England, but I think it will be ephemeral. I got the story of Little Bunch from a sermon by Mr. Winans. The character of Jim Blodso was to a certain extent founded on Oliver Fairchild of Warsaw - of course not intended for a likeness. I have forgotten the real name of the boat in which he perished.
Yours very sincerely John Hay

The episode which inspired Hay was as follows:

A dark rainy night in April, 1863 (or thereabouts; it cannot have been more than a year aside from that) a district Ministerial Association was in session in New Virginia, Ia. Rev. Henry B. Heacock (now located somewhere in Northern California) had just stepped to the stand and was giving out the hymn:

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen! So let it be"—

when a man named Proudfoot burst into the church crying:

"A horse! For God's sake a horse!"

He had driven his wagon up to the church steps, and handed out his wife and parents; but just as he reached to take his little four-year-old boy from the back of the wagon the horses stampeded and were gone in the darkness.

The meeting was broken up, and the congregation (among them Mr. Winans) started out to follow the runaways. The night was impenetrably black; the rain and the Iowa mud made anything like tracking impossible. The searchers swept concentric circles, in the direction in

which the horses were headed; and in that fenceless prairie, through mire and gloom, they floundered on.

At last, possibly a half mile from town, they came upon the run-aways. One horse was down in the head of a gully, the other up on the bank; the wagon, half overturned behind them. But the child was not there.

Round about they searched for the presumably trampled lad, but no trace was to be found. Their improvised torches were burning out. A Mr. Reed remembered an unused cabin half a mile across the fields, and led a party thither to find dry material for new torches. A flock of about 50 sheep had taken refuge in the cabin from the storm, and their bleating served to guide the searchers. But when they at last found the place they could not open the door.

A man was boosted up, crawled into the gable and brought out the torchwood. When he crawled out he said:

"I thought I heard a voice in there."

No one believed it; it must have been some note of the bleating sheep; but he insisted. At last they forced the reluctant door; and lo, in the middle of the flock, sitting on a box, was the lost child! He did not in real life say,

"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

He simply said—"Here I am, papa," quite unabashed by his experience.

How had he come there in the night across the uncompassed fields, so far from the spilled wagon? God knows. Perhaps he heard the voice of the sheep in the storm, and followed it. And how did he pass the door which excited men could barely force? For that, Mr. Winans says: "I suppose the door may have been open when he came; and that the sheep, crowding back from where he sat, closed it; and that the rain swelled it so that it was difficult to open. At any rate, I look upon it as a Providence by natural means. We came forth with the child from the cabin singing the old long-meter doxology; and his mother and his

grandparents weeping and praying away back in town heard us, and knew that all was well. And that is the true story that John Hay and his father heard in my sermon in Warsaw; the story which gave him "Little Breeches." He has turned the rain to snow and the Ministerial Association to a jug of molasses, and taken some minor license with the story; but it is the story of Proudfoot's little boy in Iowa in 1863."

For the refreshing of those who may have forgotten, the poem follows:



JOHN HAY IN 1871.
(From "The Bookman.")

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
 I never ain't had no show;
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
 On the handful o' things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets
 And free-will, and that sort o' thing—
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
 Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
 And my little Gabe come along—
 No four-year-old in the county
 Could beat him for pretty and strong,
 Peart and chipper and sassy,
 Always ready to swear and fight—
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
 As I passed by Taggart's store;
 I went in for a jug of molasses
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started—
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie;
 I was almost froze with akeer;
 But we roused up some torches,
 And searched for 'em far and near.
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft white mound,
 Upsoot—dead beat—but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
 Of my fellow-critters' aid,
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
 Crotch deep in the snow and prayed.
 * * * * *
 By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night,
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white;
 And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he get thar? Angels!
 He could never have walked in that storm;
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And fotching him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafing around the Throne.

AUTHORITIES ON THE SOUTHWEST.



GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.
 Henshaw-Collier Eng. Co.

AMERICAN scholarship can very well afford to run in debt—it does not yet owe nearly enough to nearly enough people—for it increases its assets only by adding to its liabilities. It has every reason, then, to welcome a young man who fairly promises to become one of its preferred creditors. He has already brought us handsomely in debt to him; and we hope to go very much deeper.

George Parker Winship, the first young American to seem disposed to take up seriously and on standard gauge the great documentary researches of Bandelier in early American history, was born in Massachusetts in 1871, and has always lived within sight of the Gilded Dome. He is of stock that goes back, on both sides, to pretty much the beginnings of New England, and one in which scholarship is no sudden freak.

The names of his father, A. E. Winship, and of his father's paper, the *Journal of Education*, are household words in New England.

Young Winship served a practical apprenticeship at the case and in the press-room of the *Somerville Journal*, and on his father's paper; and later did regular office and editorial work on the latter, besides reporting for the *Boston Traveller*. Graduated from Harvard College in '93 (and taking the degree of A. M. a year later) he was appointed to the History department of Harvard, and remained there two years. Mrs. Hemenway planned to send him to Seville for documentary study; but her death broke up the project.

As an undergraduate Mr. Winship had become interested particularly in Spanish-American history and that fascinating chapter in it, the expedition of Coronado. Discovering how unsatisfactory are Ternaux's French versions of the "sources," and finding in the Lenox library the Spanish manuscript of Castañeda (chronicler of Coronado's expedition) he determined to translate this most important document into English. The translation of other sources, and the collateral study of the literature of that day, duly followed in preparation for the introductory essay of his volume.

In the spring of '95 he was engaged by Mr. John Nicholas Brown to take charge of his famous library of Americana—the John Carter Brown Library, named for his father, who was all his life in close rivalry with James Lenox of New York in gathering these documentary treasures. This important post has given Mr. Winship very unusual facilities for research.

His acquaintance with "the Field" has been limited but fruitful—some touch of Colorado, two short tours in Mexico, a visit to the Moqui villages and the snake-dance. He is the sort of a student to whom one cordially wishes deeper intimacy with the field, for he is one of those whose construction permits them to learn from that great schoolmaster—as in fact he has already gathered more horizon by this very small getting-out-of-doors than several persons not unknown of print have been able to acquire with ten-fold the opportunity. That he knew something when he started is one reason; but the larger one is that he is of the mental texture which is permeable to outer truth. It is a good thing for the ambitious young student to remember that while a life of study can match Bandelier's thus far unparalleled documentary knowledge, nothing but the like hardships and dangers, the like infinite patience of mind and body to acquire intimacy with the brown man who is after all the final check and commentator of the chronicles, can ever give, to any born genius whatsoever, the same scientific horizon or the same depths of manhood. So far from being said in derogation of Mr. Winship, this is distinctly because he is one of the few to whom the preachment seems worth while. He owes it to himself—and to us, so far as he is vowed to the crusade of knowledge—to make sure that he takes his large postgraduate course in the field, among the human natures and the physical landmarks which were rudder to the history whose logbook he is so well mastering.

Mr. Winship's *Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542* (which was to have been brought out by Harvard but found better facilities with the Bureau of Ethnology, by which institution it has just been published), is one of the most important contributions of late years to American history. Without attempting here a critical review, it is to be said that this volume of over 300 pages makes accessible for the first time to English readers the full story of that most remarkable expedition in the history of North America. An itinerary of Coronado's marches, a historical introduction explaining their causes, processes and results; the full Spanish text of the peevish but indispensable Castañeda, and a critical translation thereof; translations of letters from Viceroy Mendoza to the King and from Coronado to Mendoza, etc., of the anonymous

Relacion del Suceso, of the *Relacion Postrera* (with Spanish text) of the *Relacion* of Capt. Juan Jaramillo, and the *Relacion* of Hernando de Alvarado and the *Testimonio* of those who went on the expedition—all this volume of the foremost documents in the case is rounded out by a full index and by the valuable bibliographic list before mentioned in these pages. The book is also illustrated with facsimiles from the Castañeda manuscripts, and of many rare old maps of the Southwest, and a fair array of telling modern photo-engravings from the oboriginal life of that region.

O. F. L.

THEIR GRASS.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

They say we have no grass!
To hear them talk
You'd think that grass could walk,
And was their bosom friend—no day to pass
Between them and their grass!

No grass! they say, who live
Where hot bricks give
The hot stones all their heat and back again—
A baking hell for men.
"Oh but," they haste to say, "we have our parks"—
Where fat policemen check the children's larks,
And sign to sign repeats as in a glass
"Keep off the grass!"
"We have our city parks and grass, you see—"
Well—so have we!

But 'tis the country that they sing of most. "Alas!"
They sing, "for our wide acres of soft grass!
To please us living and to hide us dead!—"
You'd think Walt Whitman's first was all they read!
You'd think they all went out upon the quiet
Nebuchadnezzar to outdo in diet!
You'd think they found no other green thing fair—
Even its seed an honor in their hair!
You'd think they had this bliss the whole year 'round—
Evergreen grass!—and we, plowed ground!

But come now! How does earth's pet plumage grow
Under your snow?
Is your beloved grass as softly nice
When packed in ice?
For six long months you live beneath a blight—
No grass in sight.
You bear up bravely. And not only that,
But leave your grass and travel. And thereat
We marvel deeply, with slow Western mind,
Wondering within us what these people find
Among our common oranges and palms
To tear them from the well-remembered charms
Of their dear vegetable. But still they come,
Frost-bitten invalids, to our bright home,
And chide our grasslessness, until we say—
But if you hate it so—why come? why stay?
Just go away!
Go to—your grass!

THE CALIFORNIA SNOW PLANT.

BY ROYCE P. ECKSTROM.



THE most unique and one of the most beautiful of California's flora is the Snow Plant, *Sarcodes Sanguinea*. It is a member of the *Ericaceae* (Heath family), and is closely allied to the *Pterispora* or Pine-drops.

There is but one species and it can be found during May and June. The Snow Plant grows to a height of from seven to sixteen inches and, for so large a plant, is exceedingly tender and brittle. It has a long raceme of pendulous, bell-like flowers of a blood-red color, covered with a coating of snow-white crystals. The leaves, tinted with almost as deep a red as the flowers, extend up to and twine among them. Indeed the whole plant is red, from the pale almost white of the roots to the deep rosy tinting of the flowers.

Naturalists have long claimed that it is a parasite and grows upon the roots of the cedar (*Libercedrus decurrens*) in a certain stage of decay. This may be, but the Snow Plant is often found as high as a thousand feet above the cedars, though more often near and among them. The parasite of the manzanita, the *Boschnia-hia strobilacea*, resembles the

Sarcodes Sanguinea to a marked degree, but is brown instead of red.

The seeds of the Snow Plant are small and wingless, but of wonderful vitality, germinating after a lapse of years. The roots extend down to a depth of sixteen inches, though this is rare; usually they correspond to the height of the plant. They gather strength while under banks of snow, and as soon as it melts they blossom forth. High up on the mountain slopes, at an altitude of from four to eight thousand feet, sometimes in over an inch of snow, these beautiful specimens of plant life can be found.

Redlands, Cal.



CAMILLA.

BY CHARLES A. KEELER.

Strike your guitar, fair Camilla, and sing the wild song you are dream-
ing;
Let the lithe fingers fly swift o'er its strings, for your dark eyes are
beaming,
Beaming with far-away fancies, Camilla, that plead for expression —
Only thy vibrant guitar is attuned for the sacred confession.

Now Camilla's fair fingers are plucking in rapture the pulsating strings,
And her far-away eyes are intent on the scene and the story she sings —
Singing her song of Felipe, her hero intrepid and true;
Singing his praise, and recounting what deeds for her love he would do.

See the wild race after cattle, the bronco's wide nostrils blood red;
Hear the hello of the herder, Felipe who dashes ahead!
Hist, how the lariat sings as it flies o'er the horns of a steer!
See the wild plunge, and the horse standing firm — hear the bellow of
fear!

Then on the trail of Apaches, who leads the long marches by night?
Who but Felipe would dare to press on o'er the mesa to fight?
Who but Felipe sits firm in his saddle when rifles ring out in the dark?
Coolly he levels his weapon, the bullet flies true to its mark.

Such is the song sweet Camilla is singing with gaze far away —
Such is the song, for she knows not how long her Felipe will stay —
Knows not that lone in the waste of the sage-brush her master lies,
slain —

Ah, sweet Camilla, thy songs for Felipe, the fearless, are vain!

Berkeley, Cal.

AT POINT DUMA.

BY J G ROWLAND

I stroll along the ocean shore:
A whispered language comes to me,
Sighing in rythm evermore,
Between the sea shells and the sea.

Tales of the wondrous long ago,
The muttered murmurs seem to be,
Which pass in cadence to and fro,
Between the sea-rocks and the sea.

And thunderous sounds are heard afar,
Attack — repulse — eternally;
The unvarying echoes of the war,
Between the sea cliffs and the sea.

The sea gull floating on the wave,
Beneath, the sea-fish, swift and free
Destroy to live: consume to save —
The very story of the sea.

Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, Cal.



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The construction committee has laid out the details of repair on the great monastery at San Fernando; and the work was expected to be actually under way by the time these pages are printed. The first procedure will be to remove with great care the tiles of the roof, and store them. Then the roof-structure will be renovated, and the tiles replaced. A huge and dangerous gap in the north wall, and several minor breaches, will be closed again with adobe masonry—as before.

To preserve the two chief buildings of the Mission of San Fernando (the monastery and the church) will cost \$2000. A little over \$1000 has already been raised; and the Club appeals to all Americans who care for the historic and the picturesque to aid in this work. Anyone can join the Landmarks Club by contributing one dollar to the cause; anyone can become a life member by paying \$25; and all sums between—and beyond—are welcome, and will be applied exclusively to the work.

A gallant example, which might well rouse other Native Daughters (and Sons) of the Golden West has just been set by Felicidad Parlor, No. 52, N. D. G. W., of Anaheim, Cal. Through its secretary, Frances E. Higgins, the Parlor has forwarded to the Landmarks Club the sum of \$50. These are good Californians.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Mission of San Fernando falls on the 8th of September, 1897. It is intended to hold a fitting celebration, on that day, at this historic spot.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK:

Previously acknowledged, \$2387.56.

New Contributions: Felicidad Parlor, No. 52, N. D. G. W., Anaheim, Cal., \$50.

Mrs. J. S. Slauson, Los Angeles, \$10.

\$1 each: Mr. and Mrs. Horace J. Smith, Germantown, Pa.; Mary Sheldon Barnes, Earl Barnes, Stanford University, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Murrietta, Los Angeles.





THE
"INNOCENT
SPECTATOR."

It is undeniably irritating to be shot, or to see one's friends riddled—particularly if one was already mad about something else. But nowadays it is ridiculously easy to avoid this sort of lead-poisoning.

The Lion has seen a little of mobs, in and out of the United States; and has noticed that in such times there is a tendency for someone to get hurt. But the Innocent Spectator, who figures so numerous as a target, is a tiresome myth, who does not exist outside of the newspapers. There *are* no innocent spectators when citizens trample upon the law. Perhaps but few of the mob are criminals deliberately; the most are only fools or temporary madmen; but no one is innocent, or a good citizen, who is seen in the same general landscape with rioters—unless he is standing like a man to face them. The only other place where he has a right to be is at home—and there he doesn't get hurt.

Under a despotism there may be an excuse for mobs. Under a republic, where the people make and unmake the laws, there is no excuse.

As for Urbana, O., it would better betake itself off the map of the United States until it is nearer fit for self-government. People who discuss whether they shall lynch, or merely indict for murder, sheriff and militia who uphold the law, do not belong in a republic.

"HAVING EYES
THEY
SEE NOT,"

"In the brief limits of this story [*Hilda Strafford*] the heroine quarrels with her husband because of the bleakness and depressing effects of the California landscape, the lemon groves are ruthlessly slaughtered by a great flood, and the weak-lunged hero dies!

"What have Mr. Lummis and his *LAND OF SUNSHINE* got to say to that series of catastrophes? Have we been misled all these years about Our Italy, and is California really a bleak and howling wilderness, fatal to health and matrimonial happiness? Or does Miss Harraden always see things in a low, gray key?"—*DROCH in Life*.

Say? Why, nothing much. It would be sheer riot to quarrel with Miss Harraden's impressions, since her vision is not ocular but hepatic. The Handwriting on the Wall would have suggested to her nothing but a grateful consciousness that well-bred persons do not scribble in such places. New York should know by now, through rather personal experience, the full weight of insular "observation."

In the tenuous first five minutes of their small acquaintance, Miss Harraden informed the Lion that she could never forgive the mendacity of Charles Dudley Warner and T. S. Van Dyke. These gentlemen had ventured to see "square miles of flowers." She had not. A suggestion that she might be more fortunate at the season when wild flowers bloom,

made no dint in the insular armor. She also confided her specific intention not to "scatter." Rather than get a smattering of California, she was going to learn one phase well. Her chosen phase was a San Diego county subdivision of the desert; and here, in the congenial atmosphere of an impossible ranch conducted by British younger sons, an arid waste made drier yet by insular inexperience, unteachableness and selfishness, she has built her horizon. California is larger than Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland and Greece, rolled into one map, and has at least proportionate range of climate, scenery and human interest. What Miss Harraden has seen is not California but a little English closet for folding away inconvenient offspring. Miss H. avowed her conviction that there could be no literary inspiration in California; and *Hilda Strafford* hardly quarrels with its author. As for the real California, the well-meant but English lady may safely be left to fight it out with Humboldt, Bayard Taylor, Helen Hunt, Charles Dudley Warner and others of larger travel and better digestion.

As that large American of eminent common sense, Thomas Benton, declared, the members of the Cabinet are merely the President's clerks. It is interesting to imagine what the great Westerner would think if he might come back and get a birdseye view of Secretary Alger—who seems to fancy that the President was elected just to give him a job as guardian angel to a corporation. It will be an innovation upon the scrupulousness with which every President thus far has guarded the dignity of his office if Mr. McKinley does not, in his own good time, remind someone that the veto power is not yet vested in the clerks.

The Lion has watched Los Angeles grow from 14,000 to more than seven times that size. In 1890 the United States census found 50,000 population in the pueblo that had had 5728 in 1870 and 11,311 in 1880. For a year or two it has been claimed by Angeleños—and ridiculed by the North—that the city has over 100,000. An official census taken this spring shows a resident population of 103,000. Of this astounding increase, less than 10,000 has come by annexation.

Relatively to population this is the richest and the best educated city in the Union. It has more money per capita in bank; fewer illiterates and incorrigibles. And aside from the mere figures, it is a standing riddle to the cooped East, which cannot yet conceive how a city so cultured and so beautiful can have sprung up so swiftly here upon the very brink of the Jumping-Off-Place.

It is an interesting as well as a true story which gives (on page 59) the details of the origin of "Little Breeches."

Along with this voice from the past, it may be pardonable to recall to Mr. Hay a text useful to be remembered when one begins to count the big thing done for the *Century* above the little thing done for Time—a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance—

"And I think that saving a little child,
And fetching him to his own,
Is a derved sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne."

Even though it happens to be the throne of England.



The most important book on the Southwest in several years is Dr. Washington Matthews's *Navaho Legends*, printed for the American Folklore Society, of which the author has been president, and is the most considerable field-student. There have been a very few other volumes of equal scholarship, of late, touching on our area; but actual scientific research among the aborigines is one of the rarest things in science as it is one of the most difficult.

Dr. Matthews's rank as foremost authority on the largest Indian tribe in the United States is secure, and has often been referred to in these pages. This handsome and elaborate volume, with its colored facsimiles of the sacred sand-painting, its half-tones from life and its liberal appendices, will enlarge the borders of his reputation. The curious Navajo creation-myth and some of its nearest ramifications are thoroughly well told; and the non-scientist will make a mistake if he fancies that this quaint story from the childhood of the race is good reading only for scientists. The notes are concise and instructive; and our own Prof. Fillmore elucidates the music of many songs in an appendix.

The only quarrel to be had with this monumental work is as to its spelling. The cryptographic alphabet invented to amuse the leisure of the Bureau of Ethnology is a useless hardship. Nobody understands it, and nobody outside of the Bureau desires to; and there is no sound which cannot be better expressed by vocables familiar to the rabble. These esoteric symbols are a serious obstacle to the general reader, and will scare off, even from this fascinating book, many who would be delighted when they had read it.

As for the word Navajo, it is a genuine pity that our Samson has been led (under pressure) to join the Philistines. Dr. Matthews has always spelled the word right; and though now he apologizes for changing to the barbarous and homeless form "Navaho," the solecism is one no apologies can remedy. This unlettered motion of the Bureau to "reform" the spelling of American history is precisely on a par with the recent phonetic Luther in the Postoffice Department who has tried to force on California the barbarism of making one word of Spanish article and noun or numeral and noun, like Delmar and Dospalos. Los-angeles and Sandiego will follow next. It is time for every scholar to set his face like a flint against the politician meddlers; and we have a right to expect so true and brave a scholar as Dr. Matthews not to lend comfort to the enemy. American Folk-Lore Society, Boston, \$6.00.

Dickydong of the Dickydongs, informed with that phosphorescent brightness which seems never to desert the young men of the modern pale-green school, Robert Hichens's novel, *Flames* is not after all to be dismissed with a good deal of the dead-mackerel literature wherewith Lunnun condescends to favor us. In the first place, the author of the *Green Carnation* proves himself clever with plot as with epigrams. His conception of the soul-swapping which is the *motif* of *Flames* is distinctly ingenious; and his working out of a supernatural plot is less unconvincing than we usually have. Of Mr. Hichens's style it is to be said that if he were a quarter as smart he would be four times easier reading. His lapidarying of phrases is extremely skilled and he shows an awesome dexterity of words; but in a novel it is distinctly disadvantageous to stub one's toe in every sentence and have to go back even to enjoyment of the phrase—for in a story we would run.

FIRE
AND
ASHES.

It is a strong story, and it makes one wish Mr. Hichens had befallen the atmosphere of a Texas sheep-ranch sooner than the heavy present air of London. A man who can make the poor drabbed "Lady of the Feathers" a heroine could do saner work if he would switch off from Wilde to the wilds. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.50.

Garrett Newkirk's *Rhymes of the States*, originally published in *St. Nicholas*, are now issued by the Century Co. in very handsome book form. Mr. Newkirk's hope is that these rhymes—accompanied by sketch maps and fanciful drawings—will help the young American to learn his own geography, as he is aided in the calendar by the well-known doggerel:

A STRING
ON THE
FINGER.

"Thirty days has September."

Doubtless they will—whatever notions of verse they may give him. Still, it is to be remembered that Mr. N.'s themes hardly lend themselves to the upper poetry; and that we all have to learn geography.

There is one bright stanza, *re* Delaware:

"If like this State a boy were washed
He surely would go frantic—
His face in the river Delaware
His back by the Atlantic."

As to the accompanying "facts," those which touch the Southwest are seriously unsatisfactory. A Pueblo village never "became Santa Fé;" Santa Fé does not date from 1640; the summer days are no longer in Arizona than in New York; nor is it easy to guess what is meant by "area 440 miles" as regards New Mexico. The Apaches are not in the Indian Territory; California was discovered and explored 38 years before the pirate Drake ever saw it; San Diego was not founded in 1768; "Oregon" is not "Spanish for wild marjoram;" Nevada is not "named for the snowy range of Spain"—and so on. The Century Co., N. Y., \$1.50.

Decisively the most picturesque facemaking that has enlivened periodical letters in a long time is the duel now on between the *Chap-Book* and the *Bookman*. The Chicago fort-

THE
IRREPRESSIBLE
CONFLICT

nightly is dexterous at taking a scalp as often as its New York contemporary can raise a crop of hair that needs pulling—which seems to be about once a month. As for the *Bookman*, it is deeply absorbed in devising new utterances for which it shall have to “apologize or fight” in the next issue.

The latest bulletin from the scene of inkshed is the *Bookman's* advice to the *Chap-Book* to go away and die, that its back numbers may become sought by collectors. I am holding the press to hear Mr. Stone retort that not even such an adventitious scarcity could give a file of the *Bookman* any value.

AND NOT A

WORD OF

CONGRESS.

James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has issued as a “separate” from the Bureau’s 14th annual report his studious and highly interesting *Ghost Dance Religion*. The title is unhappily chosen, for “ghost-dancing” was never a religion; and in his collection of parallels this reputable scholar has had to lean overmuch upon less safe observers. To trace, for instance, “ghost-dances” in ancient Mexico and Peru—even in the rebellion of Tupac Amaru—is more newspaperery than scientific. But the important part of the book is from Mr. Mooney’s own investigations, field and documentary. His sub-title—and really his pivotal point—is “the Sioux outbreak of 1890;” and he writes well this black chapter over which every American’s blood has boiled who knew anything of the truth. Aside from the scientific value of the book, it is useful patriotic reading. Just now, when we grow epileptic over paper “atrocities” somewhere else, it is soothing to remember that six years ago the United States shot down 300 Indians who were trying to surrender—and 200 of them women and children—that the wounded were left on the field for three days in a Dakota blizzard; that three salaried American missionaries within rifle-shot would not step out to them; that the frozen corpses of women and babes, stripped by Americans, were by Americans tumbled naked into a common trench. The reports from Cuba are mostly fakes, as a weary public knows; but the story of Wounded Knee is official.

Mr. Mooney’s book is a manly as well as a scholarly one. Washington, the Bureau of Ethnology.

BY

THE

WAY.

The Lion is ashamed to make a blunder, but not to confess one. Clarence Urmy may have the head of John the Apologist on a charger, simply for the asking. By one of those agreeable little tricks to which even well-behaved eyes sometimes revert, Mr. Urmy’s line insisted on being read:

“Balboa sighed rapturously,”

instead of “sighted.” And of course it was just where that one letter made as much difference as the proverbial inch on a human nose. Mr. Urmy is in earnest; and from a present creditable achievement promises to climb higher.

Hamlin Garland would seem to have cause for action. No American paper has sent him to the Greek Baturkeyomachia. Yet he certainly is just as well able to write fine of the things he doesn’t know as Stephen Crane and Richard Harding-Davis are.

Among the latest issues of Rand, McNally & Co.’s monthly 25-cent novels are *The Earl’s Atonement*, by Bertha M. Clay, and *Storm Signals*, by that mercurial Old Improbabilities, Richard Henry Savage.

The *Critic* thinks that *Life’s Comedy* “lacks humor.” It lacks the unconscious sort.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)

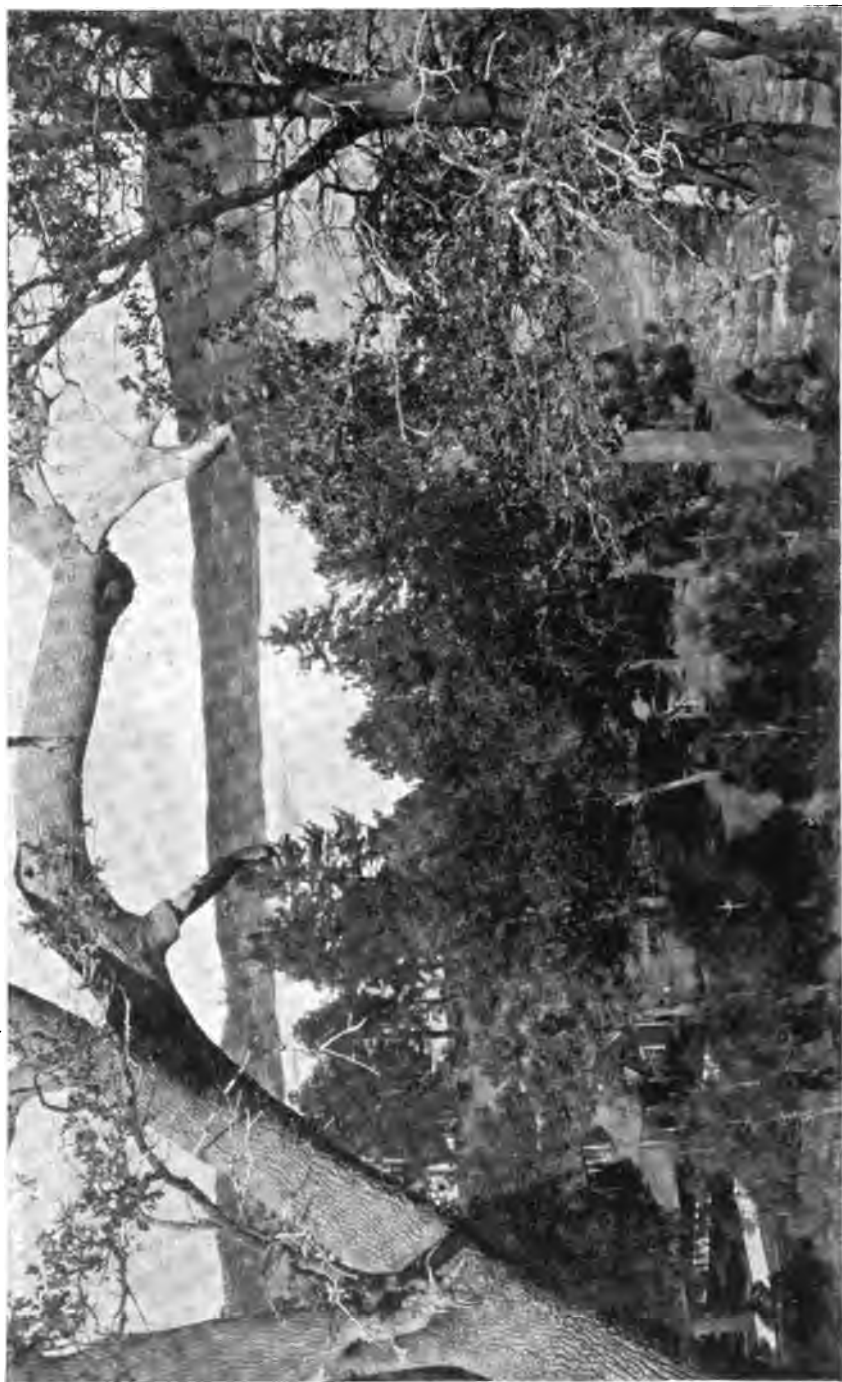
No other civilized land in the world affords such charm, such convenience and such variety of summer outings as Southern California. A three-hundred-mile coast-line along the noblest, the bluest and the most friendly ocean; as long a reach of magnificent mountains from 5000 to 12,000 feet in altitude, with their cañons, their trout-brooks, their royal forests; happy islands, with shore and deep-sea fishing second to none in the United States; matchless waters for yachting, and unsurpassed bathing beaches; and a climate which does not sunstrike nor prostrate you—these things indicate in a general way the scope we have for health and pleasure in summer. Furthermore, all these recreations are to be had within a short ride from the metropolis or from almost any town of Southern California. And last but not least, they can be had “plain or with trimmings”—frilled with all the conveniences and social settings of a first-class summer resort, or just as close-to-nature “roughing-it” as you choose, or in any intermediate grade. All you have to do is to decide which you prefer, and then buy your ticket accordingly.



Behre Eng. Co.

Photo. by Mrs. Myra H. Randall.

A TRAIL AMONG THE MANZANITAS.



Commercial Eng. Co.

CUYAMACA LAKE.

Photo. by Maude.



Howard-Collier Eng. Co.

IN EATON CAÑON.

Photo. by Graham & Worrell

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THE COLD TRUTH

OR

AN ARTIC CORNER OF A SEMI-TROPIC CITY.

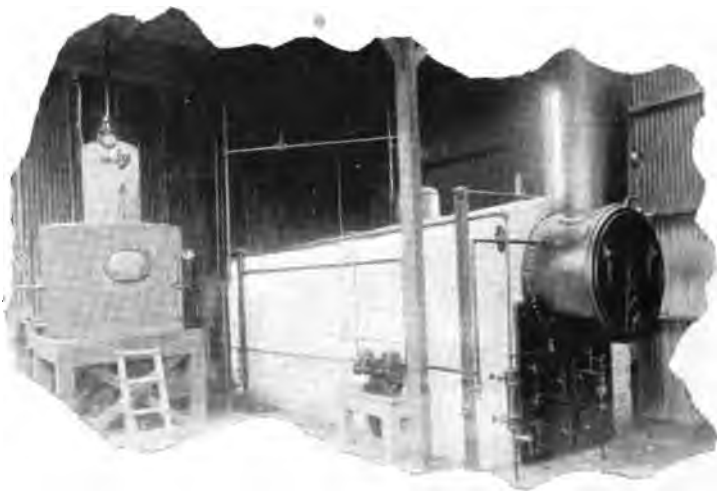


BEFORE coming in contact with foreign substances water is easily defined as two parts of Hydrogen and one of Oxygen; but whenever it gets into bad company, which is most always, the readiness with which it partakes of the nature thereof taxes even modern science to label the result. For example note the following analysis of the hydrant water of a city, not at all notorious for the worst drinking water in the land, and not far distant from our own City of the Angels:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| Silica | 1.168 grains |
| Oxide of Iron and Aluminum | .011 " |
| Carbonate of Lime | 4.656 " |
| Carbonate of Magnesia..... | 3.885 " |
| Sulphate of Lime..... | 7.661 " |
| Sodium and Potassium Sulphates..... | 2.117 " |
| Sodium and Potassium Chlorides | 2.424 " |
| Sodium and Potassium Carbonates..... | 5.400 " |

27.322 grains per gallon of 231 cubic inches, not to mention decomposed vegetable and animal matter. Boiling will kill the animalculæ in such water but not eliminate a single constituent of the above analysis. And, while filtration removes insoluble substances, any druggist will testify that it does not free it from an iota of anything (however poisonous) which was held in solution. Certain minerals, although not classed as poisons, are superfluous in these days of known food constituents, and when the drug store can more intelligently be depended upon for such minerals as the human system may require. Waters containing alkalies are especially to be avoided by those who have reached the age when such substances are not readily assimilated or thrown off, and when the tendency to bone growth and brittleness is already too great.

By distillation only, has it been found possible to restore water to



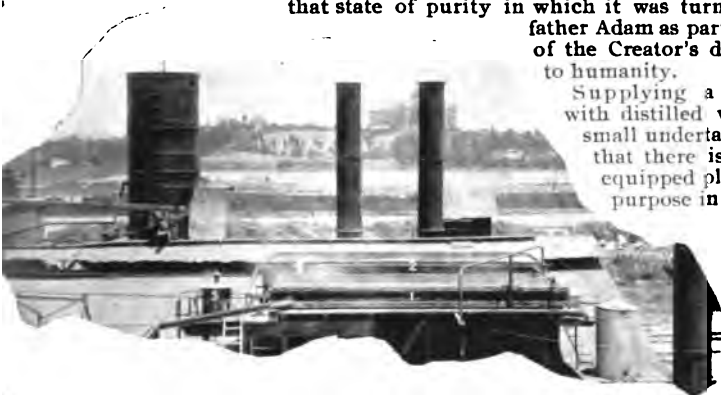
C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Graham & Morrill, Photo.

BOILER AND STILL USED FOR "PURITAS" DISTILLED WATER.

that state of purity in which it was turned over to father Adam as part and parcel of the Creator's deed of gift to humanity.

Supplying a large city with distilled water is no small undertaking. And that there is a modern equipped plant for this purpose in Los Angeles, is at once a strong expression of faith in the product and in the City, as well as a fact which prospective



M. Davis Eng. Co.

1 and 2 Condensers or Water Tanks containing the Coils of Pipe. 3 Reboiler.

Graham & Merrill, Photo.

residents will not be slow to appreciate.

At this plant deep wells on the premises are depended upon for water supply. This water is converted into steam at a pressure of 90 pounds per square inch which corresponds to a temperature of 330 degrees Fahr. Although the carbonates are precipitated at the boiling point, this greater temperature is necessary to thoroughly eliminate the sulphates of lime and magnesia. The steam after being condensed is again evaporated in a still at a pressure of about 15 pounds. From this still the steam passes into condensers, or long copper pipes lined with pure block tin and coiled in tanks of water. From the condenser the water passes into a



C. M. Davis Eng Co.

INTERIOR PURITAS BOTTLING DEPARTMENT.

Graham & Merrill, Photo.

reboiler where the gases which have been liberated during the process of distillation, are boiled out of the water which is then absolutely pure H^2O , the only constituents of pure water. Having thus been thoroughly purified, the water passes through a cooler, after which, it is charged with air which has been filtered and purified. The product is then worthy of its name "Puritas", and passes into the receiving tanks of the bottling department from whence it is drawn into bottles for market.

Extreme care is exercised through the entire process. Not only are the condensers, reboiler, cooler and storage tanks all lined with pure block tin, the only substance which will resist the action of pure water, but, before being filled, the bottles are thoroughly sprayed with warm water, and afterwards rinsed with distilled water. The highest



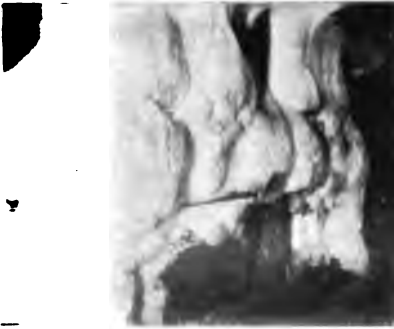
C. M. Davis Eng. Co. CORNER OF FREEZING ROOM Graham & Morrill, Photo.
DISCHARGING DISTILLED WATER ICE.

priced corks are purchased. These are thoroughly steamed, and then rinsed in distilled water just before being used.

Aside from the large amount of money invested, perhaps the best expression of faith in the purity and necessity of "Puritas" is the fact that lithographers, photographers, photo-engravers, etc., who require absolutely pure water for their mechanical processes are numbered among its patrons. A large number of the most prominent physicians use Puritas regularly at their houses as well as in their practice, while, of the 72 Los Angeles druggists 45, or nearly two-thirds, use it in

filling prescriptions and other preparations. Puritas is not only pure when first manufactured, but it remains so. This was amply demonstrated to the writer by Manager J. G. McKinney who broke the seal to a bottle which had not been uncorked for nearly a year and proffered a portion for examination. As compared with Puritas fresh from the receiving tanks, there was no perceptible difference to sight, smell or taste.

As it is generally understood that the process of freezing eliminates everything injurious; hence, ice is often cut from streams and ponds from which no one would run the risk of drinking. But it has been proven by eminent bacteriologists that typhoid fever and other disease germs are not killed by freezing, nor are lime, magnesia and alkaline salts that are held in solution thus eliminated.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

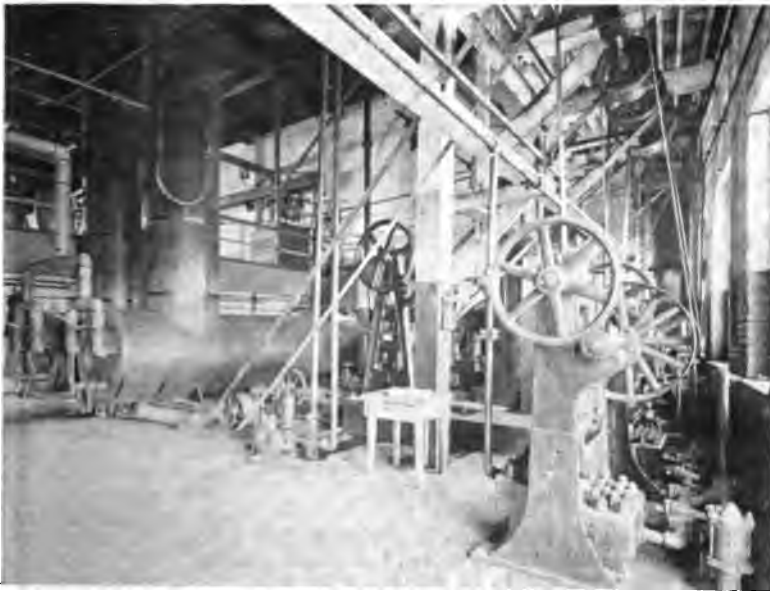
G. & M. Photo

WHERE IT IS WINTER ALL SUMMER.

The water used for ice by the Ice & Cold Storage Company is distilled once, reboiled, and passed through three different sets of filters before it goes into the freezing cans which protect it from the refrigerating medium.

It is a fact not generally recognized that, there is as much difference in the temperature of ice as in other cold substances; and that the colder the ice the more the cooling effect when melting. At the Ice & Cold Storage Company's plant, ice is frozen at a temperature of about 16 degrees Fahr., so that it is very hard, and contains the

maximum of refrigerating effect. If any one should entertain any doubt concerning this statement, he has but to accept Mr. McKinney's cordial invitation for any one to visit his plant. By the time the doubter has fairly entered the catacombs of its cold storage department, and noted that with the passage of each dark hall, and the closing behind him of each successive thick door the atmosphere has grown colder and colder until the icicles grow in length and crowd one another on the ceilings, while the refrigerating mains and pipes lose their identity in their thick and permanent covering of frost; the chances are that he would take our word for it, and stop short of the rooms where the ice in question is very much in evidence.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. A SECTION OF REFRIGERATING MACHINERY DEPARTMENT.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

STORAGE ROOM FOR FROZEN MEAT.

The 34 rooms of the cold storage department are of various sizes, and are kept at the various temperatures which the goods stored within them demand.

Poultry is sometimes carried in good condition in these rooms for over a year. Fruit is seldom kept in cold storage longer than six or eight months, although a box of apples was recently taken from these rooms which went into cold storage in September 1895. Butter and eggs are carried in perfect condition from March and April to December and January.



ONE OF THE DELIVERY WAGONS.

The rooms are cooled by means of coils of pipes arranged along the sides from the ceiling to the floor. Through these pipes is pumped what is known as calcium brine; a solution of sufficient chloride of calcium in water so that the temperature of the liquid can be brought to about zero Fahr.

without freezing. This brine is refrigerated in the engine rooms in what is known as the "brine cooler," and after passing through the cold storage rooms returns to be refrigerated and sent back, continuously. All refrigeration is produced by the expansion of ammonia from a liquid



THE ICE AND COLD STORAGE PLANT, 7TH AND S. F. RY. TRACKS.

to a gas. And, as the charge of ammonia for a single machine costs from \$500 to \$800, it also is made to do its work over again by being continuously condensed and expanded. In the various parts of the ammonia machines the pressure runs from 180 to 200 pounds per square inch. Therefore an ammonia leak would be as dangerous as well as an expensive one, the coils, fittings and machinery necessary to handle it, are of the most substantial and expensive kind. For example, one of the several refrigerating machines of this plant cost the round little sum of \$15,000, while the entire plant already represents an investment of over \$250,000.

Few people indeed have any idea of the amount of care and expense necessary for the successful maintenance of a Cold Storage warehouse. Every one of the thousands of packages must be "lot numbered", and so entered on the books that they can be found on a moment's notice. The refrigerating machinery must be operated continuously night and day, the temperature of each room watched and recorded at all hours, and the rooms and halls kept clean and sweet, and free from all odors which might contaminate the butter, eggs, etc. The machinery must be in duplicate, so that, in case of breakage of any part, great damage may not ensue from the suspension of the refrigerating process.

This means machine shops on the grounds with steam power machines for cutting and threading all sizes of steam and ammonia pipes, blacksmith forges, power drills, two carpenters, three pipe fitters and machinists, three engineers, from forty to fifty other employees the year round, and above all a controlling master hand—which by the way happens to be a most conscientious and courteous one.

Therefore the reader of this magazine who, in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Avalon, Santa Ana, Escondido, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Redondo, San Jacinto, San Bernardino, Redlands, or Randsburg is so fortunate as to sit at his table de hôte before a spring chicken which for twelve months has been waiting in cold storage for his praises, and lifts his glass of "Puritas" which has reached his host at an expense of less than one cent per pint, and cooled by distilled water ice at a cost of ½ cent a pound, he may well say that he not only has "a feast fit for the gods", but one as pure as the Great Alchemist intended such blessing should be.

F. P.

POMONA.

BY FRED J. SMITH.



THE GODDESS POMONA.

IN the great transformation, in which, for two decades, the arid plains of Southern California have been converted by the hand of man into fields and orchards of wondrous beauty, Pomona has become one of the most conspicuous figures. From the unknown hamlet with a postoffice and two general merchandise stores, fifteen years have seen it take its place in the front rank of the most prosperous cities of semi-tropic California, so that, with a present population of 6500 people, it now stands the third in size and importance in Los Angeles county, and the largest town along the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad between Los Angeles (33 miles distant) and El Paso.

Nature has been very kind to Pomona, endowing it at once with great beauty of natural surroundings and that wealth of varied soil conditions to which its unique prosperity is distinctly traceable. It stands before the world today as the fitting representative of its name—the Goddess of Fruit—for while the chief industry is the production of citrus fruits, attention has been given to the cultivation, in commercial quantities, of all the fruits of a temperate climate—peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, prunes, apples, pears, grapes,

olives, nuts and small fruits. Its fruit area at the present time embraces nearly 14,000 acres, most of which is a sandy, gravelly loam, from decomposed granite, fertile and most easily worked. The warmth of the soil favors high quality in citrus fruits, and the orange and lemon groves of the valley are the most notable source of revenue. Under extreme tests (as at the State Citrus Fairs) the Pomona citrus fruits have borne off the palm of victory. Always well to the front, at the last State Citrus Fair, held in Los Angeles, Pomona was awarded the first premium for the best display of citrus fruits from any locality, and the same honor has been bestowed before. It would, perhaps, be unwise to claim too much on this score, but it is certainly a fact that, quality considered, Pomona can grow as fine citrus fruits as any section on the coast. The citrus fruits are largely marketed through the coöperative association of the growers, which has done so much to place orange growing on its present substantial and profitable basis. There are



Behre Photo. Process Eng. Co.

BIRDSYE VIEW OF POMONA.

Howard, Photo

Association packing-houses at both Pomona and North Pomona (on the Santa Fé). During the summer season the handling of the deciduous crop of the valley gives employment to many hundreds of hands, many of the school children delighting in the opportunity. About 3000 tons of apricots, 2000 tons of peaches, 2000 tons of prunes, 600 tons of pears, and an equal number of tons of grapes constitute a fair crop. A large cannery takes care of a part of this vast quantity of fruit, and the rest is dried and packed, chiefly by Messrs. Loud & Gerling and several fruit



Behre Photo. Process Eng. Co.

THE PEOPLES BANK.

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

growers' associations. Many fruit growers supplement their income by growing small fruits and berries, which find a local market and are shipped to neighboring counties and Arizona.

Below the fruit belt lies a large acreage of alfalfa, which produces 6 to 10 tons per acre a year without irrigation. Beyond, on the slopes and outlying lands the golden grain crops yield feed for the local markets.

Energy, capital and skill have developed Pomona, but these would have availed naught had it not been for an ample water supply. The Pomona orchards are irrigated from three sources, the San Antonio creek, about 100 artesian wells, and streams which rise in cienegas at the base of the San José hills. All this water is distributed through about 100 miles of cement

pipes. The extensive water rights of the Pomona valley are the best guarantee of her continued growth and prosperity.

Climatically, Pomona is very near perfection. Lying as it does about 40 miles from the coast and about 30 miles east of Los Angeles, at an average elevation of 1000 feet above the ocean, from which it is separated by a zone of foothills, it escapes to a large degree the summer fogs that drift in from the sea, and while warm enough to produce the highest type and quality of citrus fruits, it is yet near enough to the ocean to enjoy a more temperate summer climate than the more eastern valleys. It has the golden mean in climate, and the Easterner fleeing from the vicissitudes of his rigorous home weather may well stop to study the ideal conditions prevailing at this point.

Two transcontinental railroad lines, the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé, pass through Pomona, and together give a service of 10 trains a day each way.

Pomona's location is beautiful and picturesque. The city is cosily nestled around the base of the San José hills at the western end of the



Behre Photo. Process Eng. Co.

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

great San Bernardino valley (locally termed the Pomona valley), and these hills constitute a spur dividing the valley at this point into two arms, both of which lead out into the noted San Gabriel valley. At the extreme end of the San José hills, and embracing the summit, the city has purchased a site for a public park, the view from which is one of the most magnificent of all the grand views of Southern California. Immediately in the foreground lies the city, embowered in its shade trees and orange groves, an emerald gem with a setting of snow-capped mountains circling the plain in the order named: San Antonio, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Santa Ana, all of whose peaks, except the latter, exceed the 10,000 ft. mark. Travelers who have "done" the Alps and the Appenines and climbed the slopes of the Himalayas, say they have met with no such beautiful valley view as that.

The city itself is a fair counterpart of its surroundings. Its homes,



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POMONA HIGH SCHOOL.

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

while not characterized by any extravagant outlay, are for the most part comfortable and surrounded by a wealth of lawns, hedges, shrubbery and flowers, easily obtained in this climate when seconded by a little labor and a love of home. The streets in the business portion are paved, and many miles of cement sidewalks reach out into the country. The business blocks are distinctly up-to-date in style and architectural beauty, and would reflect merit on any city of its size. The streets are lighted by electricity, and an admirable pressure system supplies the citizens with domestic water and gives protection in case of fire.

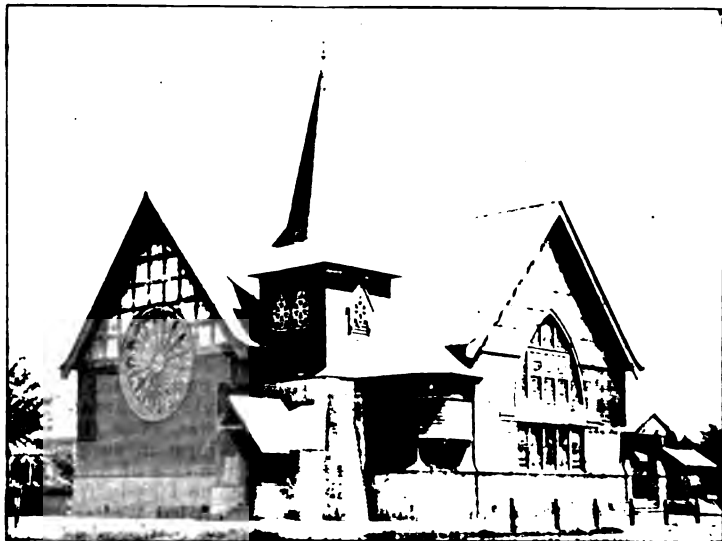
The people are intelligent, progressive, and come largely from that New England stock and that class in the earlier settled Western States which demand the best in the way of church, educational and social advantages and privileges. There are some fifteen churches, many of them handsome structures, and two large and eight smaller school-

houses. For years Pomona has taken pride in educational matters. From the thoroughly organized kindergarten up to the high school, every department has been characterized by the highest trained efficiency and administration, and under the present direction of Mr. J. A. Guttery, the superintendent, and the Board of Education, nothing is left to be desired.

Pomona's educational advantages do not end, however, with the high school. In the Pomona College, located about one-half mile from the city limits, at the pretty suburb of Claremont, its youth can have the benefit of a true collegiate training. David Star Jordan, president of Stanford University, pronounces it "the best plain college west of Col-



Behre Photo. Pro. Eng. Co. I. O. O. F. HALL. Schwichtenberg, Photo.



Behre Photo. Process Eng. Co.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

orado." It is singularly blest for so young an institution in the character and caliber of its faculty; and the fact that it will begin its new year with over 230 students, many of whom come to it from other States, shows the appreciation in which it is held. Its degrees are recognized in Eastern colleges and its graduates admitted to the higher courses of study in Yale or other great universities without further examination.

Pomona is proud of this college and sees in it an attraction that shall continue to draw to it as citizens more of that refined element which has so largely settled within its borders in the past.

Pomona maintains a well equipped public library of about 3500 volumes, and within its quarters its titular goddess holds court, in the form of a marble statue in exact representation of a Greek statue, made by a noted Florentine artist and presented to the city by one of its earliest settlers, the Rev. C. F. Loop. All the fraternal societies and orders are well represented in Pomona, the Odd Fellows having erected a handsome three-story building in 1892.



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Schwichtenberg, Photo.

RESIDENCE OF HENRY G. TINSLEY.

The newspapers of Pomona are three—the *Times*, *Progress* (Republican) and *Beacon* (Democratic). All are published weekly, and have done yeoman service in spreading the name and fame of Pomona abroad.

The financial interests of the city are well looked after by three strong banks, the First National Bank, Peoples Bank and The National Bank, founded in the order named.

In the San Antonio Light and Power Co., organized for the purpose of developing electric power in the San Antonio cañon to the north of Pomona, for lighting and power purposes, Pomona secured the first plant for long distance transmission of electricity for lighting purposes in the United States, and the whole world, being brought to Pomona 14 miles, and to San Bernardino 28 miles, from the power house in the San Antonio cañon. The success of this enterprise led to other enterprises of a similar nature being started at other points, and from present indications in a short time the available power of all the mountain cañons will be utilized.



Behre Photo. Process Eng. Co.

Schwichtenberg, Photo.

POMONA'S LEADING HOUSE FURNISHERS.

Pomona is the center of trade for a large surrounding country. Her merchants carry heavy stocks, and have enjoyed throughout the dull times a reasonable degree of prosperity. They are active, enterprising and progressive, and much of her prosperity is due to their public spirit.

Pomona has preëminent qualifications for becoming a place of residence for those of independent means in search of health and a comfortable life; its climate, altitude, and the class of people already there invite such people. At present it is largely a business community, and has grown steadily into prominence as such. Quietly, unobtrusively it is forging ahead, an average of about 100 houses being built per year for the past five years. It offers in its orchard property, to the worker with moderate capital, good opportunities for profitable investments; to the invalid it promises health; to him who must forswear activity and needs rest in his declining years, it guarantees as large a measure of peace and contentment as he desires or can appreciate. It is worthy of the attention of those new-comers who seek a home or business or property in Southern California, and it has a generous welcome for all.





L. A. King, Co.

A GIANT BANANA.
See page 112

Photo. by Rogers, Santa Barbara.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 7, No. 3.

LOS ANGELES

AUGUST, 1897.

COLLECTING CALIFORNIA FERNS.*

BY M. EVELYN FRANCISCO



Many rare and beautiful ferns are found in the extreme southwestern corner of the United States, particularly in Southern California, that the systematic collection of them offers rare pleasure to lovers of nature.

Comparatively few tourists take the trouble to gather them—in fact many do not know how profusely they grow, perhaps only a short distance from their hotel or stopping place. I have noticed, however, that they can always find room in already overcrowded saratogas for a few pressed specimens of these delicate works of nature. To those who wish to take the trouble (or rather let us say the pleasure) to press a collection of California ferns, a few practical hints may be in order.

You should be provided with one or more books, at least eight by ten inches in size, with stiff covers and rather porous leaves (neither ferns nor wild flowers press well if the paper be in the least glazed), and a sheet of cotton batting cut into small squares, between the layers of which to press the more delicate wild flowers—for surely you can never, if a true lover of nature, go fern hunting in Southern California, in the spring-time (which is the fern season) without pressing a few of the blossoms that greet you in new colors and shapes at almost every step. The ferns themselves, however, all press best with porous paper next to them.

In San Diego county you will find the silver, maidenhair, spoon, and wire ferns, and a few gold ferns, growing quite near the coast; but to gather all the varieties which are natives of the county, and to find them growing in luxuriance and quantity, you will be obliged to travel twenty or thirty miles inland. There you will find, growing along the road-

* With illustrations from the author's collection.

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side, in the cañons and gorges—mostly on the southern side of the cañon, the following ferns:

Aspidium rigidum, Var. *Argutum*, which is a large brake handsomely decorated on the back, when ripe with purplish, and later, dark brown spores; this fern often grows two and three feet tall, so you will be obliged to gather some of the more stunted fronds, if you wish to procure ripe ones that are small enough to press whole in your book.

Polypodium, California Polypody, is a sweet-fern beautifully embellished on the back with rows of brown, bead-like spores—in fact you must always look on the back of a fern to find the spores, which often determine the beauty of the specimen. This *Polypodium* later in the



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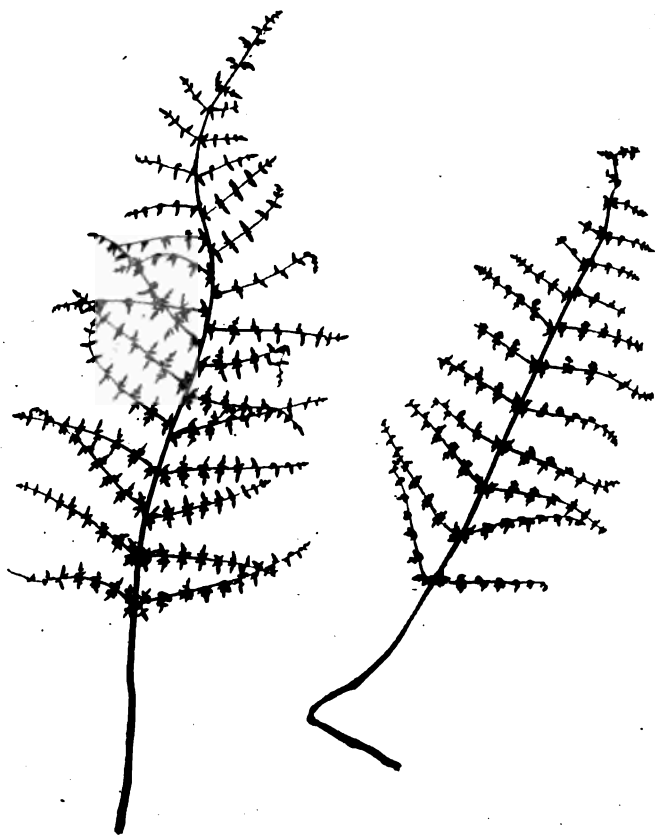
ASPIDIUM RIGIDUM.

season turns from green to a magnificent golden brown, which, with its covering of dark brown spores, is in my estimation the most exquisite fern we have.

Cheilanthes Californica, the lace fern, is the most delicate of our varieties, and you will often see the best specimens away down between the cracks of huge boulders, out of reach — unless you have brought a garden rake, which is not probable. How tantalizing to be obliged to satisfy oneself with the less luxuriant which grow within reach! You will always find our ferns (with the exception of those which thrive near the coast) growing in greatest profusion where there are huge boulders and great masses of loose rock — where it is also as well to keep your eyes and ears open for the rattlesnake.



Let us climb yonder barren hill and see what we can find to add to our collection among those rocks near the summit. It is a steep climb, and we arrive at our destination out of breath and very warm. But we will not be likely to stop long to rest, for at our very feet are myriads of ferns, and we are all excitement to see who can gather the most and the best specimens. Here we find *Asplenium Trichomanes*, the feather fern, whose huge slender fronds (from three to ten inches long and less than an inch wide) are a valuable addition to our collection. So is the *Cheilanthes Clevelandii*, a lip fern, which we find in all shades from light yellow through golden brown to almost black. We may also find a plant or two of *Cheilanthes Nyrophylla*, a lip fern which much resembles *C. Clevelandii*, though it is rather scarce above the Mexican line.



L. A. Eng. Co.

PELTAEA ORNITHOPUS.

We descend and resume our drive; but soon some watchful enthusiast utters an exclamation of surprise and delight, at seeing in the crevices of a towering mass of rock beside the road some handsome specimens of *Notholeana Newberryi*, the cotton-back—and again we are down from our carriage, gathering the most exquisite specimens among a perfect chorus of delighted cries. The excitement is cumulative at a fern hunt, for one is always coming upon the unexpected, and each believes he or she is finding the most perfect specimens. The climax is reached as we enter a shady cañon where are found, under clumps of bushes and in damp places, the gold and silver ferns, *Gymnogramme*



L. A. Eng. Co.

GYMNOGRAMME TRIANGULARIS.

Triangularis. They are synonymous except in color of spores, which completely cover the back of the fronds. The silver fern found near the coast and in barren rocky places is sticky, and is *Gymnogramme Triangularis*, var. *Viscosa*.

In this same shady dell you will find the most rank growth of spoon and wire ferns, *Peltæa Andromedeafolia* and *Peltæa Ornithopus*, respectively; and the delicate maidenhair growing near a little waterfall is *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*.

Adiantum Emarginatum is found in every direction in this cañon.

A few roots of each variety should be dried, as, in mounting, they form a desirable substitute for the out-of-place bow of ribbon often used in finishing.

On returning from your outing, carefully look your ferns over, straightening out bent leaves, and putting a few of the cotton, feather, and *Clevelandiis* into a curved position. In mounting, a few graceful curves are a great help in making your work artistic. Lastly, place your books under a heavy press where they should be left a month without handling.



L. A. Eng. Co.

CHEILANTHES CALIFORNICA.

Scientific and common names for reference, listed by Prof. D. C. Eaton:

Aspidium rigidum — Var. *Argutum* (brake).
Polypodium (California polypody).
Cheilanthes California (lace fern).
Asplenium Trichomanes (feather fern).
Cheilanthes Clevelandii (lip fern).
Cheilanthes myrophylla (lip fern).
Notholeana Newberryi (cotton fern).
Gymnogramme triangularis — Var. *Viscosa*.
Gymnogramme triangularis (gold and silver fern).
Peltæa Andromedaefolia (spoon fern).
Peltæa Ornithopus (wire fern).
Adiantum emarginatum (maidenhair).
Adiantum capillus Veneris (Venus' hair).

San Diego, Cal.



L. A. Eng. Co.

ADIANTUM EMARGINATUM



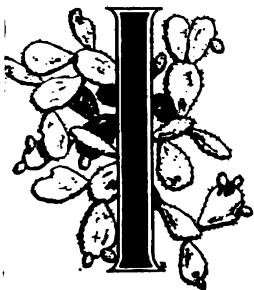
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A LOST LANDMARK—THE OLD "ROUND HOUSE," MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES.

Photo by Fletcher.

A LOST LANDMARK.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.



IN the years from 1854 to 1886 an odd-shaped structure stood on lots fronting 120 feet on Main street, Los Angeles, running through to Spring. The latter was in the earlier part of this time little more than a country road. The building was a conspicuous landmark of the town, universally known as the Round House, though within the memory of most American residents who were here then it was, strictly speaking, an octagon in shape. Its exact location was ninety-one and a half feet south of Third street, on the site of the present Pridham & Pinney block. The old well, from which water was drawn by a primitive arrangement of a long pole and a rope,

weighted with rocks, was on the north line of the lot now owned by Mr. Pridham.

This land was granted by the Ayuntamiento of the pueblo of Los Angeles, to Juan Bouvette and Loreta Cota, his wife, August 31st, 1847. On March 3rd, 1854, it was purchased by Remundo Alexander and Maria Valdez, his wife. Mr. Alexander was a native of France, and came to California as a sailor. In Africa he had seen houses of stones built cylindrical in form. So when he married Doña Maria, daughter of Señor Valdez, a prominent citizen and native Californian, though a grandson of Spain, he varied the uniform style of building in Spanish-America and fashioned the new adobe dwelling for his bride after the architecture of Africa. It was two stories high, with an umbrella-shaped, shingled roof, and cost, Mrs. Alexander thinks, with the lawn, from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

On July 28th, 1856, it was sold to George Lehman and his wife, Clara Snyder. In transferring the property the wording of the deed follows established custom, for in Spanish countries a woman does not lose her maiden name. After marriage that of her husband is affixed to her own with the preposition *de* (of) between.

Mr. Lehman was a native of Germany, familiarly known to his fellow-citizens as "Dutch George."

He is described, by those who knew him well, as a good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning man, full of vagaries and fantastic notions.

After he came into possession of the round house he enlarged it by enclosing it in a frame extension about ten feet deep, which on the exterior was an octagon, and in the interior divided into additional rooms. Over the windows he painted the names of the thirteen original States, with that of California added.

Mr. Lehman had a strange hallucination (exceptional in Californians) that he had found the garden of Eden, and he set to work to make his grounds as nearly as possible resemble his conception of the dwelling place of our first parents.

He built a labyrinth of arbors which in time were hidden under a pro-

fusion of vines and roses. He planted fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and plants in quantity and variety, supposed to have delighted the senses and sheltered the bodies of the progenitors of the race.

The entrance to this modern Eden was not guarded by cherubim and flaming sword, but by something probably more effective in excluding intruders; a row of tuna cactus extended across the Main and Spring streets sides that grew from ten to fifteen feet high with branches so closely interlaced that they formed an impenetrable hedge. This garden became a thicket of foliage and bloom, to which the owner charged a small admission fee; and he sold beer and pretzels within its shady recesses. It was embellished with cement statues representing Adam and Eve reclining under a tree, with the wily serpent presumably alluring Mother Eve to take the initial step in human progress that bequeathed her name to posterity as the first woman who aspired to a higher education. Scattered about under the trees were effigies in cement of the animals which passed in review before Adam to receive their names.

For more than twenty years this garden was one of the resorts of the town and was used on public occasions, notably the centennial celebration of July 4th, 1876.

On March 6th, 1879, it passed out of possession of Lehman, sold under foreclosure of mortgage. The cactus hedge was cut down in July, 1886, when the city ordered the laying of cement sidewalks.

The building was used as a school house after Lehman left it, then as a lodging-house, and in its last estate became a resort for tramps. It disappeared before the march of progress in 1887. An air of mystery in later years surrounded the unique structure and strange stories were told of the eccentric owner, not substantiated by those who knew him best.

He owned a large tract of land on what is now Broadway and Fifth street which he called Georgetown. He had no children, and after the death of his wife he lived alone in a house on his own domain.

The city of Los Angeles has occasion to hold in grateful remembrance the generous though eccentric George Lehman, for to him it is indebted for the land he gave for our lovely Central Park, which in poetic justice should have been known by his name.

Los Angeles, Cal.





THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

BY CHAS. F. CARTER.

IV.

PROSPEROUS materially as well as spiritually under the direction of men who combined great business ability with their zeal for God's work, the Mission San Juan Capistrano began in 1797 the erection of a church which became the finest structure in California. This edifice, in the shape of a Latin cross, was built principally of stone, and had an imposing tower and seven domes.* It was finished in 1806, and dedicated Sept. 7, in the presence of Gov. Arrillaga and padres from most of the other Missions, soldiers from San Diego and Santa Barbara, and a great concourse of Indians.

Upon this flourishing Mission fell, six years later, a calamity paralleled but once in the history of the area now comprised in the United States. Sunday morning, Dec. 8, 1812, while the people were at mass, the greatest earthquake that ever visited California toppled the Roman tower of Capistrano upon the southerly domes, crushing them down upon the worshipers, and killing about 40 persons. This temblor was felt from San Diego to Purísima, and somewhat damaged the church at San Gabriel. Shaler† ranks this earthquake with that of Charleston,

S. C. (1886) as of the second or possibly the third class in intensity. There has been but one earthquake of the first-class in the United States—that of New Madrid, Mo., and the Mississippi valley (1811)—and only two (Charleston and Capistrano) which caused loss of life. Bancroft skeptically attributes much of the ruin to faulty construction, but this theory is not supported by fact.‡

1812 was long known as "año de los temblores" (the earthquake year), being marked by many shocks. One on the 21st of December did considerable damage at San Fernando, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Inés and Purísima. At San Buenaventura the church was so damaged that the people removed for some months to San Joaquín y Santa Ana, where a *jacal* [hah-cál, hut of chinked palisades] was erected for a chapel. Upon their return to San Buenaventura they had to tear down and rebuild the tower and part of the façade. This church (still in use) was half finished in 1794, but was not dedicated till 1809.

At Santa Barbara the church was so racked that it was torn down; and the present temple was built. The church at Santa Inés was also badly wrecked, and a new one was completed in 1816. The church of La Purísima was abandoned for a new site about a mile distant; but rather to better the location than because of the damage done by the earthquake.

In 1824 came the great Indian uprising—the most serious outbreak in the whole history of Nueva California. Split into small, scattered and mutually hostile tribes, the Indians had not dreamed of their strength; but brought together in the Missions they began to realize the possibilities of strength by union. They plotted to rise simultaneously at six Missions on Sunday morning, Feb. 22, at the hour of mass; to kill all the *gente de razon* (civilized people) and free themselves from the restraints of religion and industry which chafed them as school chafes stupid and lazy boys. At Purísima, the fountain-head of the conspiracy,

* The transept and altar are practically a monolith, domes and all; the masonry crowned with a cement which has defied time better than the stone itself.—Eo.

† "Aspects" of the Earth."

‡ As already noted, the structure was of extraordinary strength. Bancroft's guesses at its construction are unaccountably ignorant. Only an earthquake of great violence could have racked it. Of course the fall of the lofty tower upon domes 80 feet high broke them. But it is well known that most of the ruin of this great stone temple dates from the Sixties, when misguided people blew up with gunpowder the front of the church, planning to rebuild it.—Eo.



L. A. Eng. Co.

OLD ALTAR, SAN LUIS REY.
(Before repairs.)

From painting copyright 1897 by A. F. Harmer.



the padres were driven to Santa Inés, where the Indians were finally repelled after they had burned two-thirds of the buildings. At San Luis Obispo, Santa Bárbara, San Buenaventura and San Fernando the conspirators weakened and there was no outbreak. A company of soldiers from Monterey put down the insurrection. In this uprising 16 Indians were killed and many wounded; one Spaniard killed and two wounded. About 400 Indians and 100 whites were engaged. A new church, to replace that ruined in the revolt, was dedicated at Purísima Oct. 4, 1825.

The term from 1800 to 1830 was the meridian of the Missions, as 1769-1800 may be called their pioneer period. They were steadily growing in power and (with but two exceptions) in number of neophytes. Seven Missions reached their maximum membership between 1810 and 1820; and seven after the latter date. Numerically, San Luis Rey was far in the lead, having in 1826 no less than 2869 neophytes—which was nearly 1000 more than San José, the next largest, could count. In 1803 there were 3941 baptisms—the highest record for any one year in the history of the Missions. Yet it was of course inevitable that as time went on these numbers should dwindle for want of more savages to convert. The field was becoming so well gleaned that few Indians were left outside the fold, except those fiercer remnants that had retreated to the mountains and repelled all advances.

TOTAL NUMBER OF BAPTISMS

at the Missions, from their foundation to 1834:

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------|------------------------|--------|
| San Diego..... | 6638 | Soledad | 2228 |
| San Carlos *..... | 3957 | San José | 6737 |
| San Antonio..... | 4456 | San Juan Bautista..... | 4100 |
| San Gabriel..... | 7834 | San Miguel..... | 2588 |
| San Luis Obispo..... | 2637 | San Fernando..... | 2639 |
| San Francisco†..... | 6998 | San Luis Rey..... | 5591 |
| San Juan Capistrano..... | 4404 | Santa Inés..... | 1372 |
| Santa Clara..... | 8640 | San Rafael..... | 1873 |
| San Buenaventura..... | 3876 | Sonoma ‡..... | 1315 |
| Santa Barbara..... | 5679 | | |
| Purísima..... | 3314 | Grand total..... | 89,576 |
| Santa Cruz..... | 2466 | | |

California was little known in those days—for it was before travel had become fashionable—and we have few descriptions of visits to the coast; still fewer of visits to the Missions. The only voyagers to such far lands were men with some definite object, commercial or scientific. Vancouver was one of the first foreigners to make extended visits to the settlements of California, and he has left some interesting descriptions. Yet as his visit (1792-94) was long before the Missions reached their highest point—and even before some of them were founded—and because he could not speak the Spanish language and had to trust too much to hearsay, his statements are often inaccurate, and his book has little direct value as concerns the Missions. Dana was on the coast in 1835 gathering hides for shipment to Boston, and has given us vivid pictures of various phases of life at Monterey, Santa Barbara, Capistrano and San Diego, but little of the Missions themselves. Duflot de Mofras voyaged to Nueva and Antigua California in 1841, and visited probably every Mission—but then the Missions had received the fatal blow of secularization, and were rapidly dying.

By far the most interesting of all the few voyagers to this little-known land was Duhaunt Cilly, a French navigator. Coming to California in 1827 with a shipload of goods, he tried to establish trade between France and this Mexican province. He spent nearly nine months journeying

* Estimates for last three years; statistics for three years entirely lacking.

† Statistics for San Francisco to 1832.

‡ Statistics for Sonoma to 1835.

up and down the coast, and visited in all ten Missions. Being a Frenchman and a Catholic, he was welcomed with open arms by the padres at each Mission, and thus had exceptional opportunities for collecting a great deal of accurate information, which he has transcribed for us in the fascinating account* of his travels. He visited the Missions when they were at their best and most flourishing period; and his descriptions of them are so interesting that I can do no better than translate two or three passages on Santa Barbara and San Luis Rey—two Missions which greatly impressed him. It is to be regretted that he did not visit Capistrano; although at that time the great stone church was in ruins, a description of the establishment, by him, would be valuable.

Of Santa Barbara he says: "As we advanced, the buildings of the Mission presented themselves under a finer aspect. From the roadstead we could have taken it for a chateau of the middle ages, with its apertures and its belfry. Coming nearer, the edifice grows more imposing; and without losing anything of its beauty it takes on, little by little, a religious aspect; the tower becomes a steeple; the brass, instead of announcing a knight's arrival, sounds the office of the Angelus. The first illusion is destroyed, and the castle is a convent.

"In front of the building in the middle of a huge square, is a playing fountain, the workmanship of which, tho' imperfect, surprised us the more since we had not expected to find in this country, otherwise so removed from the fine things of Europe, this sort of luxury which among us is reserved for the dwellings of the most wealthy."

After remarking on the ease of building in France or any other civilized country—where one chooses an architect, contracts for all material needed, and has no other care than to see that everything is of the required quality and is properly used, he makes a comparison with the far different conditions of Santa Barbara, thus:

"Here, on the contrary, everything is in the rough, even to the men, and the first necessity of the builder was to mold his workmen. It was necessary to make bricks [adobes] and tiles from the mere earth; to cut down large trees, at a distance, and to bring them in by main strength of the workmen over roads made expressly for this purpose, through valleys and over precipices; to gather laboriously on the shore shells for making lime. In fine, down to the smallest detail of this edifice has cost preliminary work which must have augmented considerably the difficulties. At the same time, one is astonished by the boldness of the design and the firmness of its execution. There is nothing except a boundless zeal for the spread of religion which could have made Padre Ripoll victorious over such obstacles."

Father Antonio Ripoll was born in Palma, Mallorca, in 1785. He was an enthusiast in his work, whose results we see in Santa Barbara today. He was in charge there from 1815, to 1828; when, being against the Mexican republic, he had to flee. He was accused by the Mexican government of taking a large sum of money in his flight; but the charge was never proved.

San Luis Rey elicited the still higher admiration of the French traveler. Thus of his first sight of it he writes:

"At last we turned inland again; and after a jaunt of an hour and a half we discovered ahead of us, from the top of a hill, the superb buildings of the Mission San Luis Rey, whose glittering whiteness was flashed back to us by the first rays of the day. At that distance, and in the still, uncertain light of dawn, this edifice, of a very beautiful model, sustained upon its numerous pillars, had the aspect of a palace. The faults in its architecture cannot be grasped at this distance; and the vision is attracted only to the elegant mass of this beautiful structure. . . .

* "Voyage autour du Monde, principalement à la Californie et aux Iles Sandwich pendant les années 1826, 1827, 1828 et 1829." Par. A. Dubaut Cilly. 2 vols. Paris, 1835.

Instinctively I stopped my horse, to gaze alone for some minutes on the beauty of this sight."

"The buildings were drawn on a large and ample plan, wholly the idea of the padre [Peyri]; he directed the execution of it, in which he was assisted by a very skillful man who had contributed as well to the building of those at Santa Barbara; so, although these are much more sumptuous, at that place may be recognized the same hand."

"The building forms a large square of five hundred feet on each side. The main façade is a long peristyle borne on thirty-two square pillars supporting round arches. The edifice is composed, indeed, of only a ground floor; but its elevation, of fine proportions, gives it as much grace as nobleness. It is covered with a tiled roof, flattened, around which reaches, as much without as within the square, a terrace with an elegant balustrade which simulates still more the height. Within is seen a large court, neat and levelled, around which pillars and arches, similar to those of the peristyle, support a long cloister, by which one communicates with all the dependencies of the Mission."

"Two immense gardens, well planted, provide abundant stores of vegetables and fruits of all kinds. The large and easy flight of steps, by means of which one descends into that one to the southeast, recalled to my mind those of the orange garden of Versailles—not because the material was as valuable and the architecture as fine; but there was a certain resemblance in the arrangement, number, and dimensions of the steps."

San Luis Rey and Peyri are names which should be bracketed, for the name of the father cannot be spoken, or thought of, without calling to mind the Mission he loved, and which was his life work, as he was here laboring for the Indians for more than thirty years. Antonio Peyri was born in Spain in 1769; he came to Mexico in 1795, and to California the year following, and served two years at San Luis Obispo, when he was sent to assist at the founding of San Luis Rey, of which he became the head. Duhaute-Cilly has recorded in a quotation Padre Peyri's account of his first coming here, which I cannot refrain from giving:

"He [the padre] related to me how he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, the 13 June, 1798, at this valley, at that time deserted, with the commander of San Diego, a detachment of soldiers and a few laborers. 'Our first care,' said he, 'was to put up some huts, like those of the savages of this country, to give us shelter, while the Mission should be building; but the next morning, before laying out the foundations, a grassy altar was extemporized on the green sward; and under the dome of heaven, I celebrated the first sacrifice which had ever been offered to the Eternal in this valley upon which, since then, he has showered so many blessings.'"

Astonishing as it may seem, the present church at San Luis Rey was completed by 1802—the largest of any of the Mission churches, and this in the wilderness where everything had to be prepared from the very beginning. An almost unlimited number of workmen, untrained though they might be, could alone make this possible, and the Indians furnished the necessary labor. The church is about thirty by one hundred and eighty feet. Under Peyri's incessant care, San Luis Rey became the largest and richest of the Missions, and maintained this supremacy from 1821–30. At the close of this period, it had 2,776 newphytes, less than one hundred under its maximum population, 2,869, in 1826, a figure which was nearly reached again in 1834, when there were 2,844. This was the only Mission to show a gain in population during this period. In 1816, Peyri started the "asistència" at Pala, twenty miles east from San Luis Rey, which, two years later, had enrolled 1,000 converts, a larger number than several of the regular Missions attained. Peyri took the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Mexico, but weary and heart-sick with the increasing difficulties of the Missions as they


neared the period of their death, and which was plainly foreseen by such men as he, as well as feeble with his years, he left San Luis Rey and California for Mexico the last of 1831. According to tradition, he was obliged to leave the Mission secretly, but five hundred of his neophytes, discovering it, hastened to San Diego to prevent his departure; they were too late, as the ship had just left her moorings, and they reached the shore only in time to receive his blessing from the receding vessel. He left Mexico in 1834, by way of New York and France, for Barcelona. Afterward in his native country, he regretted having left California, but he was then too old and feeble to return. He is thought to have died in Rome in 1835, but nothing certain is known of his end.

But let us close this chapter in the history of the Missions, without marring the picture they present to us at this period of the meridian of their life. They should be thought of today as they were at their best, when, after thirty years of struggle and hardship, they attained to the height of their usefulness, to be followed by thirty years of increase in all prosperity, material as well as spiritual—the proud outcome of so humble a beginning—before their final passing away.

Bloomfield, N. J.

THE PATIO.*

BY ARTHUR BURNETT BENTON.

HE inner court appears in nearly all systems of architecture from the earliest to the latest. Comparatively few great buildings of many rooms are without it in some form, as in them it becomes a necessity as well as an embellishment. In this paper however it is my purpose to write, from an architect's standpoint, of the patio as it may be adapted to enhance the comfort and beauty of private dwellings.

The dwellings of modern civilized men, especially our American "cottages," are of very recent invention indeed, and so much more convenient in many particulars of arrangement and fittings than those of any preceding age, that we manage to keep house with fewer servants than has before been possible for a luxury-loving people. Nevertheless we may learn much from the domestic architecture of other lands and ages to make our homes more beautiful, more healthful, more altogether habitable than they now are.

In the old days, when every man's house must indeed be his castle, the inner court was the heart of it; whether builded in Egypt or England or Italy. Outer walls were thick and high with few windows and one strongly protected door through which none entered uninvited. Within was a small kingdom, where the household law ruled supreme, whose indwellers were secure against attack by armed marauders or the too curious gaze of passers by.

In the Orient where the primitive conditions of society prevail and the women are often slaves, even in the palaces so marvelously beautiful, the patio still holds its place as a principal architectural feature. In America where we have had no need of castles since the days of block houses and Indian wars, and our women enjoy the largest liberty, we too often reverse the ancient order in the planning of our homes and build first for the public eye and last for privacy and comfort. In fact privacy is no longer possible in or about many of our dwellings. Lawns and porches are as public as the streets; walls, fences, hedges, and with them our gardens, are disappearing. The "garden gate" is a myth to our children, who must stay within doors or herd with everybody's children, learning the slang of the street before they can talk plainly.

*Pronounced Fáh-tee-o.

Certainly there is no place outside the threshold where one may take one's ease in peace and quietness. In our towns and villages we are building our houses so close together, with such ostentation of parlor windows of shop front dimensions and such miserable insufficiency of thin walls that we must dodge from room to room and hush our voices almost to whispers lest we exhibit ourselves *en deshabille* or tell our private joys and griefs to the neighborhood. If with our barriers we had put away our national temperament; if like the German we had learned to enjoy ourselves in public simply and naturally with our families about us, or like the Frenchman to live in the full glare of the boulevard, it would matter less; but the Anglo-Saxon American, although he may learn to dine in the bosom of his family with all the shades up and all the lamps lighted, is always self conscious when subject to public inspection. So we are in danger of growing even less demonstrative of the small graces of family intercourse. We need as a people more than almost any other good a simple, hearty, unrepresed home life where the high tension to which our business hours are keyed may be healthfully relaxed.

It is right to make our dwellings beautiful without as well as within; it is well that our streets should be as park-like as they may; but it is folly and sin to sacrifice for outward show the comfort and privacy of home. That should be a sheltered place to be born into and grow up in, a quiet place to rest in, a peaceful place to die in; not a show place nor a public monument.

Our civilization has built for us invisible walls which fence out physical danger better than could solid masonry; but there is still need of shelter from prying eyes and the dust and tumult of the highway.

The Latin races more than others of modern civilized nations have retained in their building the patio. This is especially true of Spanish peoples both in the old world and the new, and their architecture is peculiarly rich in fine examples. The courts of the Alhambra are among the noblest remains of that poetic, fanciful architecture which the Moors brought to Spain in the eighth century; the admiration and despair of all succeeding generations.

After the Moorish expulsion came the Renaissance architecture with its striving after large and beautiful enclosures, its arcaded cloisters and its revival of classic interiors, in which type Spanish architects have continued to build almost exclusively ever since.

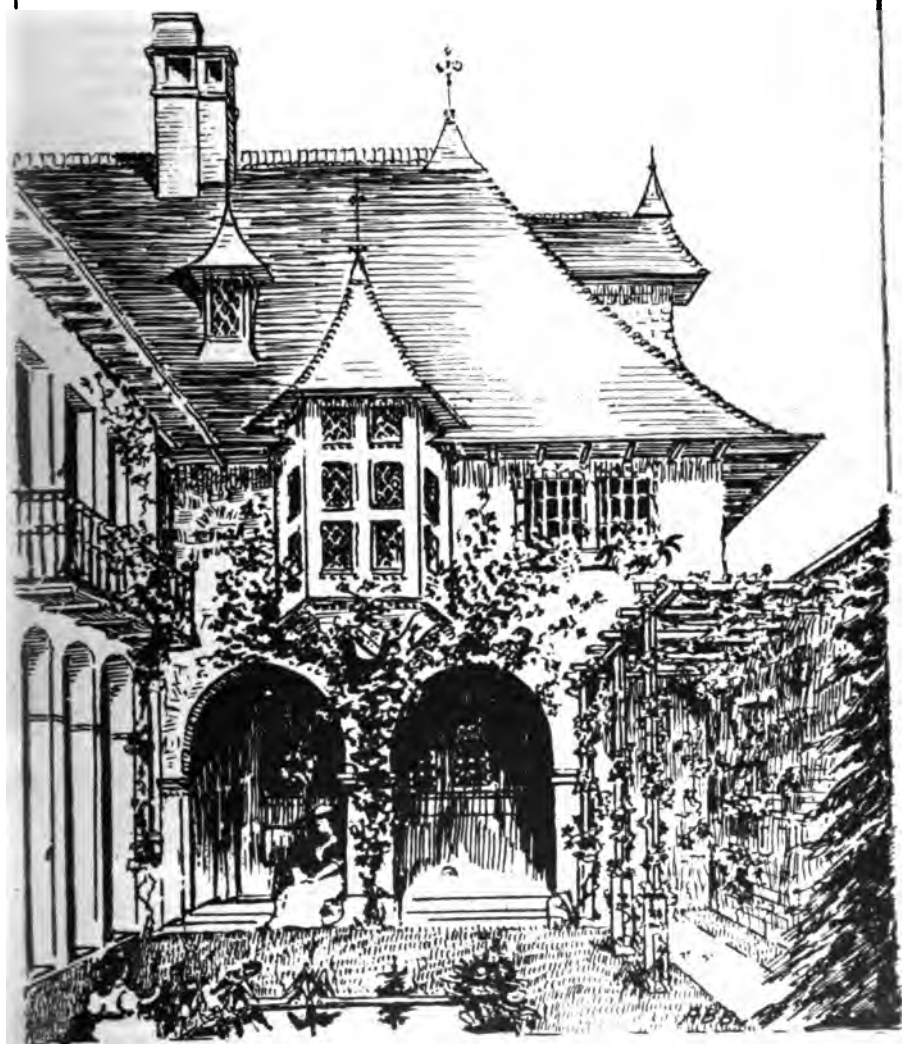
Naturally the best development of the patio is to be found in tropical and semi-tropical lands. Mexico and Spanish America have innumerable notable ones; and in California almost every large adobe house had its patio. Those of the Franciscan missions at San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano are their chief glory.

It is therefore to the Spanish architecture we go for our best models; but it is a mistake to suppose that only the Moorish and Renaissance styles are adapted to the use of the patio. Romanesque and Gothic buildings of the medieval period contain some of the noblest ever constructed, and Egyptian and Greek builders knew well how to give to simple post and lintel cloisters a dignity now so often wanting in our most ambitious structures.

In planning our dwellings it will usually be found inexpedient to provide large spaces entirely surrounded by portions of the house proper, as this would inconveniently scatter the limited number of rooms. In large mansions with ample grounds the house walls may form two or a part of three sides of the quadrangle, and the stables and covered galleries the remaining sides. These latter need not be waste room; in Europe long, narrow rooms are not uncommon. I have one in mind which is twelve feet by one hundred and twenty, used as a picture gallery and library. By a skilful division into bays a most charming effect is attained while the wall space available for "hanging" is immense.



A PATIO IN THE ALHAMBRA.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SUGGESTION FOR A CITY PATIO.

Drawn by A. B. Benson.

The effect of an open arcade of good design, with climbing vines and ornamental vases, is at once dignified and refined and may serve a most useful purpose by supporting a roof to the walk from house to stable. In country places much may be done with clipped hedges and rough vine-covered stone walls to extend the shelter of the dwelling about a generous plat of mother earth. In the city or town, where most people live, it is much more difficult, but by no means impossible, to find space and inclosure.

A patio twenty feet by forty is practicable on even a fifty-foot "inside" lot, and where the right exposure can be secured, may be made the most delightful place in the home.

It is a mistake to suppose that the patio must be of large area to be desirable. I have an engraving of the atrium of a Pompeian house, no larger than are some parlors; but whenever I look at it I envy that old pagan his house—or at least that part of it wherein he and his family are enjoying genuine home comfort. The matron reclines on a couch with her maidens about her; a daughter from her cushions on the tiled pavement directs the gambols of two plump, half-naked babies who tumble about a tiger-skin rug; older children sail mimic barges in a marble basin whose calm surface mirrors the blue sky; while the master of the house standing beside a column neglects the parchment in his hands to enjoy the happiness of his family. There is the elegance of classic architecture, the lustre of polished marble, the sweep of costly hangings, as well as vines and flowers; but the chief charm of the scene is its happy union of the refinements and privacy of a parlor with much of the freedom and sunlight and verdure of the lawn.

I have sketched a small patio for a city home which may suggest the possibilities open to home builders in California, where questions of drifting snow and freezing water-pipes vex not the householder.

As an architect I realize fully the noble effects which may be gained by spacious courts surrounded by pillared cloisters, roofed with tiles and enriched with sculpture and wrought metal work. These are for our millionaires—when they shall have learned wisdom to build them. But for the many I would steal a little plat from the more or less public common surrounding most California homes; I would inclose this after such fashion as I might with wall or hedge or screen or arcade—not to make a place to look at (although it would be well worth it!) but a spot where mothers and their little children and feeble old folk and sensitive invalids, whom cool winds or a shrinking from publicity now keep prisoners within doors, might enjoy God's sunshine, in that peacefulness and seclusion which do befit a home. In doing this there would always arise possibilities for artistic adornment too many to be considered here. An abundance of sunshine may be secured by wise planning; and a substantial enclosure, as sound-proof as may be, at the cost of an ordinary room; and a few vines and shrubs and bulbs will add the finishing touches.

Los Angeles, Cal.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BANANA.

BY DR. F. FRANCESCHI.

NOW it happens that there is similarity of climate between the plateaus of Abyssinia, ten thousand feet above sea level, and our coast of the Pacific, I dare not attempt to explain; but that it is a fact is proved by the way *Musa Ensete*, the "Abyssinian Banana," is thriving in Southern California, and chiefly at Santa Barbara. This giant among bananas appears to have found a congenial home with us, growing with surprising rapidity, often coming to bloom in not much over thirty-six months, its fruits containing at times as

many as twenty seeds, much larger and possessing higher germinative power than any produced in other countries.

This "Abyssinian" has become quite familiar to everybody in Southern California; however, it is not generally known that no other plant will build a stouter trunk in a shorter time, nor cover a larger surface with each leaf. Unlike other kinds of bananas, *Musa Ensete* will not send out suckers, the single trunk dying entirely after blooming; a remarkable exception being shown in the frontispiece, engraved from a photograph of a plant growing at the residence of Mrs. Julia Redington in Santa Barbara, now some eight years old. This has been sending up suckers for a long time; some of them have bloomed and ripened perfect seeds.

Seedlings raised from this plant and suckers detached from it do not appear to partake of this extraordinary prolificness. This case, if abnormal, is not quite unique, other suckering Abyssinian bananas having come recently to my notice in other localities of Southern California.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

THE BLASTED PINE.

BY EDITH MANLEY.



THE road wound by the flank of a mountain. On every side the prospect was sheltered by mountains, rugged and precipitous near at hand, but melting in the distance into soft outlines of amethyst. A primitive mail wagon was passing along the rough trail. An old bald-headed eagle soared high over the heads of the passengers, then, settling in sweeping circles, lighted on top of a tall pine. Blasted and thunder-riven, the tree stood out with striking distinctness against its goodly fellows uniformed in green like sturdy forest soldiers. Not one less than one hundred feet tall, they formed a giant's guard of which the mountain might well be proud.

The eagle, too, was proud, as she sat near the dizzy top of the ancient tree; she did not deign to move as the stage passed, but gazed at its motley load in the majestic mood of her own mountains. The tree on which she sat was blackened and twisted; it threw out its misshapen branches like so many arms appealing to the heavens. Dangling from one of the limbs was a rope with a noose. The forest tree had borne unnatural fruit.

This is the story the eagle heard from the blasted pine as the sound of wheels died away.

There lived not many miles from here, near the lake you can see from my topmost branches, a poor old man. He had one son, whom he loved with a love that held in it the strength of many loves, since the boy was the only one of his sons left alive. And the lad loved his father, and played among the tallest trees with youthful light-

heartedness.

The old man was poor, even as wealth is counted among my red children. In his wickiup, made of young saplings and covered with earth, there were no piled-up heaps of blankets and tule mats, nor strings of braided shell-money. Half a dozen ponies cropped the coarse grass near the shore of the lake. For the rest, he set traps for the mink and the sable; he hunted the deer and the antelope; sometimes the huge grizzly itself fell before his unerring bullet. When game was scarce and he had no more furs to sell to the traders, he caught the beautiful

trout which filled the lake and the clear mountain streams. He harvested the wild roots from the meadow and the lily-pods from the marsh—camas and wocus, he called them. Nature provides for the Indian as she does for the squirrel; but the white man is her step-child—for him she does not care.

The old man was happy. His lodge was warm with heart's love, as well as with coals of the fir and the cypress. The blue smoke from the fire-hole curled, like the incense of his thankfulness, to heaven. And the little boy was happy. He waked before the sun, and no day was long enough for his joyful games. He shot at the gophers with little blunt arrows, and gathered eggs from the nests in the tops of the tall trees he climbed; only the lazy-bird's nest he spared, for his father had told him that the Indian boy who ate the lazy-bird's eggs would be idle and thriftless and must sit at home among the women. And the boy knew it was pain to sit still, so the lazy-bird's nest was untouched. They were so happy, the old man and the boy, that they forgot to be grieved that they were poor. That was years ago, before there were many white faces in the country.

But one morning the little boy did not get up with the sun. He lay in the corner of the wickiup with a face swollen and discolored and a hand that was hot like flame. He did not taste of the dried fish, nor of the wocus; he was too weak to hold the little bow in his hand. At first he would call his father by name, but again he would forget him. Sometimes he bade him with hoarse, quick words, do this or that, as he might have spoken to some childish comrade in a game.

The old man was sad. He was poor, and this lad was to him instead of riches. So he sought out a medicine-man and told him, "My boy is sick; can you drive away the evil spirit that has power over him?" And the medicine-man said, "First give me two ponies, or the lad will surely die." Then the man of mighty secrets put on a mask with the face of a bear, and he wrapped around him the skin of a bear; on his breast was a roll that was great medicine. Then he came to where the sick boy lay tossing with fever. He beat upon a tom-tom and sang to the spirit of the fever and told it to leave the boy. Then he went down and laid his lips on the hot flesh to draw the evil one out.

But in the morning the boy was no better; then the medicine-man said to the father, "If the evil spirit has not departed, it must be he is strong. It is true, I am stronger and can fight the evil spirit and drive him away, but I must have more ponies." "Take them," said the father. He did not stir nor take his eyes from the sick boy's face.

But the child did not grow better, for all the shrieking and beating of tom-toms that went on around him. In vain was his flesh pounded and kneaded, in vain the exorcising powder burnt; he grew worse steadily. Still the medicine-man clamored for more pay; he would let the child die if he must go without his reward. The old man's face was like one of the stones on the mountain side. He made a pile of the skins of the coyote and ermine, on which he had counted to buy food for the winter; on this he laid the wocus mat of braided tule, and the water-tight baskets in which he cooked the game he brought from the mountain. On top he placed the blanket stripped from his own back. His gun stood in a corner of the hut; once he put forth his hand as if to add that also to the heap, but the next instant he withdrew it hastily. There was nothing else left for the old man to give. Only his gun was left, and one thin pony which cropped the coarse grass by the lake. It was so stiff and old that the medicine-man did not want it.

Again the tom-toms beat and the chant was sounded. The medicine-man moistened the parched lips from the medicine roll he carried. But the sick boy by this time was beyond help. His mutterings had ceased and he lay breathing heavily and slowly.

Then the medicine-man knew in his heart that the child would die,

but he feared the old man. "The evil spirit has left your son," he said; "in the morning he will wake and laugh. I am tired with watching and fighting the evil one." When he was outside the door he mounted the fastest of the ponies which had been the old man's and were now his. He was tired, but he rode furiously and far, and not towards his own house.

The old man sat patiently beside his son till the dawn came to look at a little face as still and brown as the leaf that had fallen from its tree. Even then he did not speak. Tenderly he wrapped the little boy in the blanket which had been his couch, and laid the wooden bow and arrow by the dead boy's side. The child could carry no other wealth with him into the spirit land. All the scanty riches of the hut had gone to that medicine-man who had let the evil spirit slay the boy. Then the old man took up his gun and loaded it carefully.

He was old, and the keen air must have pinched the withered limbs as he crawled out from the wickiup and searched carefully among the dry grass and pebbles for the print of a horse's hoof. Yet when he found the trail and walked to where his old pony stood tethered, his step was both sure and light.

Poor and old, like himself, was the pony he mounted. Along the bank were many pitfalls, and the pony's legs were stiff with age; yet at every stumble the lash fell relentless, till the animal plunged forward once more. The old man never drew rein except to examine some twig, bent by a passing form, or to look more closely at hoof-marks in the soil. His eyes seemed keen as in youth, and his ears caught the slightest sound. He was the best hunter in the mountains—but never had he followed as now. He knew neither cold nor hunger nor weariness—only the desire of haste.

The trail led off up the side of the mountain, amid crumbling rocks, and scoriæ and slippery pine needles. The horse toiled painfully every breath a sob, yet its rider never ceased to urge it on. Towards sunset they passed around a great boulder of lava, pitted as if with rain, and yonder—

The medicine-man was riding along quietly enough. He had long ceased to fear pursuit. An old man and a broken-down pony—he was a fool to be afraid. There was a puff of smoke near the boulder, and a bullet went true. The old man had his revenge. Such is the custom among my Klamath children, (said the tree); if a medicine-man cannot cure the sick he must pay with his life. The life of the medicine-man belonged to the father, and he took it. That was as it always has been.

There were but few white men in the country at that time, but among them was one they called a judge. A judge is a man who punishes Indians. The judge said that the old man had broken the law and must die. So they tied a rope around his neck and hanged him to the fairest of my branches. And that was well for the old man. The sorrow in his heart was still, and he left no work unfinished that he should desire to live. For him it was not ill; but my branches are blasted by the lightning. For his sake I am accursed among trees. Was it not well that a father should avenge his son?

The wise old eagle made no reply. She had been watching a hare among the pine needles; now she dropped from her perch and seized it in her talons.

And this story of the forest, how came it to me? Perhaps some wayward traveler paused to rest beneath the tree and listened to the story it is always repeating, and listening, remembered.



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 J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

It is not without romantic suggestion that the conservation and repair of the noble Mission of San Fernando Rey de España befalls in the centennial of its founding. What a hundred years the grave, gray buildings have seen! A third of the time amid the best days of the Mission regime, with that wonderful system of merciful civilization growing to a spiritual and temporal success that seems little short of miraculous; and two-thirds of the century amid a strange reversal of the old and an incredible change in the new. Secularized—that is to say, in plain English, robbed—neglected and plundered, left to the ravages of the weather and the spoliation of the as soulless squatter for more than 60 years, this fine if battered monument of heroic times is at last coming back to care. The new and unguessed world has raised up for it friends who love it not for the olden faith, which is not theirs, but for its beauty and its romance; for that which it bespeaks of the brave humanity we all revere and have a claim upon, whatever its catalogue by creed or blood.

Plans are going forward for a fitting celebration, at the Mission, of the one hundredth anniversary of its founding, which falls Sept. 8, 1897. Railroad arrangements will be made for an excursion from Los Angeles to San Fernando, of which due notice will be given in the dailies.

Meantime, preparations continue for the work of repairs which the Landmarks Club has undertaken. One thousand dollars is on hand, but a thousand more must be raised before the work can be completed. It is believed that with this sum the buildings can be made good to grace a second century celebration in 1997. All persons who care to encourage such a work—and that ought to mean every educated American—are asked to join the club and add their donations. Annual membership is \$1; life membership is \$25; and several subscriptions of \$50 and \$100 have been received.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

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 New Contributions: Mrs. Van Nuys, Los Angeles, \$25.
 Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., \$10.
 \$1 each—G. W. Marston, San Diego; Mrs. Susan Hayes Wood, New York; Mrs. Catherine Wilson, Mrs. J. G. Chandler, Los Angeles.



A man who will believe that we need islands 2000 miles from our shores for defense, would believe anything. A man who talks of Hawaii desiring annexation, has no sensible notion of the taste of truth in the mouth. And any American who desires his country to enter upon the entanglements and the infamies of the land-grabbing policy for which we justly condemn England, does not soberly know how to spell patriot, however good a one he may mean to be.

In sober truth the proposition to steal Hawaii is the most dishonest that has ever been made by the government of the United States. Instead of strength, it would bring us weakness—not only in the concrete case but as the initiative of a robber policy. It is a proposition to destroy freedom; for it contemplates the usurpation of power over a large population of the natives of the islands. Nobody in Hawaii desires annexation except the relatively few American filibusters—and no matter how good men some of them may be individually, they are filibusters. The Lion believes that no one in the United States desires annexation except some politicians, some selfish merchants, and some voters who are accustomed to being led by the nose and to thinking with their utterance. It would be a tyrannous thing, a cowardly thing and—from even the selfish standpoint—a fool thing to do; and the saving sense of the plain people of the United States will probably kill it. In this, as in many other cases, Californians may be a little proud of Stephen M. White—one of the few men in the United States Senate who stand for the ability to think twice.

One often wonders why the novel and picturesque conditions of life in California have never yet found quite their adequate place in literature. It is as astonishing how seldom they inspire even the attempt. Bret Harte's stories and poems of course, are (or rather were, when he was genuine) good literature; but they were never precisely California—because they were always willing to sacrifice local color to picturesqueness. Gertrude Atherton (to fall down stairs a full flight) is incomparably less artist and no more truthful to nature; and most impossible of all is Richard Henry Savage. As for the smaller fry, they hardly merit mention in any serious consideration of the upper truth.

Many of our writers—like Mrs. Graham and Grace Ellery Channing—are fit to companion the elect, but do not often seek their specific inspiration here. And even our own Joaquin, very much the largest of our products in letters, has not been wholly definitive in his local color. The only California novel of great success and very accurate local color was, oddly enough, written by a woman who knew California for only a few months, but whose crusading fervor to learn the truth remedied her occasional blunders of words with a very genuine and very wonderful insight into one phase of California life. That novel, of course, was *Ramona*.

Descriptive and historical matter we have had in quantity and quality—what with Dana, Bayard Taylor, Nordhoff, Charles Dudley Warner,

Van Dyke, Widney, and many more on the one hand; and on the other the clear, fair works of the Hittells, Royce's powerful but bitter and dangerous work, and many minor ones. And yet the definitive description and the definitive history of California are still to be written.

ROOM
FOR

WORK.

An amiable San José monthly (the *California Review*) inclines to chide the Landmarks Club for sectionalism—because it is incorporated “to conserve the Missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California.”

There are, it is true, interesting and important Missions in Northern California, and they certainly should be saved. But the *Review* seems to realize, on a little reflection, that this is a long State. The directors of the Landmarks Club pay their own salaries and their own expenses. They are taking care of 300 miles of California, and that ought to be enough. There are people as well as Missions up north; and probably San José need not borrow money or brains from us. Probably also (and it is pleasant to note that the *Review* has become willing to head a local movement) the northern end of the State is not so poverty-stricken of invention that it need steal and try to overlap a name invented and incorporated down here a year and a half before it dreamed of waking up. There is one Landmarks Club; and while similar work will be done wherever Californians have brains enough, Mission Clubs too dull to invent names for themselves will never do much.

The Landmarks Club is no junket. Its small executive force has to do a large amount of tedious, unpleasant, hard work—the few trying to do the duty of the community. There was no sectional spirit in the conception of the Club, and there is none in its conduct. It was specifically hoped that the other half of the State would be as patriotic. Such work means personal supervision; and the directors in Los Angeles cannot supervise much farther than from Boston to Buffalo. And while the Club hopes for the preservation of every California Mission, it does not believe that even a good cause is helped by plagiarism. If the people up north wish to save their landmarks (which God grant), let them be as deliberate in choosing a name as they have been in getting to the work; and let them do both thoroughly. Possibly in a generation or so, the like patriotism may become contagious even in the East.

PREMIUMS

ON

Every American does not smoke, but neither does every American eat meat. If a national law were passed compelling all but millionaires to eat spoiled meat or no meat at all, even the vegetarian patriot would feel his gorge rise. But that is precisely the effect of our legislation on tobacco. We fine a man for smoking a fit cigar; we practically compel him to smoke an unfit one.

The United States is the richest, most educated and most luxurious nation on earth. At its very doors the best tobacco in the world is “sold for a song, and sing it yourself.” Just across the border into Mexico, even, five cents gold will buy a better weed than was ever sold among us at three times that price. It is not much of a mental hardship, for all the average American knows about his cigar is the price; but it is bad art and bad morals to teach a man the use of adulterated and counterfeit goods. If people will indulge in the awful vice of smoking, the least that should be done is to see that they smoke tobacco and not the Connecticut apology for cabbage. The amount of it is that at present we are vitiating the taste and bleeding the pockets of about half our adult male population to subsidize a few hundred foreign-born Key West cigar-makers who have in this very year cost the United States more than they were ever worth.

NOW

LET US

REST.

New York has taken in the Bacchante out of the rain, and all is well. Macmonnies' splendid statue was too good for Boston anyhow—that dear old province which likes nothing to go naked except her own ignorance.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

Of the making of "California plays" there has been no end — and unhappily no quite satisfactory beginning. It is therefore distinctly joyful that a young San Francisco

player has made a modest but worthy start. It gave me peculiar pleasure to see Francis Power's *The First Born* during the last nights of its run at its birthplace. It is a little two-act drama of Chinese life in San Francisco; it needs the blue-pencil in some of its dialogue; but it cuts to the quick of human nature. It is a clear novelty in a dusty field; and its success — which bids fair to be continued in the East, whither it is now headed — gives one to marvel yet again why more plays are not made from the wonderful material here by someone who knows something about it.

Altogether the most important historical work that has ever been done in the United States in the collection of original sources, is the publication of the *Jesuit Relations* by a public spirited Cleveland house; and every public and private library of any standing must have this monumental and fascinating work, or fall entirely behind. As every intelligent reader knows, the effective pioneering of Canada was done by the Jesuit missionaries; but it may not be so universally known that these devoted men who were scholars as well as pioneers wrote observant, quaint and delightful reports of their experiences in the wilderness. As mere reading, these *Relations* are far more interesting than ninety per cent of our latter-day novels; and so far as scientific value is concerned, no one can pretend to any serious knowledge of North American history who has not read them.

AN HONOR
TO AMERICAN
SCHOLARSHIP.

The edition is finely printed and admirably edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. It gives the originals, with competent translations, and is, in a word the definitive edition. There will be about 60 volumes, of which five are already issued. The Borrowes Bros. Co., Cleveland, O., \$3.50 per vol.

A book of vastly bright literary gossip is *Hours with Famous Parisians*, by Stuart Henry, author of *Paris Days and Evenings*. And it is not entertaining only, but graphically informative of at least some of the salient angles of the twenty-two celebrities Mr. Henry has thus snap-shotted. Madame Adam, Sardou, Daudet, Zola, Verlaine, Coppée, Bernhardt and Bouguereau are among the sitters for his remarkably clever portrayals; and the reader will not complain that any of the brief chapters are dull. Way & Williams, Chicago, \$1.

LITERARY
CHALK-
TALKS.

An early work by Christina Rossetti cannot fail to interest a large class; and wide attention is being given to her *Maude, Prose and Verse*, which has just been issued in a form that cleverly imitates the style of its date, 1850. The story — which her brother in an introduction takes to be somewhat autobiographical — is palpably immature; but in the verse already lurks something of the essence of this gifted woman. Chicago, H. S. Stone & Co., \$1.

A
RESCUED
ROSSETTI.

STUDIES

IN BLACK

AND WHITE.

Another contribution to the sketches of "life among the lowly" which are now of such vogue is *Pink Marsh*, by Geo. Ade, author of *Artie*. "Pink" is a colored bootblack whom the not wholly unconcious author chronicles with many of his discourses in the Senegambian idiom of Chicago. "Pink" is a diverting person, and a type of his class. The book would be better for a little less of the chronicler's superior personality. Illustrated by Jas. McCutcheon. Chicago, H. S. Stone & Co., \$1.25.

DREAMS

OF

TODAY.

Among the best things in the first volume of the *Chap-Book* (the volume which made the reputation of that successful Chicago fortnightly) was a series of "Dreams of Today" by Percival Pollard. It was very delicate and "taking" work, and marked Mr. Pollard as a young man of promise. Now these "Dreams" have been enlarged and added unto, given continuity, and received book publication in the artistic dress for which its publishers are noted. The cloth edition has a cover designed by Hazenplug; and the paper edition a very beautiful cover by Nankivel. Way & Williams, Chicago. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

BOOK

NOTES.

The complete edition of Joaquin Miller's poems—eight "books of song" in one volume—is now issuing from the press of Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco. The East, even, has discovered Joaquin at last; and it is a pretty poor Californian of pretension to intelligence who shall fail to have the crowning work of the one great Western poet—who is at the same time in some ways the greatest American poet.

Volume 2, No. 2 of that creditable California publication, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, is interesting as its predecessors. The Sierra Club is doing a gallant work for the preservation of our forests, the making known our magnificent sierra, and other things fit to be done by patriotic Californians; and it should have a large membership in the Southern part of the State.

Rand, McNally & Co. have issued in paper, at 25 cents each, three more of Henry Savage's red romances—*The Flying Halycon*, *The Princess of Alaska*, and *For Life and Love*. The same firm also issues, in the same edition, Bertha M. Clay's *Which Loved Him Best*.

The Southern California Acclimatizing Association, of Santa Barbara, has issued No. 2 of its interesting general catalogue and garden guide. It lists 1500 varieties of plants and trees, mostly exotic, classified as to hardiness, and with hints for their culture.

Now, that the eminent French critic, "Th. Bentzon," has paid such gorgeous (and merited) compliments to Charles Warren Stoddard, the poet of the South Seas is in danger of adequate discovery by his countrymen.

The first and second (quarterly) publications of the Southern History Association are interesting and substantial pamphlets which are doing an excellent local work. 325 East Capitol street, Washington.

William George Jordan, whose editorial skill made *Current Literature* so popular, is now managing editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Daughter of Judas, by Richard Henry Savage, is one of the latest issues of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Paper, 25 cents.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



Commercial Eng. Co.

ALPINE TAVERN, MT. LOWE.

Photo. by Maude.



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PATH OF GOLD, SANTA MONICA.

Photo. by C. B. Messenger.



AT REDONDO, CAL.



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INLAND ON CATALINA.

Photo. by Waite.



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ABOUT TERMINAL ISLAND AND SAN PEDRO.

Photo. by Maude.



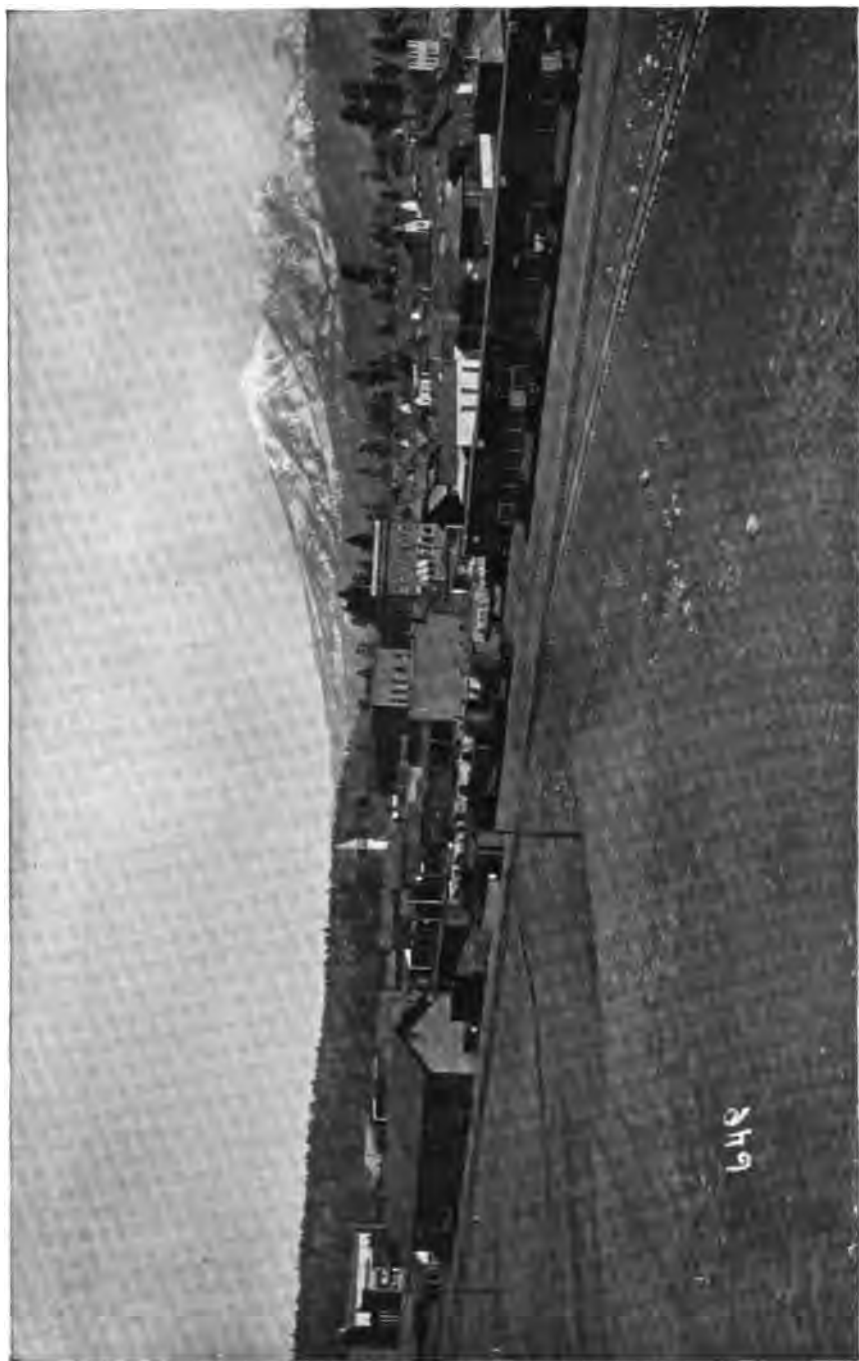
C. M. Davis Eng. Co. AMONG THE SANTA BARBARA OAKS. Photo. by Graham & Merrill.



Union Eng. Co. THE MATCHLESS CORONADO PENINSULA.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. IN HOLLENBECK PARK, LOS ANGELES. Photo. by Maude.



Osborn, Photo.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, AND THE SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS.

Mausard Collier Eng. Co.

FLAGSTAFF AND THE GRAND CANYON.

BY C. R. PATTEE.

FLAGSTAFF, the county seat of Coconino County, Arizona, furnishes a striking example of the wide-awake, go-aheadativeness of a typical Western town. It is already a charming little city of more than 1500 people who seem imbued with the idea that it is to become the most important as it is the most interesting point between New Mexico and the Pacific Coast. The promptness and energy

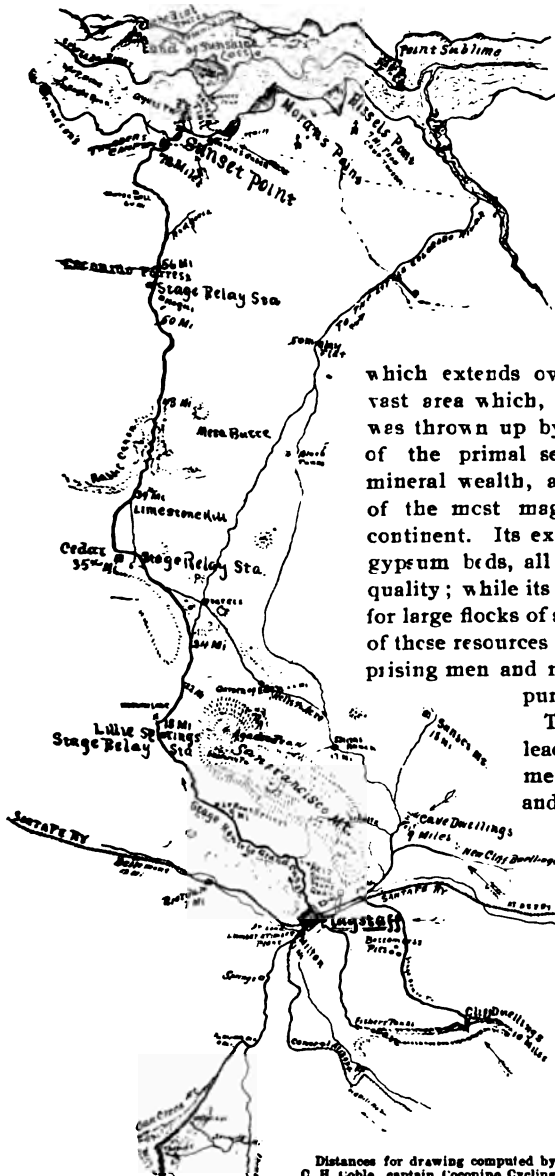
with which its capitalists and men of affairs have seized upon, and are developing its natural resources is in itself a prophecy of its future.

In location it has the advantage of its competitors. Aside from being situated on one of the most important and popular trans-continental railways, it stands in the midst of the great San Francisco plateau

which extends over 12,000 square miles. This vast area which, in some distant geologic age, was thrown up by volcanic action in the midst of the primal sea, is richly freighted with mineral wealth, and largely covered with one of the most magnificent pine forests on the continent. Its extensive sandstone quarries and gypsum beds, all near at hand, are of the finest quality; while its grassy mesas furnish pasturage for large flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle. All of these resources are being developed by enterprising men and made available for commercial purposes.

The lumber industry, which leads all others, demands special mention. The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company, which has in its control nearly 871,000 acres of this splendid pinery, has five saw-mills in constant operation, turning out about 30,000,000 feet of lumber annually.

While Flagstaff is in every sense a typical Western border town,



Distances for drawing computed by
C. H. Coble, captain Coconino Cycling

and cannot be called puritanic, it has a good proportion of intelligent and cultured people, and the good order which prevails does great credit to its municipal management. Its hotels are fully up to require-



Moore, Eng.

Coconino County Court House, Flagstaff.

Osborn, Photo.

ment, and one of them at least, in its furnishings and management, would be no discredit to our larger cities, while an enterprising daily, the *Sun-Democrat*, provides the news of the world. In short, every kind of business enterprise is conducted here, while its public buildings and school and church advantages show the trend of public sentiment.

By act of Congress Flagstaff has recently been permitted to issue



Moore Eng

Flagstaff Public School.

Osborn, Photo.

bonds for water works and soon will glory in an abundant supply of pure mountain water for domestic purposes which will also carry sufficient pressure for industrial use.

Standing at an altitude of 6935 feet it has a climate as bracing as that



Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff.

of New England without its humidity; and is thus suited to become one of the best health resorts in this country.

One of the chief attractions of this locality lies in its scenic and pre-historic surroundings. In this respect this growing city is a gem with a rare and ideal setting.

Its mountain scenery is wild and romantic; and within easy reach. At different points on the plateau which rises in its freshness and beauty from the heart of the desert which surrounds it, are to be found extinct craters, petrified forests, and other evidences of volcanic action. The ancient ruins which the Cliff Dwellers have left us as an anthropological legacy, are perched on the narrow shelves of Walnut Creek

Cañon, but an hour's ride from Flagstaff, while down in the in the picturesque Tonto Basin, the Beaver Creek, a larger type of cliff dwellings, are accessible. Cataract Cañon and its settlements of modern aborigines is also a popular objective point for visitors. It is well to visit these various points of interest first for, despite their pre-historic



Mill No. 1 and Principal Lumber Yard Arizona Lumber and Timber Co.

and scenic attractiveness, they fade into insignificance on beholding that greatest of all natural wonders, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, to which Flagstaff is the most available gateway.

Among the many marvelous things in the physical world, the Grand



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of T. A. Riordan.

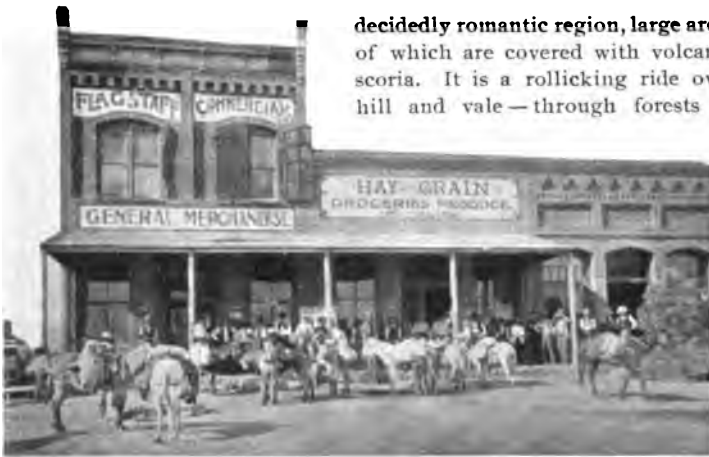
Cañon is *sui generis*; there is nothing like it in all the earth. The 72-mile trip by stage, from Flagstaff to the cañon, is made in a day, and is worth all it costs. Passing near the foot of the San Francisco Mountain which, rising 14,000 feet above the sea, with its triple peaks, forest covered sides and summer decoration of pure snow, is one of the most beautiful ever looked upon, the route runs through a wild, broken and



Moore, Eng.

In D. M. Riordan's Log Cabin.

Osborn, Photo.



decidedly romantic region, large areas of which are covered with volcanic scoria. It is a rollicking ride over hill and vale—through forests of

Mausard-Collier Eng Co. Indians Trading with the Flagstaff Commercial Co.

pine, aspen, mountain birch, cypress and cedar, unmarred by underbrush. Along the way are seen many beautiful flowers—some of them indigenous, while others will be recognized as old friends far from home. There are also three stage relays on the route, where cool mountain springs flow for the relief of the thirsty traveler. One of these—reached at noon—is near an extinct crater and a petrified forest. The last twenty miles to the cañon is on a gentle up-grade, but on



L. A. Eng Co.

Quarry of Arizona Sandstone Company.

Osborn, Photo.

nearing the cañon the tourist, with nervous expectation, is rushed on a down-grade into the little vale among the pines where, with gentlemanly treatment and at reasonable rates, he is to camp. Having secured quarters, his first and irresistible impulse is to rush up the



J. A. Vall Block.

F. W. Risson, Photo.

short slope to the rim of the cañon at Observation Point where he gets his first view of the vast chasm. As he looks across to Point Sublime, 13 miles away, and down into the yawning depths below him, every pre-conceived notion of it is swept away, and he is overwhelmed by emotions as strange and indescribable as the scene before him. The setting sun is burnishing with silver, gold and amethyst, the many colored battlements, castles, towers and domes which the erosion of ages has formed so perfectly that they seem the product of design. Spell-bound he lingers until the sunset tints fade from the sky, and the cañon fills up with darker and darker purple which deepens into indigo, until the rising moon transforms the whole into a more ghostly scene.



Babbitt Bros. Establishment and Office of Grand Canyon Stage Co.

But even these first impressions grow upon one as the different points of interest are visited. From Bissell's Point—seven miles from camp—one gets a fine view up and down the cañon; but it is from Point Moran that the best view is obtained. It was from this point, which is not reached without difficulty and danger, that Moran spent months in the most successful effort yet made to transfer to canvas the untransferable picture which opened before him. Here one seems to be swung out and over this vast abyss, to a point from

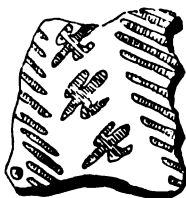


L. A. Eng. Co. Reed, Photo.
Montezuma's Castle.

which he can look into its awful depths, in which a score of Yosemite might be lost from view, and catch a glimpse of the heroic stream which, as in the ages past, still fights its way among the rocks 6000 feet below. From this point one seems to look down upon some great titanic city of citadels of the nether world just revealed to human gaze.

But no one has done the cañon until he has descended into its depths, bathed in the rushing waters of the Colorado, and inverted his view from the bottom upward to the dizzy heights around and above him.

Of the three trails which lead to the bottom, the new Hance Trail is the shortest and most popular. By this trail it is five miles to the



Fragment of Pottery from
Cliff Dwelling
—Eurt Osburn.



L. A. Eng. Co. Osborn, Photo.
Walnut Creek Cliff Dwellings 10 Miles from Flagstaff.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Territorial Asylum, Flagstaff.

O b r u, Ph to, 1896



L. A. Eng. Co. Mid-summer Sport on the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff. Osborn, Photo.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Cocorino Cycling Club, Flagstaff.

Sisson, Photo.



river, but, thanks to that indispensable worthy, the mule, the trip is made with comfort and safety. Nevertheless, the descent and return must be experienced to be appreciated.

The builder of this trail is as unique and unaccountable as the



U. M. Davis Eng. Co

LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND

Width from Four to Sixteen Miles.

cañon itself, in which he has lived so long that he has become a part of it. The visitor who does not make the acquaintance of Capt. John Hance has failed to know the one living curiosity of that region.

How long this unique character (who claims that he won't tell the truth if he can help it) has fellowed with the cañon no one but himself knows, but he delights in fortifying the courage of those who hesitate to make the descent, with the information that his grandmother when 80 years of age packed all the water for the washings over the same



Mausard-Collier Eng Co.

At Thurber's Camp, Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Eastman Kodak, Photo.

trail, from the river to the rim. He will also show the bones of the "identical hoss" which, while in pursuit of a mountain goat dashed, with the captain astride, over the rim of the cañon. He states that he fell 2800 feet in the 16th part of a second and was two days in



CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

F. W. Sesson, Photo.

Depth, 6000 Feet.

climbing out, having, with his usual presence of mind saved himself by stepping off upon a ledge as the horse struck bottom.

But the biggest liar on earth can not catch up with the Grand Cañon.



L. A. Eng. Co.

In Cataract Canyon near Flagstaff.

Osborn, Photo.

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Address remittances, advertising and other business matters to the Business Manager.

In the July issue of this magazine, through accident the location, Pomona, Cal., did not appear in the advertisement of the Phil. Stein Co., the leading agricultural implement dealers in the Pomona valley.

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THE CLOISTERS OF SAN FERNANDO.
Ten years ago. See p. 100.

From painting by A. P. Harner



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL"



VOL. 7, No. 4.

LOS ANGELES

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

ON THE PACIFIC AT NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

O Sea, that waitest, calling, calm and strong,
 Beyond that distant shore,
Clothed in her own white splendor, mid a throng
 Of stars that would adore,
The fervent Moon hastes, harkening to thy song,
To yield herself, enraptured, to thine arms once more.

O yearning Moon, afar, swift on thy way
 To Ocean's mighty breast,
Come ; he awaits thee ; all his voices say,
 "I love thee," East and West,
The unwilling hours are long throughout the day,
Until thou risest warm with love, to find thy rest.

O Moon, and Sea, I love one who is dead ;
 To meet we are not free.
Where waits that soul, once mine, that now has fled ?
 Your joy, my misery,
Is this one hour : now is your greeting said,
I may not go to her, she cannot come to me!

Chicago, Ill.

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NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ON HORSE-BACK.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



CALIFORNIA, as we all agree, is the paradise of the horseman; and those of us who have ridden thousands of miles, in sunlit valleys, through vast forests, up wild cañons and along broken mountain trails into granite wildernesses among the high Sierra's eternal snows, must still uphold the comfortable doctrine that while humanity endures, the trained saddle horse will have a place of his own. Before we Americans came, the country belonged to men who almost lived in the saddle.

Unfenced, untilled, the whole glorious realm lay open to every visitor who could catch a mustang himself, or could find a Mission to furnish one.

Although this fascinating California of fifty years ago has disappeared, many parts of it are still as much the land of the horseman as those upper Alleghany regions where a bicycle or a wheeled vehicle are seldom or never seen. Whenever one leaves the railroads and stages, at least in northern California, one soon reaches a land of cattle trails, of mountain pastures, of places so wild and rugged that no other mode of travel is half so comfortable. In such places, one meets packers and prospectors with their tough little burros; one also finds groups of University students taking vacation views afoot, like Bayard Taylor and J. Ross Browne, and Porte Crayon. (I wonder how many of our modern magazine readers feel acquainted with these three dear departed



L. A. Eng. Co.

"THIS MIGHT BE THE BRONCO."

worthies of pen and pencil?) A man well mounted on a capable and affectionate horse has no reason to envy any child of Adam, though he might wish he had *Porte Crayon* for a companion. But it is surprising to see with how little baggage the lone horseman can travel and how many friends he can pick up as he goes along.

Time was when I saddled a yellow horse, a true butter-cup yellow like *D'Artagnan's*, and rode out over the valleys and hillsides of the land, from the tule-bordered sloughs of the great Bay of San Francisco, south into the Santa Cruz redwoods, and still south, over sand ridges, to the mission-planted pear avenue of San Juan, to the blue lagoons and the oak-clad hills of Salinas, Pleito and Jolon, to the pines and sea-caves of Cambria, and along all that wild coast-line that borders *Estero*; northward, too, I rode, into the great forests of the coast *Sequoias* whose unsurpassed beauty fills the mighty gorges of Sonoma, Humboldt and Mendocino. Far inland, too, I have ridden, along the



Commercial Eng. Co.

A SISKIYOU WATERFALL.

tule islands and lowland rivers of San Joaquin and Sacramento, and up their gleaming tributaries into forests of pines, exploring the whole width of the range, from valley to snow, as far north as Lassen and Shasta.

Often on these long journeys I have thought of Southern California's close-knit colonies and rapidly developing unity of interests, and have wondered how many years must pass before such colonies took possession of the rich valleys and warm foothills of this great, unknown Northland. When that day comes, as it must, California will reach its splendid prime. Long before that, however, these higher Coast Range and Sierra wildernesses ought to become the most famous playgrounds of the continent.

Where shall one begin with such a subject, when a book might much more easily be written than a magazine article? Still, after long years of absence, thoughts linger among the rhododendron thickets of Navarro, and in those windless, nameless valleys of giant redwoods along the Gualala, where beds of ferns and of red-gold lilies grow taller than a man's head, where clouds of butterflies fill the summer air, and



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IN THE PINERIES.

where all the world seems like the heart of some tropic island. Still, too, one remembers those wonderful spring-tide color-patterns of the San Joaquin and Sacramento plains, even now a marvel, but swiftly passing away, year after year, as the plow advances to meet the sheepherder, and as vile European and Eastern weeds drive out our beautiful native flowers. Every year the botanists report more of these murderous vegetable tramps. Yet there are a few unpastured expanses that remain almost as wild as when Major Reading and his Indians passed up the Sacramento valley, and in such places one finds out a little about how California looked in the Aprils of 1849 and 1850 to those who, like the classic Missourian hero, had toiled over the rocks and alkali "all the way from Pike." What numberless hosts of wild-flowers are growing in happy colonies and fellowships, clad in royal purples and golds, in blues and whites and crimsons! If you like, you shall ride all day long where the whole plain is brilliant with lilac-hued gillias, pale cream-cups, scarlet-flushed gold of *Eschscholtzia*, ultramarine blue of larkspurs, pale heaven-blue of *nemophilas*, and so many other shades, tints and splashes of color, sometimes in hand-breadths, sometimes in hundred-acre masses, that poet and artist, as well as traveler, must take refuge in silence.



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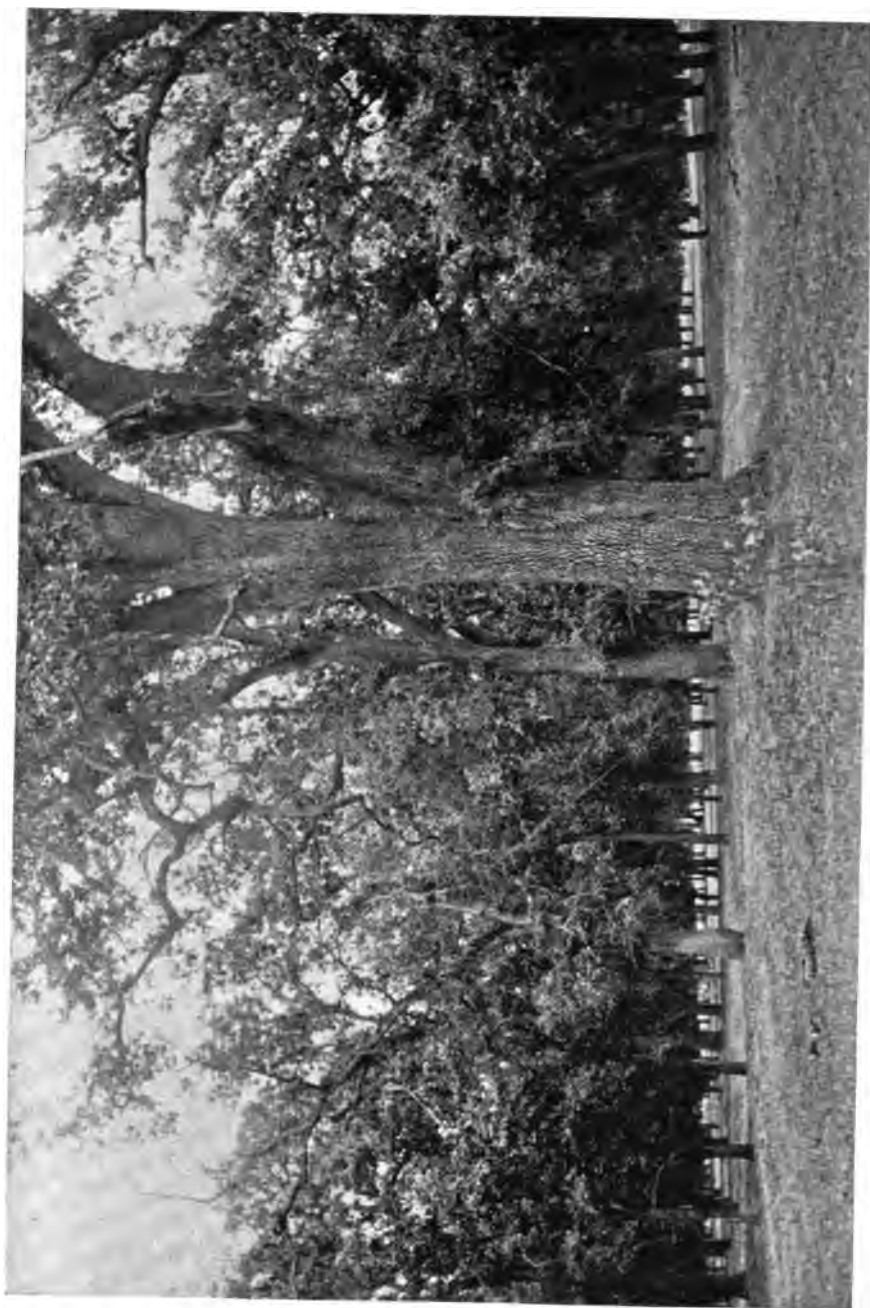
ON PETALUMA CREEK

Perhaps, long after the native vegetation of the great Sacramento plains is destroyed, something of primitive conditions will best remain in those unreclaimed tule islands among the bays and fresh water sloughs of the Holland districts of California, where, as a few people know, a region as rich and as large as those sea provinces of which Motley has told the tale, is patiently biding its time. Here, far from



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THE "ARGONAUT" MILL.



AN OAK GROVE.



Commercial Eng. Co.

WINTER ON CHICO CREEK

the common lines of travel, far from railroad or steamer routes, are blue inland lakes, lonely and lovely as those that I have seen among the reeds and palmettos of Louisiana. Over such as yet unmapped Californian bayous, lean thickets of black and yellow sunflowers, cat-tails, tules, grasses and rich purple marsh-blossoms that gleam like silver banners among the ranks of dark emerald. In these lakes are islands high-mounded by perished Indian tribes whose villages were built above floods; and clumps of hoary willows, picturesque as those

that etchers love to study beside the stately English Cam have grown there on these old kitchen-middens. Sometimes one finds the hulk of a pioneer schooner rotting alone in dreamless ooze away off from the rivers, in a winding slough; sometimes a white-haired recluse occupies it, living on fish and game and many times happier than if he had been put into a patent, modern tape-bound Home for Old Men. Here, also, no less than in those silent, deep-hearted redwoods, the land, lovely and almost unknown, waits for a novelist to tell its romance, a poet to write its epic. The only real life it yet has flows slowly along its rivers, past winding levees and rude wharfless landings, wet at remote irregular intervals by the throbbing wave rolling from little stern wheelers and clumsy, wheat-filled barges.

Nevertheless, after all else is written, rivers and uplands take the hardest grip of one's thoughts. I remember many such rivers of the Sierras, that are merest names to all who have not camped beside them and taken breakfast from their brimming trout-pools. Every Californian should hasten to become acquainted with these old and forgotten streams of pioneer days, the Cosumnes, the Calaveras, the Stanislaus, the Mokelumne, the American, the Yuba, and their unnumbered tributaries, fed by alpine lakes, by springs from granite clefts, by glaciers far up against the sky, above the pines. One finds low mounds of gray gravel in the recesses of the hills, where the men of '49 swung their rockers; there also are rude stone huts, in numberless Gold Gulches and Rich Bars, whose special names have been lost from the modern maps—crumbling little huts occupied by old and dying pioneers who have never left their deep ravines among the pines since they came to California, young treasure-hunters. You find them, now and then, crevicing for gold in the slate and quartz, or exploring the gulches after a shower. Whole townships of territory, still a wilderness except for such scattered cabins, exist in the California mountains.

Binding scattered settlements together, great Sierra highways mount or descend the long slopes. They throb with life; they smoke with dust of innumerable freight-teams, taking goods to the mines, or bringing fragrant logs from the pineries. Shepherds, dairymen, whole families of people, climb towards the land of sweetest grasses, of brightest, briefest summer-bloom; miners pass, with pick and drill; wood choppers go forth to their toil, and loud voiced bull-punchers link their oxen to fallen forest monarchs. Old toll-gates, long disused, at and by bridges of unhewn logs across the swift-rushing rivers; old villages, stone-buttressed, and quaint as any of those musty hamlets of Cornwall or Wales about which our Americans, sometimes even our Californians, write books, lie steeped in mellow sunshine on the hill-sides, in the gardens of bloom and fruitage. Not railroad towns are these, I hasten to add, but places that are miles and centuries remote from modern life—places like old Shasta, Ophir, Trinity Center, Jackson, Gates, Volcano.

Turning west, far from the Sierras, that is a wild region of crags, forests and rivers, through which Klamath and Trinity flow five hundred miles to the ocean from snow clad lips of ancient craters, past golden mines, past ruins of ancient camps, past Indian villages and refuges of old outlaws, past enormous limestone caves which no explorer has yet mapped, until they join forces by the sea-worn heights of the Siskiyou coast. Up there, if in any region of California, the grizzly still walks, lonely as a rhinoceros. Mighty and unknown floods are these of Klamath and Trinity, pouring their lavish tributes into the Pacific. Sometime, I hope, one of our sturdy college athletes of Stanford or California, on his summer vacation, will shoot these fierce rapids, and guide his Rob Roy along those mile-deep gorges of the northern Coast Range.

But after all, none of all the California rivers is more a part of our

history than that swift, cold, mountain stream that leaps full-born from out a glacial cave under Mount Shasta, and takes its rapid course down pine-crowded cañons of southern Siskiyou and central Shasta till, through rolling hills, it reaches the great Sacramento plain, where it becomes a wide majestic river, flowing on and on across the lowlands to the Golden Gate. Together with its tributaries, it drains the western half of the northern Sierras, the broad valley, and the eastern half of the Coast Range, an imperial domain, including eight large counties, and parts of as many more, or nearly a third of the area of the whole State. Here are mines, farms, fisheries, lumber-camps, orchards, cattle-ranges, glaciers, hot-springs, lava beds, and forests of the finest pine, cedar, spruce and fir trees left in America. Guide books extol Castle Crags and a few other points of interest along the Oregon route, but a life-time is hardly sufficient fully to explore the vast territory of rugged, heavily-timbered lands that lie far from the railroads. A pivotal point for this famous district is Strawberry valley at the foot of Shasta. The mountains rise from nine to eleven thousand feet above the valley and contain the sources of six large rivers, and of innumerable lesser tributaries. The whole district forms one of the great water-reservoirs of the Pacific Coast, and blends in a remarkable manner the best features of the scenery of Coast Range and Sierra.

These things, of which I have so briefly written, belong to each and every Californian, quite as much as do Santa Monica, Mount Lowe, Los Angeles, Monterey or the Ojai. I have always said that it ought to be the business of every Northern Californian to see, not once only but many times over, the beautiful southern counties—and it also ought to be the business of every Southern Californian to know his Tahoe and Shasta. Happier still are those who have the time and inclination to hunt up some buttercup-hued bronco, and ride into the great north-lands of California, to find that the half has not been told.

Niles, Cal.

POPPIES OF WICKENBURG.

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

Where Coronado's men of old
Sought the Pecos' fabled gold
Vainly, many weary days,
Now the land is all ablaze.

Where the desert breezes stir,
Earth, the old sun-worshipper,
Lifts her shining chalices
Up to tempt the priestly bees.

Every golden cup is filled
With a nectar sun-distilled:
And the perfume, nature's prayer
Sweetens all the summer air.

Poppies, poppies, who would stray
O'er the mountains far away,
Seeking still Quivira's gold,
When your wealth is ours to ho'ld?

Prescott, A. T.

THE CENTENNIAL OF SAN FERNANDO MISSION.



HUNDRED years ago—namely Sept. 8, 1797—Fray Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, Father President of the Missions of Alta California, acting under orders of Gov. Borrica, approved by the Viceroy of Mexico, founded in the valley of Encino the seventeenth Mission, dedicating it to San Fernando, King of Spain.* Fray Lasuen had come down for this purpose from San Miguel to Santa Barbara; and thence with the *Sargento* Olivera and an escort; and the solemn ceremonies were performed in the presence

of the handful of Spanish soldiers and a large concourse of Indians. Fray Francisco Dumetz had been chosen for the first priest of this new parish, and took part in the services. His assistant was Fray Francisco Xavier Uría.

In three short years the Mission had 310 neophytes and had raised in its current crop 1000 bushels of grain. Its flocks were growing, too. The Missions of Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, San Gabriel and San Juan Capistrano, had contributed livestock at the founding; now there were 526 horses, mules and cattle, and 600 sheep.

In December, 1806, the big adobe church was dedicated—the building whose ruins are shown on pages 147 and 148. There were then 955 neophytes—a gain of three-fold in six years. In 1812 the grain crop was 7720 bushels. The earthquake of that year, so disastrous elsewhere, injured San Fernando but little. Thirty new rafters had to be put in the church, and with this the damage was repaired.

In 1834 the Mission had, besides its great herds and other property, 32,000 grapevines and 1600 fruit trees. In that year the robber hand of secularization was laid upon it by the Mexican government, and its glory was departed. June 17, 1846, Gov. Pico sold it to Eulogio F. de Celis for \$14,000. January 11, 1847, John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, occupied the Mission buildings with his battalion, and signed there next day the armistice which closed hostilities between the United States and the Californians. The actual treaty of peace was signed on the 13th at Cahuenga.

San Fernando Mission had been, too, a point of some note in the little civil wars which preceded the American invasion; and on its domain of 50 square leagues was discovered the first gold in California, years before Sutter's Mill.

For more than 60 years the noble buildings and splendid gardens of San Fernando have been left to decay and spoliation. The enormous monastery (240 x 60 feet) and the church (134 x 35 feet) are nearly all that is left of "a mile of buildings," and even these are fast crumbling in roof and wall.

But its centennial brings new hope to the long-outraged Mission. The Landmarks Club of Southern California† (which has already repaired the Mission of San Juan Capistrano) has secured a long lease of all the buildings, has raised over \$1000, and is now raising \$1000 more, and has actually begun the work of repair. These splendid monuments of past heroism and of fine architecture will be preserved for another century.

A fitting celebration will be held by the Club at the Mission, Sept. 9, 1897. It is—except San Luis Rey—the last Mission centennial that will be witnessed in Southern California by any adult now living.

*Ferdinand III. Reigned 1217 to 1251.

†See page 164.



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THE CHURCH OF SAN FERNANDO.
(From breach in monastery wall.)

Photo. by C. F. L. 1897.



L. A. Bag. Co.

THE RUIN OF CHURCH AND CLOISTER, 1897.

See frontispiece, and note the destruction wrought in ten years.

Photo. by O. P. L.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE BREACH IN THE MONASTERY.

Photo. by C. F. L. 1897.

Here the kitchen and its enormous chimneys have fallen in ruin, which threatens the whole vast building.

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ON THE MONASTERY ROOF.

Photo. by C. F. L. 1897.

THE HEART OF SANTA CATALINA.

BY BLANCHE TRASK.



OME fifty miles off Port Los Angeles, like a flower on the soft breast of the Pacific, lies Santa Catalina Island, familiarly known as "Catalina." The beautiful Spanish names left by the old Franciscans are now, alas, shortened whenever possible, for even into this land of *dolce far niente* the hurry has stolen.

But Santa Catalina has as yet lost only the beauty of her full name, and for two or three months each summer her little tented city of Avalon spreads its white wings to shelter thousands of people who come and go without learning anything about Santa Catalina herself; the remainder of the year, save for a handful of inhabitants left over in Avalon, she is quite alone.

About twenty miles long and from five to eight wide, formed of two mountains, she is said to have been brought into existence by a single upheaval. As has been well said by Mr. Lyons, who botanized here years ago, "Catalina is a world in herself."

"Catalina!" At the name thousands will see again the crescent bay dotted with boats, the beach with bathers, and the white city of Avalon. But this is not Santa Catalina. It is only what man has done towards bringing her into touch of his own moods and ways. Her real self lives on unmoved upon the heights—the heights so full of mystery and beauty, seldom seen by any.

The highest peaks stand looking down upon the dead craters; bare and desolate mountains of over-burnt rock—rock somewhat comforted, perhaps, by the brilliant lichens of green and orange and red and



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LYONOTHAMNUS GROVE.

Illustrated from photos. by the author. All rights reserved.

lavender carelessly draped about them by the hand of Time, like Oriental scarfs.

Now and then a bald eagle, its white head and tail gleaming in the sunlight (and where else is there such sunlight?) descends to rest upon some tip-top ledge. The goat-trails run to the very summits, and these lonely peaks are the real homes of the goats. All about these they linger and wander aimlessly; otherwise there is perfect quiet on the heights, and no doubt the white companies of fog-spirits, which follow unseen trails, are the only real companions of these peaks. It is well known that the lower lands of Santa Catalina Island are almost free from fog the year round.

After you have once reached the "ridge" you see long slopes in rose and lavender, and there are cliffs all the colors of the rainbow. The trees at your side are not flourishing (though there are fine groves far below), and they stand often alone, making despairing gestures, as though life were not easy upon these arid heights. They seem to have paid a great price for the privilege of living there.

If it be in March you make the trip, the

"Uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf,"

will be kaleidoscopic with green and with red and yellow flowers, and



will look as though visited by a light snow-storm, for there will be thousands of white lilacs (*Ceanothus cuneatus*) in bloom, with now and then a slope over which a lavender veil seems thrown—the orchard-like trees of another "lilac"—a lavender one this time (*Ceanothus arboreus*), a rare form, found only here and on Santa Cruz Island.

If you are "in luck," that miracle in gold may greet your eyes hanging above some "riven ravine"—the tree poppy (*Dendromecon rigidum*); its flowers three inches in diameter, like great *Eschscholtzias*, pending from a tree fifteen feet high, shining in the midst of its weird green leaves; a small tree with shredded bark and slender limbs seemingly too frail to carry all its blossoms.

There is a volcanic upland where they may be counted until

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Photo. by Walte.

FALLS IN MIDDLE RANCH CANYON.



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THE SEALS AT HOME.

one reaches fifty and stops counting from weariness—not because there are not yet other poppy trees. Here great rocks stand up like sentinels—rocks shattered by earthquake and old-time terrors—still at their posts. Very frail is the poppy tree, and it would never reach maturity save for the little crabbed “white lilac” (*Ceanothus macrocarpus*), upon which it leans all the weight of its branches.

There is one mountain from which, looking seaward, bright hints of yellow may be caught on a little peak which rises all by itself a quarter



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MR. POLLEY AND HIS COMUS.

of a mile below. These are the gold stars of the *Leptosyne gigantea*, which grows nowhere else in the world—gold stars from a green fountain—a flower usually overhanging the sea on inaccessible rocks, and one which as yet has no common name. From its imposing situation it looks down upon rocks from which the Indians used to carve their pots; the markings of their implements seem quite fresh today, and the whole place roundabout is strewn with fragments of pots, some of them beautifully lichenized.

High above the low trees of sumach (rhus), holly (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) and oak (*Quercus dumosa*), which are all set like stiff bouquets of green here and there on the slopes, you see the stately *Lyonothamnus*—a tall, listening, aspiring tree like the pine; a tree so rare (found only on islands off the coast of Southern California) that there has been as



Commercial Eng. Co. CHILI COJOTE, 12 FEET HIGH.
(*Echinocystis fabacea*.)

yet no common name given it, and for the present *Lyonothamnus* it is for the tourist and botanist alike. Another day a tramp down to their abode will well repay you, for their haunts are exquisitely shaded; great ferns grow at their feet, and on the strings of their shredded bark the sea wind comes and plays. There is one grove to be remembered apart from all others. It cannot be seen from the ridge, as it is about five miles distant. Midway on a cliff of falling, snow-white stone it stands—stone covered with white lichens—and there, through a vista of hills, it watches the sunset, and catches the glow along with the snowy rocks.

If you visit the *Lyonothamnus* groves in June you may gather their white blossoms, and while you are at one of their midway stations—for they always stand high on slopes where they can have a fine view of the sea—you can soon drop down into a deep and narrow cañon to your right where thrive a grove of rare oaks, which have been found nowhere else save on Guadalupe Island, off the coast of Lower California (*Quercus tomentella*). It, too, will be in bloom, and the big acorns are many, deep in the fallen leaves; and cool is the little brown stream at its feet,



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QUERCUS TOMENTELLA.

a contented streamlet which trickles away, not knowing through what rare shade it flows.

And, too, if it be in June you walk the heights, the semblance of the light snow-storm will not be lacking, for miles and miles of slopes will be white with the bloom of holly and grease-wood (*Adenostoma fasciculatum*); and if you see not the rare poppy-tree, you will behold the shy, blushing *Eriogonum giganteum*, which grows nowhere else in all the world, but here stands bravely on rocky uplands, though a trifle abashed. And from many a jutting crag, against the silver frost-work of the Dusty Miller (*Ertophyllum Nevinii*) gold stars will show. This species is known only on this island and on San Clemente.

There is only one dogwood (*Comus*) on the island; and this lone specimen was discovered by Mr. Harry Polley, of Pasadena, five years ago.

From the heights all the sisters of Santa Catalina stand with purple robes about their dimpled shoulders, while the brothers of San Clemente, not so stern, perhaps, as sometimes they seem, move a step nearer and reach a friendly hand—little Santa Barbara, the home of the gulls, almost to be touched; San Miguel, afar and stretched at ease; and San Nicolás, as though dreaming under olden memories; Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz side by side.

If you are yet "in luck," and the day be clear, San Antonio and all his train, San Jacinto and all the coast heights to San Diego, will be before you.

If, leaving the trail, you follow the ridge across to the south side, you will pause upon toppling crags whose rocks now and then crash down more than 1500 feet into the sea below. In these strangely colored waters the brown "mermaid's hair" sways to and fro in company with the long sea weeds on the submerged rocks, and the gold-fish catch the glinting sunlight; and the fear of standing upon the crumbling edge is forgotten as you watch the underworld.

"The Salto Verde Country"—the "Land of the Green Leap"—what

is to be told of that? Volcanic and sun-burnt, the edge of old and splintered rocks, of riven cañons, of glaring lichens and of the rainbow cliffs. Here the oaks lie with outstretched arms on the ground, as in fear, not knowing what hour the work of the old ruin may begin. Only the young and thoughtless spring flowers lift up their heads fearlessly. On the rainbow cliffs the eagles build their great nests of drift-wood. There is the bark of the seals, for they have a home below; and now and then the plaintive cry of a kid. This is one of the homes of the goats; here they come up to you, and after regarding you with undisguised interest, turn back to their grazing or their play. Their trails are the best of trails in the wild Salto Verde.

There is a place (not in the Salto Verde country, but many miles distant) where hundreds of goats sleep at night. One moonlight night last winter, hearing a call, they woke and came down to see what was the matter, until finally hundreds and hundreds of little heads encircled me, staring first at me and then at one another; looking over each other's shoulders and crowding one another off the rocks to get a better view. Fear seemed to take hold upon them at last, and they began to run in a great circle, of a half mile, I suppose, usually pausing at each turn to get a look at me.

I have visited the same place by daylight and found the goats feeding all about and evidently quite as interested in me as ever, gathering about and looking at each other with their bright eyes, saying still "I can't make her out!"

Santa Catalina is at her best in

Rain and for and rain,
And mists that blow 't the wind.

When "cloud-towers" are built on every desolate peak and each trail becomes the bed of a stream, then it is that the ravines are difficult to climb, and one crouches behind some sheltering tree to await the passing of a band of goats far above, and shudders at the crash of the falling rocks. Treacherous indeed are the cliffs of Santa Catalina; the other day I came across a ledge which had fallen without warning, burying some goats beneath it, as exposed portions of their heads and bodies gave evidence.

That there are no trees on Santa Catalina Island is a common belief. But it is impossible to see a thing without going where it is; and the tourist seldom enters the abodes of the trees. He sees no more of the great cottonwoods (*Populus trichocarpus*), the mountain mahogany (*Cercocarpus panifolius*), the Lyonothamnus, the white oak (*Quercus tomentella*), the willow-leaved manzanita (*Arctostaphylos diversifolia*), than he does of the poppy-trees, the rare snap-dragon, the little green orchid or its tall relative which wears its heart on its—slipper! — (*Epipactis gigantea*.)

There are three falls which cut down 200 feet through rocks. There are long and winding cañons which, starting from "the ridge," end suddenly and leave you standing 500 feet above the sea. There are palisades more than a thousand feet high and of exquisite coloring. Now and then some wild and happy cañon or arroyo allows you to bear it company to the very sea-edge.

Loneliest of all is Silver Peak, at the extreme west end. While now and then someone finds his way to Black Jack or Orizaba, near the middle of the island, Silver Peak, rising beyond the Isthmus, at the other end from Avalon, has rarely a visitor. From the summit there have been awful leaps and crashes into the sea, and the old crater below is walled by lofty peaks. Desolate indeed it seems, upon making the ascent, with no touch of green but the lichen upon the rocks; yet winding down towards the crater several hundred feet below, three or four groves of Lyonothamnus trees are seen.

Rounding the crater, where the air is stifling and the stones hot from

the sun, following a goat trail down a cliff, against whose bruised feet far below the sea breaks, you come suddenly upon a "soft upland down." The Indians must have realized the charm of this protected spot, for going down the slope you come upon mounds of the sparkling abalone shells, which always have a tale to tell, and before you reach the sea your feet trip over the broken pots, and arrow-heads and rings lie about. On a bluff fifty feet above the beach you find a pestle projecting from a mound, on the rise beyond some curiously carved fragments, and so wherever you move some evidence of the people who lived their lives here in olden days, as we live ours now, with doubtless less of worry and more of real enjoyment. The Indians have left no reason for their going. It seems a long silence between the time when Cabrillo visited the island and found it inhabited, and the day when we come upon the broken pots and belongings which they left so suddenly.

As it is said this island rose at a single upheaval, so may it sink again; but what of it all? We put too much stress upon the day and hour in which we live. We forget that without the dust of the stars there would be no Milky Way.

"Be comforted; the world is very old,
And generations pass as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;
The world belongs to those who come the last."

Santa Catalina Island, Cal.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. I. y Maude.

FERN SPRING GRAND CANYON.





L. A. Eng. Co.

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Photos. by Pierce.

THE STAGE ROUTE, CATALINA AT THE SPRING, MOONLIGHT AT AVALON.

PURE NERVE.

BY ROBERT COWDEN.*



SEVERAL years ago I clipped from a narrative of brave exploits, written by Mr. Lummia, the following account of an adventure of which my old commander was the hero :

"An equally remarkable display of pure nerve was the exploit of Gen. Edward Bouton in a lonely pass in Southern California in 1879. A quiet, gentle-voiced, mild-mannered man, one would hardly suspect in him the reckless daring which won him distinction in some of the most desperate engagements of the civil war. It was he of whom General Sherman said in my hearing : 'He was the most daring

brigadier we had in the West.' The terrific artillery duel between Gen. Bouton's Chicago battery and two rebel batteries at Shiloh, and the desperate three hours at Guntown, Miss., when he and his brigade stood off the savage charges of nearly ten times as large a force, with a loss of nearly two-thirds of their number, will be remembered among the most gallant achievements of the great war.

"And the courage which does not depend on the inspiration of conflict and of numbers, is also his. In July, 1879, he had occasion to visit his great ranch in the wild San Geronimo Pass, Cal. The country was then infected with notorious Mexican and American bandits, and travelers went always armed. General Bouton and his partner were driving along the moonlit forest road when three masked men sprang suddenly from the bushes and thrust in their faces a double barreled shot-gun and two six-shooters, at the same time seizing the horses. It was understood that the general was carrying \$18,000 to buy a band of 9,000 sheep; and this the highwaymen were after. They made the travelers dismount, and fastened their arms behind them with chains, closing the links with a pair of pinchers. Another chain was similarly fastened about General Bouton's neck, and one of the desperadoes, a cocked revolver in hand, led him along by this, while the other two held shot-gun and revolver ready to shoot at the slightest resistance from the prisoners.

"So the strange procession started off—the highwaymen desiring to march their prisoners away from the road to some secluded spot where their bodies could be safely concealed. Their intention to rob and then murder—fully established by later developments—was perfectly understood by the captives; and the General decided that if he must die he would 'die trying.' As they trod the lonely path in silence he felt along the chain which secured his wrists—with utmost caution, lest the bandit behind with a cocked shot-gun should perceive his intent. Slowly and noiselessly he groped, till he found a link which was not perfectly closed; and putting all his strength into a supreme effort—but a guarded one—he wrenched the link still wider open and managed to unhook it. Without changing the position of his hands perceptibly, he began to draw his right cautiously up toward his hip pocket. Just as it rested on the "grip" of the small revolver concealed there, the highwayman behind saw what he was at, and with a shout threw the shot-gun to his shoulder. But before he could pull the trigger Bouton had snatched out his pistol, wheeled about, and shot him down. The desperado who was leading Bouton by the chain whirled around with his six-shooter at a level, but too late—a ball from the General's revolver dropped him dead. The third robber made an equally vain attempt to shoot the audacious prisoner, and was in turn laid low by the same unflinching aim. It was

* Late Lt. Col. Commanding 50th U. S. C. Inf.

lightning work and adamantine firmness—three shots in half as many seconds, and every shot a 'counter.' That was nerve, too."

The foregoing refers to General Edward Bouton, now of Los Angeles, Cal., under whose immediate command it was my fortune to serve four years during the late war for the Union; and I can testify to his possession of "nerve" and other qualities.

General Bouton is a lineal descendant of Sir Edward Boughton of Barchester, County of Warwick, England, who was baroneted Aug. 4th, 1641. In what generation the migration to America occurred is not known to me; but it was long before the war of the Revolution. General Bouton's grandfather, Daniel Bouton, distinguished himself for skill and bravery in the command of Connecticut volunteers and received a wound at Bunker Hill, and the notice and plaudits of Commander-in-chief Washington at Stonington; and his father also served the country well in the war of 1812. His maternal grandfather, Moses Hindsdale, rendered valuable service in the Revolutionary War by the manufacture of 100 cannon for the colonial troops, from metal mined, smelted, and cast by himself—for which he received nothing, because of the inability of the infant government to pay.

Early in the late war for the Union, General Bouton, then a commission merchant in Chicago, organized a battery of light artillery, which always, among soldiers, bore his name, "Bouton's Battery," but was officially known as *Battery "F" First Regiment Illinois Light Artillery*. This battery distinguished itself all through the war from the battle of Pittsburg Landing, its initial engagement, to those of Nashville and Franklin, three years later. General Bouton commanded his battery in person, from the first, until his promotion, and here first attracted the attention of his superiors.

Early in May, 1863, General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant General of the U. S. Army, landed in Memphis, Tenn., with orders direct from President Lincoln for the organization of colored troops, six regiments of which were wanted from this point. The order to organize them was dated the 4th of May. In consultation with General Thomas on the one hand, and with his six Division Commanders on the other, General Stephen A. Hurlbut, Comdg. Dept. of W. Tenn. and North Miss., made choice of Captain Bouton (at that time chief of the Artillery of the Fifth Division of the Sixteenth Army Corps, Sherman's old Shiloh division), to command one of these regiments.

It was understood that General Sherman entertained misgivings as to the measure itself and was loath to lose General Bouton from a service in which he had shown such capability, but admitted that, if any one could make soldiers of negroes it was Bouton. General Marcy, Inspector General of the U. S. Army, less than two years later, after a thorough personal inspection, pronounced three of the colored regiments in General Bouton's command, "in drill, discipline, and military bearing equal to any in the service, regular or volunteer."

One of General Bouton's best achievements, which I have not seen in print, but which did not escape the eye of his superiors, occurred on the 13th of July, 1864, only one month after the disaster to our troops at Guntown, Miss., when in command of about 4,500 men, white and colored, he made a march of twenty-two miles in one day, from Pontotoc to Tupelo, Miss., guarding a heavy train of 300 wagons, and fighting in the same time four distinct battles, each successful, and against superior odds. Generals A. J. Smith and Joseph Mower, commanding Corps and Divisions respectively, declared this achievement unsurpassed within their knowledge.

But it was not alone in the sanguinary struggle on the field that General Bouton's qualities shone. He was equally capable in the administration of affairs.

Memphis, an important river port, and geographically central to a

large and wealthy cotton-growing country, was a point not easily controlled to the satisfaction of the general government and in the interest of the people. After many failures and losses, and when confusion and distrust had long run riot, General Bouton was appointed Provost Marshal of the city, which made him, for the time, dictator in affairs military and civil, including all trade privileges and care of abandoned property of which there was much; prisons, scouts, detectives, the police and sanitary regulation of the city,—in short everything in and immediately about the city. He soon introduced order; collected and disbursed monies; paid off the heavy past indebtedness and current expenses; and at the end of six months handed the government of the city over to the newly-elected municipal officers and turned over several thousand dollars to the special fund of the war department.

While Bouton was yet Provost Marshal of Memphis, Col. Sam Tate, of the rebel army, came in to take the prescribed oath of allegiance. Having done this he expressed a desire to recover control of the Memphis and Charleston railroad of which he was President. The government no longer needing the road for military purposes, General Bouton drew up a plan or agreement at the suggestion of John E. Smith, by which not only this but other southern roads in this section were finally returned to their owners. One of the principal stipulations in the agreement was that no claim be made against the government for the use of, or for damage to, said roads while they were being used for military purposes. All parties in interest of the companies having signed the agreement, General Bouton proceeded in person to New Orleans and to Nashville and secured the approvals of Generals Canby and Thomas, Department Commanders. Col. Tate then went to Washington to complete with General Grant, the Secretary of War, and the Quarter Master General, arrangements for the transfer of the property.

No sooner had he done this than he presented a claim against the government, which President Johnson, an old friend of his, ordered paid. Enemies of President Johnson charged that he received a part of this money; and during the impeachment trial desired General Bouton's evidence on the contract. But at the suggestion of General Grant he never appeared, and soon after went to California, where he has ever since lived. After Johnson's death it was developed that he (Johnson) had not received a dollar of Tate's money.

In the spring of 1866 General Bouton declined a colonelcy in the regular army, the acceptance of which, in the regular order of promotions, would have brought him, by this time, very high. Although recommended by Generals Grant and Sherman, and very warmly endorsed by Generals A. J. Smith and Mower, he preferred to return to civil life.

General Sherman's estimate of General Bouton was tersely expressed in the following language not long before my last handshake with the aged hero. Said he: "I think well of General Bouton. I always found him the right man in the right place. He is an honest, modest, brave, true soldier, and capable of filling any position he will accept."

I last saw General Sherman at a reception in Columbus, Ohio, during the Grand Encampment of 1888. In order to insure quick recognition I said on taking his hand: "Bouton's Battery." Instantly he straightened up, while the old-time fire flashed in his eye as he said, giving me an extra warm shake: "Bouton's Battery? I remember it well. Splendid battery!" Those were his last words in my hearing, and with those words I would close this recital.

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 J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

It is hoped that all who can arrange for an outing so short and so interesting will attend the centennial services at the Mission of San Fernando, which was founded Sept. 8, 1797. The celebration has been set for Sept. 9th, Admission Day, as more people will be able to leave the city on a legal holiday. The Landmarks Club will run an excursion, leaving the Arcade depot at 3 P.M., and returning at 9 P.M. Full particulars will be given in the daily papers.

Visitors will have an opportunity to see the fine old Mission in its decay, to note the amount of work the Club has on hand in repairing this colossal pile, and to observe that the undertaking is already under way. There will be appropriate and interesting exercises. All members of the Club are especially urged to attend and to bring along all the friends they can persuade.

The Club has, up to date, raised a little over \$2500 in cash and material for the preservation of our historic landmarks. With about \$1500 of this it has made good the beautiful ruins of San Juan Capistrano, so that when the 200th anniversary of that Mission comes (in 1976) there will be something to hold a celebration over. The preserved buildings will remain to that day about as they are now, barring some great cataclysm.

The \$1000 on hand will pay for about half the work that must be done at San Fernando, so there is \$1000 still to be raised. The Club trusts that friends of the good work will not delay in sending their subscriptions.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$2492.56.

New contributions: Prof. Chas. C. Bragdon, Prest. Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., \$25; Chas. Howard Shinn and wife, Niles, Cal., \$5; Bertrand E. Taylor, Boston, Mass., \$4.

\$1 each: Horace Everett, Miss Gertrude B. Everett, Philadelphia; Miss Daggett, South Pasadena, Cal.



It is not probable that the Klondyke will "pan out" a second California. There are bonanzas there—I saw thousands of ounces of the "dust"—but thus far nothing like the output of our placers in the same length of time in '48. But if the present excitement survives winter, the spring may very easily witness a gold-rush unprecedented in history. In '49 the United States had not only not half the population, but not half the proportion of discontents it has today. We never had before so vast a horde, relatively, ready to run after some new promise—and never before, be it whispered, such a percentage of citizens we could so easily spare.

Such a migration would not "weigh up" to that of '49 in character, for obvious reasons; and it would not have as "easy sledging." Thousands of the unfit were wrecked by the relatively trivial exposures of mining life in California; on the rim of the Arctic circle the suffering will be inconceivably greater. Of the thousands who within a month have started for the Klondyke, not one half are fit by nature or by training for the awful hardships they must face. If the rush becomes a great one, it will be the most wholesale tragedy in Anglo-Saxon history. Meantime there is more gold in California, and tenfold easier to get. In '48 \$5,000,000 sufficed to stampede half the civilized world. Today a million has started a similar fever. And California, year in and year out, quietly mines seventeen millions or so of gold and it doesn't stir a flutter. Which shows how much less attractive two birds in the hand are than one in the bush—and that one may be stuffed.

Stephen M. White has perhaps as clear a mind as any man in the U. S. Senate; certainly a larger share of cool common sense than most of his associates in that body. In fact he is one of the few Senators towards whom a tired American turns with relief—a sturdy figure untouched by the general discredit into which our upper house has fallen; unsmirched by scandal, unstamped by the herd; clear and clean and forceful. His article in the *Forum* on Hawaiian annexation increases the public indebtedness to him, and should be read by every thoughtful American. The sinfulness, the tyranny and the folly of this mad attempt to start our nation on a career of foreign robbery (as we all know annexation is, when England practices it), are set forth in a way to remind one anew of the difference between a statesman and a politician.

John Brisben Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is not half a bad sort of a rich man. Some of his hobbies may rock hard and not go far; but he is liberal and earnest for truth. His new endowment of the "Cosmopolitan University," wherein all the world may grow wise by mail, will be watched with interest. There are no fees. Anybody can write a letter who will, and be answered by "the brightest minds in the country." Mr. Walker will wisely let the other fellows read the correspondence; and with his generosity there is no doubt he will be ready with the asylum his professors will need after a year or two. And now if some millionaire would but found a university to teach people *not* to write!

NO MENACE

TO REAL

LIBERTY.

Freedom of speech is a good thing to preserve. It is also a good thing not to be silly about. There is little need of saying that the Lion does not love muzzles—but neither does he believe in incontinence of the mouth. The row over President Andrews is mostly hysterics. He is no martyr for conscience sake; no victim of those who are so sinful as to have money. The logic of the case is very simple. No church or college or board of trade or other corporate body in free America is obliged to wear a head that quarrels with the rest of the members. A man has a right to believe in polygamy, slavery, state rights, free whiskey, free love and free silver. He may be correct, and we may be wrong; but if the church to which he ministers or the college of which he is president believes these things to be vicious, it not only is entitled but is in honor bound to see that he does not advocate these things and keep his position at the same time. If he is any part of a man, he will feel this fitness without waiting to be told. If free silver was too heaven-sent a truth for Mr. Andrews to close his mouth upon, he had only one course open in fine honesty—to resign his official position and make his crusade on his own feet. The regents of Brown did a simple duty. They are not appointed to make elbow room for one man to think he thinks, but to protect the best interests of several hundred college boys at that formative age when the influence of their president is a serious agent. We curtail the "freedom" of indecent and profane speech; seditious speech is not wholly untrammelled; and there is no danger that Freedom would shriek or Kosciusko's bronze be downcast if we were to circumscribe fool speech a little.

ONE

OFFICE

TOO MANY.

The office of Indian agent for the Pueblos of New Mexico should be abolished. It carries no power whatever to help its wards—who are, by the way, not reservation Indians but citizens of the United States, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—and it does nothing whatever except to harm and worry them and pay some one a salary. The new incumbent—an army officer and therefore probably a gentleman—has the zeal of a new broom, and its tendency to sweep the furniture out of doors. When he has been longer in office he will know more—if he cares to learn. He is just now fulminating against the Pueblo dances, which are part of their religion, and molesting some of the missionaries who know more about the Pueblos and have done more for them than he will ever know or do. If intruders in the villages are sent out of town during certain ceremonials, it is within the province of the government to see that the Indians do not abuse their right to secrecy. In a word, excesses can be dealt with, but there is no law to prevent the peaceful Pueblos from holding their harmless sacred dances. Capt. Nordstrom will do well to go slowly in his zeal. And to remember, too, that so much bigger an official as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was beaten and discredited in an attempt to bulldoze and coerce Pueblos into keeping their children in the malodorous Albuquerque Indian School for which the new Captain is now so zealous. If they prefer to send their children to the clean and competent Santa Fé school maintained by Mother Drexel, he will find that they are legally competent to do so.

LOVE'S

LABOR

LOST.

It is a pity that Prof. Libby of Princeton should have discouraged definitive exploration of the Enchanted Mesa—that great New Mexico cliff which Indian tradition asserts was once the home of the Acomas—by making his reconnaissance in such a loose fashion that it proves nothing. His report is not an expert opinion. His conclusion may be right, but we shall not know until some one else does the work over and in a way to carry conviction.



Incredulous as unpredestined scribblers may be, there was never a time when worthy work was so sure of swift welcome as now. Editors and publishers alike hunger and thirst after new blood, so only it be good. And their appetite is not a whit keener than the critic's. He, if anyone, has a right to rejoice at every new escape from the tiresome average. As it is, he must read, and deal honestly with his readers about, so much which demands scolding, that he is in danger of undignified joy over every fair excuse for praising.

It is a sweet and fresh and charming story of modern Greece IN MODERN GREECE. that George Horton tells us in *Constantine*—a charming book and a touching one, and withal full of interesting insight into the modes of thought and life of the Greeks as they are. The author knows his ground well—better than the tourist ever knows anything—and loves it, and knows how to tell of it very entertainingly. Of constructive skill, too, the book has not a little; and a technical imperfection here and there does not interfere at all with the pleasure of a story which is very human and sane, as well as excellently told. There is room for much more of this sort of novel-writing amid our turgid flood of incompetent and dark-brown-tasting books. Chicago, Way & Williams, \$1.25.

A pretty little book—and Doxey's output always stands comparison with Eastern publications—Laura Bride Powers's *Missions of California* is after all a pity. MADE TO SELL. Excellent photo-engravings show most of the Missions as they were at sometime unknown to her; and the text is earnest and tolerably traverses the ground which has been covered so many scores of times before. There is nothing new—worse, there is nothing quite adequate to so large and dignified a topic, one of the worthiest in California.

The "years of research" which the author claims show no more than a skimming of Bancroft, not always carefully, and without anything whereby to "check" him. There are many blunders in spelling, to say nothing of rather startling rhetoric; but this is less important than complete lack of understanding of history and of the Mission genius. Seriously, it is time we had some competent treatment of one of the most picturesque and inspiring episodes in North American history.

If Mrs. Powers's book shall lead one careless sinner to repent and aid in preserving these old buildings, much may be forgiven her. There is a certain humor, however, in finding her unaware that the most important of the Missions *are being* preserved by Californians who do not stop with sighing. The Landmarks Club, incorporated for this precise purpose, gives Mrs. Powers to know by these presents that it has safeguarded San Juan Capistrano for a century to come; that it is now collecting money to do the same by San Fernando; and that it will acknowledge and apply to the best advantage whatever amount her zeal for the Missions figures up. The book is published by Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. \$1.25.

A GOOD
STORY-
TELLER.

A charming little romance is Opie Read's *Bolanyo*, its fluent story and genuine color of the dreamy old Mississippi town coming with distinct gratefulness amid the artifices and unrealities of so much of the novel-market. Mr. Read, in the first place, of course knows his South; and in the second, he has the pleasant gift of telling a story, instead of going through rhetorical acrobatics. He does not "crowd" either his sentiment or his humor; both are unaffected and unforced; and as for his style, it never falls into a fever. *Bolanyo* is stirring enough, but at the same time, it is graceful, and whatever its constructive faults, the story leaves a good taste in the mouth. Way & Williams, Chicago, \$1.25.

AND
ONE
OTHER'S.

Many will quarrel with *One Man's View*, and some will not; for, after all, our vision depends less upon our eyes than upon what is back of them—colored by our feelings and limited by our prejudices. Whether a man shall love a wife who has run away with another man, must depend upon his own constitution and the case. Perhaps the problem might be easier if it involved a less wooden lady than "Mamie." For there is less question about how a man should tell a story; and Leonard Merrick's handling of a not wholly hopeless plot seems needlessly unsympathetic. The characters and the situations are unwarmed by any glow, and I cannot like so cold-blooded pages. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.00.

A STREAK
OF
HOPE.

Here's wishing well to the exonerated *Overland*! It is rid of the gentleman who has for two or three years made every educated Californian blush; who bought and kept the magazine for a life-preserver of his rejected manuscripts and a slap in the face of modesty. He has gone to a field for which Americans long ago ceased to blush—our consular service.

There is room on the Coast for just as many magazines as can be magazines. Among such as work for truth and for the West there is no rivalry. The *Overland* will have to live down its wildman reputation, but there is one consolation. It cannot be worse than it was; therefore it should be better. And we hope it will.

STRAY
LEAVES.

Dr. Matthews, the scientific apostle of the Navajos, is a man not too proud to learn. It will please him to discover in the Boston *Literary World* that his aborigines are given to "dog-paintings."

There is only one complete collection in America of the original Cramoisy edition of the *Jesuit Relations*; and to pick up even one of the forty volumes means a fortune. The Burrows (Cleveland, O.) reprint of all these fascinating chronicles of the seventeenth century in Canada gives American book-lovers their first chance to possess what is so important to our history, and so delightful as mere reading. There are to be 750 numbered sets, admirably printed, with the original text and exact translations.

The *Critic*, which has been Miss Harraden's next friend in America, is obliged to confess to a very shabby estimate of her *Hilda Strafford*. It is not California; and the *Critic* thinks it is not art.

Among the latest issues of Rand, McNally & Co.'s paper-covered novels at 25 cents each are *For Another's Sin*, by Bertha M. Clay; *Prince Charlie's Daughter*, by Bertha M. Clay; and Mrs. Henry Wood's *Danesbury House*.

Fifty Songs of Love is an interesting collection of poems by many authors, handsomely issued, and adapted to fill a long-felt want among the always numerous class susceptible. Dodge Book & Stationery Co., San Francisco, 75 cents.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



Davis Eng. Co.

TERMINAL ISLAND BEACH AND WHARF,

Photo. by W. J. Cox.



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A PICNIC FOR THE CHILDREN—SANTA MONICA.

Stanton, Photo.



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ALONG SHORE, SANTA CATALINA.

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IN THE SURF, REDONDO.

Photo. by Witte.



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YACHTING OFF LONG BEACH.

Photo by C. M. Brickey.

SANTA BARBARA.

BY FRANK A. BLAKE.

Where summer seas with ling'ring ebb caress the verdant vale,
And Flora with a lavish hand decks mountain, hill and dale;
Where bowered homes dot oak-clad hills that kiss the azure skies,
There, "Queen of the Pacific," lovely Santa Barbara lies.



WHETHER it is attributable to the salubrity of her climate, or to the annual Flower Carnival she originated in California, and which other cities have also adopted; to the loveliness of the scenery by which she is surrounded, or, though last not least, to the well known beauty of her stately women, is a matter for individual taste to determine; but certain it is, that the fame of Santa Barbara as an all-the-year-round pleasure resort is becoming more and more widely diffused. Perhaps the "globe trotters" who hibernate there should receive partial credit for this, as Santa Barbara is usually included in their itinerary, and thus the news is spread that a veritable Eden is to be found on the shores of the Pacific.

Approaching by sea or land, the city bursts suddenly into view, and is picturesque in the extreme, being surrounded on all sides (save that fronting the ocean) by wooded hills, that, rising at the water's edge, slope with gentle undulations backward and upward, till their terraced heights become blended with the Santa Ynez mountains, whose serrated peaks outlined against the clear blue sky, are a sheltering aegis to the Arcadian scene below.

Santa Barbara, known also as the "Channel City," is easy of access, being connected with the outside world by the Southern Pacific railway, while those who prefer to travel by sea can gratify their tastes, as the Pacific Coast Steamship Company maintains a fleet of well equipped



L. A. Eng. Co.

SANTA BARBARA BAY AND BOULEVARD.

Photo. by Maude.

vessels running between San Francisco and San Diego, which touch at Santa Barbara every other day, going north or south.

It is not proposed in this short article to enter into a description of the founding of Santa Barbara, and of the establishment there of a Mission by those noble and self-sacrificing pioneers of christianity, the Franciscan Monks, over 100 years ago (which, it may be stated in passing is largely attended by devout worshipers at the present time, and is considered to be the best preserved of all the old missions) as that has been done before many times, and by able writers.

With the advent of the railroad came a new era, and Santa Barbara, like the century plants that abound in her vicinity, awoke from dreamy repose and burst into full bloom as an active, wide-awake city.



L. A. Eng Co YACHT OLGA, OFF SANTA BARBARA. By Newton, Santa Barbara.

Streets were graded and paved; fine business blocks now stand where the Mission Indian built his humble home; handsome residences sprung up in every direction; a boulevard eighty feet wide and lined on either side by spreading palms, was constructed at great expense along the ocean front, marking the limit of Neptune's realm; and electric cars now run through the city where the patient little mules, we all remember so well, used to strain, and tug, and pull, till from sheer exhaustion they would come to a standstill, and the driver once more would request the passengers to get off and push to give them a fresh start.

Public schools are numerous and well attended, the high school

being considered one of the best in the State. Almost every religious denomination is represented, each apparently vying with the other in the beauty and comfort of their churches. Three daily papers are published, containing the Associated Press dispatches; and people can have the news of the outer world served up with breakfast. There are two national banks, and one commercial bank in the city, all of which do a large business. Some of the stores are quite metropolitan in their dimensions, and will be found replete with everything the most fastidious could desire.

The well known Arlington Hotel, renovated and remodeled, is now presided over by mine host Dun; than whom no better Boniface exists. Across the street from the Arlington our attention is attracted by what appears to be a Japanese tea house, with two large palm trees shaking hands across the entrance, and I suppose typifying the welcome



Nassard-Collier Eng. Co.

SANTA BARBARA BATHING PAVILION.

Photo. by Rogers.

that will be accorded within. This is appropriate, for upon investigation, it turns out to be a real estate office, and who has a more cordial welcome for patrons—with shekels—than a real estate man.

The Cottage Hospital situated in the Oak Park, in the northwest part of the city, is worthy of especial mention. Here patients are surrounded by every comfort and luxury that money can procure, and attended by physicians of wide repute. Cheerful, airy, well ventilated rooms, and a corps of trained nurses, who must pass a rigid examination to qualify for the position, have rescued many from the attenuated gentleman with the scythe and hour glass, and nursed them back to health, and let us hope, happiness. In the death of Dr. Richard Hall, which occurred recently, the Cottage Hospital suffered an irreparable loss, and Santa Barbara will long mourn for one who endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, while the noble profession of surgery to which he was devoted and which he so highly adorned, has lost one of its brightest ornaments.

Strolling down State street, and at the corner of Ortega, our attention

is arrested by a fine, four-story brick and stone business block, recently completed for Mr. Joel A. Fithian, a wealthy and enterprising gentleman from the East, who realizing the growing importance of Santa Barbara, has made heavy investments there and in the adjoining Montecito and Carpenteria valleys. This building, with its fine toned cathedral bells, is one of which the city may feel proud. The Santa Barbara Club, on Figueroa street, an important factor in social "functions," is prosperous and popular as ever, and no visitor to the city who is fortunate enough to obtain a card to this club will forget its hospitality.

A fine bath-house (designed by the rising young architect, Mr. Francis W. Wilson, and for which he was awarded first prize) is shortly to be erected by public subscription, on the site of the old one at the west end of the Plaza del mar, at a cost of \$12,000. Not only will it be an orna-



A SANTA BARBARA ROSE BUSH.

ment, but it will supply a "long felt want" for it is to contain a large swimming bath with the usual accessories; and hot salt water baths can always be had by those desiring them.

The "Channel City," while always glad to welcome, has no longer to depend upon the tourist for support. The climate and soil having proved favorable for the cultivation of citrus and deciduous fruits, thousands of acres in the surrounding country have within the past few years been planted to lemon and orange trees, which formerly were cultivated in but a desultory manner; while olives and walnuts, equally, if not more profitable, are now raised extensively, the former in the Montecito, and the latter in the Carpenteria valleys, both places being tributary to Santa Barbara. Large packing-houses have been built and a cannery will doubtless soon be established. The two lumber companies

have all they can do to supply the demand for building material; the Alcatraz Asphalt Company employ an army of men at their immense asphaltum works; and from present appearances the population of nine thousand will be largely augmented before the next census is taken.

Any description of Santa Barbara would be incomplete without mention of the Montecito valley—that “Vale of Tempe” of America, which nestles in the foothills about three miles east from the city. It can be reached by many pretty roads, but the best way is by the main county road, now kept nicely sprinkled, or by the boulevard which skirts the ocean and joins the other at the cemetery, the dividing line between the two valleys. Here let us pause while we brush aside the tears that fond memories evoke. For we are now standing on the threshold of an earthly, as it surely is of the heavenly Paradise, and no more befitting place could be selected for the last resting place of our



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE QUARTERS OF THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Photo. by Rogers.

loved and honored dead than here, where bright sunshine woos the flowers into perennial bloom, and the mighty ocean chants an Eternal Requiem.

The valley is only about three miles in length, by from one and a half to two miles in breadth, but it makes up in beauty what it lacks in size. Here a landscape unfolds itself of such surpassing loveliness that my feeble pen can only hint at its beauty. Could an artist happily catch and transfer to canvas the variegated tints that here greet the eye, he would obtain imperishable fame. Tropical luxuriance surrounds us on all sides, and exotic plants bloom as though indigenous to the soil. Vineyards and olive orchards climb the steep; orange groves glittering with “golden apples of the Hesperides,” whose fragrant blossoms perfume the air, are everywhere in view; while feathered warblers sing

joyously to Him who marks the sparrow's fall. Dame Nature seems to have set this one spot of earth aside for her very own botanic garden, and no one will dispute the exquisite taste of the selection.

It would be strange indeed if homes did not spring up rapidly here, and now stately mansions and vine-clad villas add picturesqueness to the scene. The Hot Springs Hotel nestles in a mountain glen, looking from its lofty elevation like a Swiss chalet, and marks the spot where Sulphur Springs gush from the rocks at a temperature of 118 degrees. These springs possess great curative qualities and were patronized by the Indians in the dim and distant past, as a panacea for every earthly ill. This valuable property belongs to Mr. Edwin Sawyer, a gentleman of culture whose lovely and hospitable home is situated about a mile from the springs.

Where till recently everyone was his own architect, marvelous and bewildering styles are to be expected; but for the unique, the Country Club is unrivaled. Situate within a stone's-throw of the water, to which its well kept lawns gently slope, a colonnade extends along the entire front of the building, open between the wings to permit a view of the tennis court, where stalwart athletes measure rackets every afternoon. Graceful Ionic columns support the roof and impart the appearance of a Grecian temple. The interior decorations and arrangements are artistic and complete, and in harmony with the classic exterior. Upon the reading-room tables, can be found all the current literature of the day, while the walls are adorned with trophies of the chase. Here Santa Barbara society assembles to witness the prowess of its champions at games, which if not Olympic, are to modern taste at least quite as interesting.

Anyone who has experienced the hospitality of the Country Club must indeed cherish pleasant recollections, and the members are to be congratulated that their lots have been cast amid such delightful surroundings.



THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.



GENERAL VIEW OF GLENDORA.

Massey-Collier Eng Co.

BEAUTEOUS GLENDORA.

IT WAS a happy as well as loving thought which prompted the founder of the colony, Geo. D. Whitcomb, to combine the beauty of the location with the name of one dear to himself.

From the position of his ranch home at the mouth of a "Glen in the mountains," and the pet name of his wife, "Dora" (Leadora), came the desire to adopt the pleasing musical name, "Glendora."



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co.
"Kregemont" Residence on C. E. Kregelo's Orange and Lemon Orchard.



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co. "Glen-Dora" Residence of Geo. D. Whitcomb.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. "Englewild," Residence of J. P. Englehart.

The location of Glendora is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, even as compared with the many "best spots" in the famously glorious San Gabriel valley, of which Glendora is about the center. The settlement proper embraces four square miles, with a population of about five hundred. Part of this is platted as a town. The sides of well graded streets and by-ways are planted with the graceful and evergreen pepper tree, so large as to nearly meet their branches in the center of the wide avenues, and giving cooling shade throughout the hottest day. It is preëminently a place of pleasant homes and well-to-do cultured people. It is twenty-eight miles eastward from Los Angeles, on the Santa Fé route, to Glendora station. About one-quarter of a mile northward lies the commercial center of the settlement, stores and postoffice.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of J. H. Odell.



Maasard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of D. A. Cole.

Land-holdings generally however range from five to forty acres, at present with about 1250 acres under cultivation, planted to orange, lemon, peach, apricot and olive trees. Most of the orchards are young and just coming into profitable bearing. So prolific, however, is the soil and climatic conditions for vigorous growth, that in the season of 1896-'97, there was shipped from Glendora station 100 cars of oranges and lemons of superior quality, together with 10 cars of dried fruits, as also large daily shipments, by express, of various kinds of small fruits.

The packing and lemon-curing house of the "A. C. G. Lemon Association" is located near the railroad station. Most of the settlers belong to the association and market their orange and lemon crop through its



Maasard-Collier Eng. Co.

Residence of A. C. Stower.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. taken 1898

Avenue Dividing "Englewild" and "Kregemont" Orange and Lemon Orchards.

hands. Glendora oranges and lemons now rate in Eastern markets as A 1, and bring not only the top-notch price, but a premium besides. This is due not only because of the superior location of Glendora for citrus fruits, but to the care bestowed in packing, uniform quality, size and curing under the supervision of the association's experts.

The colony lands slope gently from the base of the mountains southward. The soil is perfectly decomposed granite next to the mountains, to a sandy loam lower in the valley. As all of this soil is of close texture it holds moisture remarkably well, but still works to perfection with the greatest of ease.

As much of the Glendora settlement is at an altitude of 900 feet, and within the foothill range, tender plants, such as the tomato, are never



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Six-year-old Orange Orchard.



Mausard, Collier Eng. Co.

Thos. Kamphefner, J. H. Odell, A. C. Stower, F. E. Odell—Mercantile Co.

injured by frost, and the tenderest growth on orange and lemon trees has never been affected by cold. Choice tropical plants thrive throughout the year.

The annual rainfall (as per State rain gauge), owing to the topography of the mountains and adjacent hills, averages twenty-five per cent greater than at most points in Southern California, varying from six-



Glendora Public School.

teen to sixty inches, with an average of twenty-four inches, and much greater in the near-by mountains. At present the main supply which furnishes water to the town, Southern California Railway Co., and to lands adjacent to the town, comes from the "Big Dalton Cañon" and springs which have been developed by tunneling. This water is brought from the cañon through 12 inch cement pipe, one and three-quarters mile



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Glendora Christian Church.

long, to reservoir at the foot of the mountain, just above the town, and is distributed through thirteen miles of iron pipes to the consumers. The cañon has one of the best and most reliable wet weather streams, with a water-shed of forty square miles. During the dry season the supply of water from this cañon is not sufficient for the land depending upon it for irrigation, but by increasing the storage capacity for impounding a portion of the winter flow, an abundant supply can be secured, not only for the land now depending on this source, but for all other land in the colony likewise. New settlers with only limited capital at their command more often prefer to purchase land in a locality where the price is within their means, and where some

water is available, with fair prospects ahead in the near future for suffi-



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Glendora Methodist Episcopal Church.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Glendora Station, Santa Fe Route.

cient supply for all needs. Most of the settlers own their water, obtained from springs (natural and developed) in the mountains. Still, a more generous supply of water is needed, so as to make sure of plenty during extra dry seasons. As the sections east and west of Glendora have use for all the water developed, Glendora must depend upon its own resources for additional supply. The most important question is how to accomplish this.

Here, as well as in other localities in Southern California, the "Wright Act" is not looked upon as the most reliable and advantageous step to supply this need. Generally, thoughtful, conservative men regard this way out of the difficulty as a possible costly experiment.

The U. S. Government, through its experts, advise the storage plan, wherever possible, coupled with coöperative individual ownership by the settlers, or under control by county or State, so as to make the burden as light as possible.

Glendora colony supports a "Christian church" of strong and constantly growing membership. The Methodist Episcopal church also has a church of its own.

The public school affords excellent educational facilities. Socially, a more intelligent, cultured and generous-hearted people one seldom finds, and as they are materially "well fixed," it is but laudable that they should desire only similar settlers as neighbors and co-workers to the advancement of Glendora.*



* For more detailed information address Glendora Land and Water Co., Kamphefner & Co., A. C. Stomer, N. P., J. H. Odell, D. A. Cole, J. P. Engelhart, C. E. Kreglo.
See Items of Interest.

A PROMISING LOCALITY.



THE seven southern counties of California have been so extensively advertised throughout the country, by our energetic and enterprising citizens and commercial bodies, that some Eastern people have no doubt acquired the idea that there is little inducement for settlement north of the Tehachapi range of mountains. This idea is a great mistake, and no such claim is made by liberal minded citizens of Southern California. While they maintain that Southern California is the cream of the State, yet they are not blind to the fact that the entire State, from Siskiyou to San Diego, possesses advantages and attractions that are found in no other section of the country. In addition to this, it is recognized that land in Central and Northern California as a rule is offered at much lower rates than are asked in the southern counties, not because the soil and climate are so much inferior, but because the development of the southern section has been much more rapid, and has attracted more purchasers.

Among the counties of Northern California which offer great inducements to industrious settlers is Tehama, a fertile section of the State, of which little is known on the outside, even by Californians. It is a large county, containing 3125 square miles, being consequently nearly half as large as the State of New Jersey. Much of the area of the country is composed of mountains and foothills, between which are about 170,000 acres of fertile valleys. The Sacramento river flows through the valley from north to south. Numerous streams flow east into that river.

Tehama has practically no winter. The mean annual temperature is 63 degrees. The climate of Red Bluff, the county seat, is much like that of Riverside, over 300 miles to the south. This is something which Eastern people find a difficulty in comprehending. The explanation is that the climate of California does not vary from north to south, but from east to west, as the distance from the ocean increases. The average rainfall of the county is 26 inches. Tehama is one of the counties of California in which there has never been a failure of cereal crops. The grain product is very large. Immense crops of alfalfa are raised, one ranch alone producing 20,000 tons a year, with four crops. Deciduous and citrus fruits are also raised, the former on a large scale, carloads of green fruit being shipped to the East every season, while large quantities are dried and canned. The largest wine vineyard in the world is at Vina, in this county, containing 4,000 acres, with storage vaults covering two acres. The county is a favorite dairy and stock section. About 2 500,000 pounds of wool are shipped annually. There is a belt of fine timber in the mountains, where several large saw-mills are located from which the product is conveyed to the county seat by means of what are known as "V" flumes.

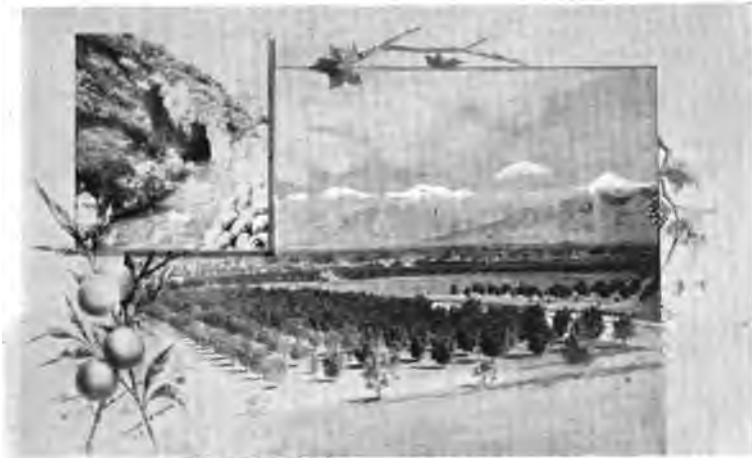
Red Bluff, the county seat, situated on the banks of the Sacramento river, contains a population of about 4,000. It has fine county buildings, excellent hotels, two banks, two daily papers, good schools and churches. There is a large cannery, roller flouring mill of 100 barrels capacity, an extensive sash and door factory, creameries and a number of business blocks.

Only six miles distant from these facilities is one of the most attractive and promising settlements of the county, known as Bend Colony. Many families have already settled here, most of whom have erected good

residences, while all have improved their land. Over 300 acres are now planted with fruit trees, of which 200 acres are in bearing. There is a school-house on the colony, in which school is held during nine months of the year. There is also a postoffice, a store and other conveniences for settlers.

The colony is supplied with an abundance of pure mountain water. The mountain scenery is grand in the extreme. Capped with perpetual snow Mt. Shasta rises to the north 14,442 feet above sea level. On the east the great wall of the Sierra Nevada protects the valley from the hot winds and chilly blasts of the East, while to the west is the less lofty but picturesque Coast Range.

The rich alluvial soil, of a deep, black, sandy loam, with a second bottom of clay loam, is wonderfully fertile. There is no hardpan, alkali, or adobe to vex the tiller of the soil. The gradual slope of the land insures good drainage, while there is no danger of overflow. An abundance of live-oak, cottonwood, alder and sycamore timber not only adds



Behre Photo. Eng. Co.

A TYPICAL COLONY.

Alverson, Design.

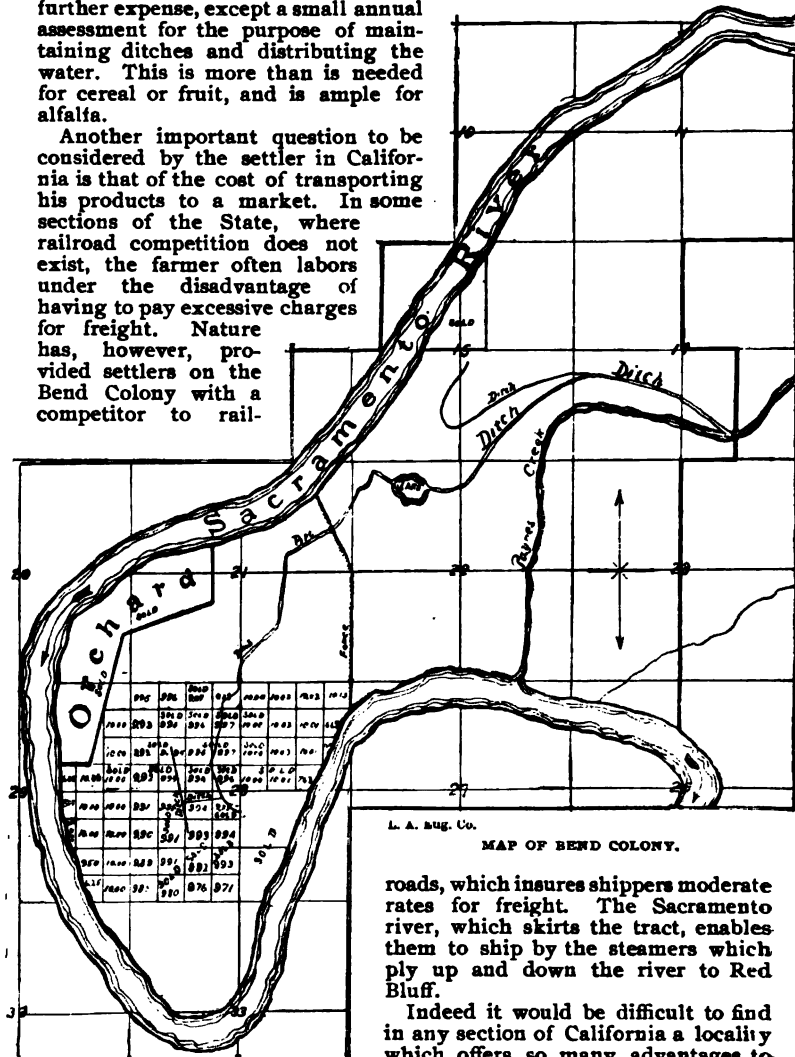
to the picturesqueness of the tract, giving it a park-like appearance, but also furnishes the settler with all the fuel needed.

Growing side by side, on this colony may be seen orange, peach, pear, citron and other trees, all flourishing without any artificial protection during the winter. The land is specially adapted to the growth of walnuts, almonds, figs, prunes, peaches and grapes, while on the more elevated portions of the tract extra choice apples are raised. The orange and olive thrive here in the foothills as well as in any other section of the State. As to general agriculture, there is no choicer region in California, or one where that great forage crop, alfalfa, succeeds so well. From four to six cuttings of alfalfa are made every season.

Water is king in California, and the first question asked by judicious purchasers of land in this State is as to the water supply for irrigation, by means of which the capacity of the land may be doubled or trebled. In this respect no tract in California has better natural advantages. Nor have these advantages been neglected, for Messrs. McCollough & Brokaw, the enterprising promoters of this colony, have provided the most modern irrigation system in vogue, and the only one thoroughly up-to-date in the northern portion of the State.

The value of an abundant supply of water may be judged from the statement that in Southern California water is worth from \$600 to \$1000 per inch, an inch being generally considered sufficient for ten acres of land. In the Bend Colony two inches of water are given with each ten acres, the settler being thus absolute owner of land and water, there being no further expense, except a small annual assessment for the purpose of maintaining ditches and distributing the water. This is more than is needed for cereal or fruit, and is ample for alfalfa.

Another important question to be considered by the settler in California is that of the cost of transporting his products to a market. In some sections of the State, where railroad competition does not exist, the farmer often labors under the disadvantage of having to pay excessive charges for freight. Nature has, however, provided settlers on the Bend Colony with a competitor to rail-



roads, which insures shippers moderate rates for freight. The Sacramento river, which skirts the tract, enables them to ship by the steamers which ply up and down the river to Red Bluff.

Indeed it would be difficult to find in any section of California a locality which offers so many advantages to the industrious settler at prices so low as that asked for land in this colony. Concerning these the reader will find further information on the eighth from the last page of this issue, while the names of settlers now on the tract can be secured for reference.



Photo. by Scott.

THE TORTILLA-MAKER.

L. A. Eng Co.



THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL.



VOL. 7, No. 5

LOS ANGELES

OCTOBER, 1897.

'48 AND '98.

BY JUAN DEL RIO.



HOW far back the first gold-rush seems! How times have changed for California and for the world since (and partly because) the accidental Marshall picked up a yellow pebble in the race of Sutter's Mill! It not only caused a shifting of population the like of which was never before witnessed, but it made a structural difference in the whole United States. In history, what the gold-fever of 1848-1853 did for California will probably look small beside its influence upon the country at large. It made fortunes faster than men had ever made them before, it changed the

balance of the money-markets of the world, it probably (as someone has said) "enabled the Union," as a broad and permanent structure. There is much likelihood that but for this unprecedented craze, the enormous migrations it caused, and its direct political effects, the United States today would be pinched by other nations on three sides, would lack altogether the vast West which statesmen foresee is to be its strength, and instead of a nation stretching from sea to sea would still be a nest of Eastern colonies, terminating not further west, certainly, than the Rio Grande. It is true that the quickwitted Pathfinder seized California for us before gold was known to be there; but it is not at all sure that we should have cared much to hold on to a possession so far off, so troublesome and so worthless as the vast majority of Easterners believed this to be, if the golden discovery had not come just in time to prove Benton and Frémont our best prophets.

What that great rush was, how it came by toilsome paths, how it lived and delved and made rude law, has been told a thousand times. Bayard Taylor was one of the first well-equipped chroniclers of it; and some of the less literary men who were deeper in it wrote interesting books. The whole East was crazy over the placers. The books and newspapers, the politics and the popular songs of the day were all full



From Colton's "Three Years in California."

BOUND FOR THE DIGGINGS IN '49.

of California. Anyone who goes back over those musty and dog-eared files is impressed that nothing since, with the one exception of the civil war, so took hold upon the American people.

One of the best accounts of the gold days is contained in the *History of California*, by Theodore H. Hittell, just issued. Mr. Hittell speaks with authority, and his picture of the times is temperate, accurate and withal wonderfully interesting.

There have been in history only two gold-rushes of the first magnitude — California and Australia (the latter in 1851, and directly caused by the California affair). It would be curious indeed if, after so long an interim, the fulfilment of an even half-century should bring us upon the third colossal stampede. 1848 — 1898 — an even fifty years! May gold-fevers run by cycles, as Humboldt observes that yellow fever does?



From Colton's "Three Years in California"

THE ARGOONAUTS OF '49.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE CHILKOOT PASS.

Maybe so, maybe not so. But in the light of the present there are unlikelier things. Certainly there are astonishing indications of great new "finds;" and as this magazine has pointed out, the country was never before in so good appetite for something of the sort. Hard times in the East had much to do with the size of the rush in '49 and '50—its biggest years—but they were nothing like the hard times the country knows now.

There have been, for nearly half a century, too, fake rushes. Fraser river and Kern river and

many other wild-goose chases brought suffering to thousands of the early argonauts; and probably there has not been a year since which has not witnessed some such disappointment. It is only a few weeks since a coldblooded attempt to "fake up" a gold rush to Peru was nipped in the bud—chiefly by the common-sense of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The average man of prudence is by now wary of "mining excitements." It takes a good deal of "promoting" to gain his ear at all; and he does not "bank" much on the newspaper stories. It is only when the bullion from the "World-Beater District" begins to arrive at the mint that he gives serious attention.

It was this forceful logic which accounts for the severity of the Klondike craze. Not merely stories, but buckskin bags stuffed with nuggets and "dust" began to dribble down from Alaska. San Francisco, before cold, caught fire at once. The hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth



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THE "EXCELSIOR" SAILING FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Photo. by Weidner

**KLONDIKERS STARTING FROM JUNEAU.**

of yellow that were exhibited by returned miners at their hotels, the reduction works and (after it reopened) the U. S. Mint, started a perfect conflagration of excitement. There have been other absorbing topics in the history of the Golden Gate; but probably not in a generation had San Francisco witnessed anything quite like the scenes which attended the sailing of the first steamers north after the spread of the news from the Klondike. The regular boats were jammed, and tickets at a big premium. Sudden enterprises sprung up, parasites on the body of this new hope. All sorts of craft (including many crazy hulks) were chartered; and every business block in the city, I should say, showed Klondike outfits of one sort or another. The magic word was on every tongue. In the very few weeks before it would be too late to attempt

**L. A. Eng. Co.****WINTER TRAVEL IN THE YUKON COUNTRY.**



A CAMP ON THE KLONDIKE.

Muscard & Oller Eng Co



L. A. Eng. Co.

HUPP'S MINE, ON THE TRINITY.

Photo. by Loyal L. Wirt.

an arctic winter, some 3000 people started for the Yukon. It was reminiscent of old days to see how many men and women started on this trip of hardship and danger who would really not be fit to get across their own city without a street car; and how curiously they were equipped and how ill accommodated. A phonograph aboard one of those crowded steamers, where people were bunked up like sardines, would earn a large rent on its return—if the profanity could be eliminated.

The expected has of course happened. Hardship, suffering and dis-



L. A. Eng. Co.

TRINITY RIVER, NEAR TRINITY CENTER

Photo. by Loyal L. Wirt.



Mausard Collier Eng. Co.

STEAMER B. B. WEARE FROZEN UP ON THE YUKON.

Photo. by Sather, Yukon.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. **HYDRAULIC MINING IN CALIFORNIA.** Photo. by Loyal L. Wirt.
A "Monitor" at work.

appointment are already doing their work among the thousands, mostly unfit for such experiences, who are landed on the Alaskan coast. Now they flounder in summer mud; in a few weeks more they will be face to face with an arctic winter.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. **IN CIRCLE CITY, ALASKA.**

Photo by Sather, Yukon

But in the spring, when the Yukon opens again, and if the golden stories hold out, there will be a tremendous rush to the Klondike; and it is not at all impossible that the fever of '48 may be quite outdone.

Those come off cheaply who in the meantime were fooled into the Trinity rush. Up among the hills of that rich county the Graves brothers found in July a pocket containing about \$40,000 in gold; and when they brought it to San Francisco it started a little stampede to old Trinity. The stampeders were mostly disappointed. Up in Trinity there are no nuggets on the bushes. You have to work for gold there, strange to say. But people do not freeze to death nor starve up there; and a good many who walked back are that much ahead, though not all grateful. They might have been stalled on the Chilkoot.

There is no question that the gold of California has hardly been tithed as yet, though it is not so easy to pick up a fortune as it was half a century ago. But the gold is there for those willing to work for it; and these outer excitements always increase the activity of the home mines, so that the Klondike may not only populate its own inhospitable valleys, but so spur the mines of California that the year of '98 shall eclipse the wonders of fifty years ago.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

THE Mission of San Fernando, Rey de España, was 100 years old on the 8th of September. On the 9th (the legal holiday which marks the admission of California to the Union) nearly 300 of the best-known people of Los Angeles went up to celebrate the event. By the courtesy of the Southern Pacific R. R. a special train was furnished the party, leaving the city at 3 p. m.

An excursion of about 100 had been expected by the directors, and therefore by the Fernando people who had volunteered to welcome it. Most towns might have been swamped by such an invasion at an hour's notice; but the spirited Americans who are filling the superb valley of San Fernando rose to the occasion. They met the invaders at the train with a genuine Western welcome, with a mounted escort of aborigines pro tem., and carriages for transport to the Mission, a mile and a half west.

It was a crowd permeated with California sunshine and good humor,



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A ROOF THAT NEEDS CARE.



THE CENTENNIAL OF SAN FERNANDO.

Compare this with p. 189, September number. Two months ago the half-acre of tile roof was in ruins. Now, as the photograph shows, it is perfectly repaired.

L. A. Eng. Co.

and the day was memorable. At the Mission the visitors were delighted to see that the Landmarks Club (which has a long lease and is raising money for repairs) had already put on new the half-acre tile roof of the monastery. Two months ago one could almost run a train through any one of the many holes in that roof; but now the covering (upheld on a solid structure of Oregon pine) is complete and will last for another hundred years at least.

The visitors rambled about the noble ruins, saw what has been done for the monastery already, and what must be done (before this winter's rains) for the old church and the connecting line of buildings. All were enthusiastic. Probably not one-fifth of the party had before seen these impressive landmarks, nor had realized how impossible it is that civilized people should permit these beautiful monuments to be obliterated.

Then the multitude was entertained in the magnificent cloisters by the Fernando people, with a hospitality that took the breath away. Barbecued pigs and sheep, and a lunch as delicious as generous, stayed the pangs of hunger.

After the *al fresco* repast, brief exercises were held. A short address was made by Chas. F. Lummis, president of the Landmarks Club, followed by stirring speeches from Rt. Rev. Geo. Montgomery, Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey; Col. Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the *Los Angeles Times*; and Chas. Dwight Willard, editor of the *Los Angeles Evening Express*. Mrs. Eliza A. Otis read a poem of deep feeling which she had written for the occasion by request; and with three cheers for the indomitable and cordial San Fernandans the excursionists rolled back homeward.

The directors have decided that every year hereafter the Landmarks Club shall celebrate the birthdays of its two Missions (San Fernando, Sept. 8 and San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1), by excursions, barbecues and brief literary exercises. The hundredth anniversary of San Luis Rey, June 13, 1898, is the last Mission centennial the present members will live to cele-

brate ; but the San Fernando experience has aroused so keen an interest in the Club's work that hereafter there will be no doubt as to the broad success of the Club, nor as to the popularity of its excursions. A more representative party of its size never left Los Angeles on any outing, and none ever returned in better spirits.

See page 204.

OUR SUMMER ISLES.

BY J. R. BRITTON.



VER from San Pedro harbor our cruise was uneventful until, after night, a dawn, another night and another dawn, Santa Barbara Island hove in sight. Abruptly there was a snort behind us, sounding like the ripping up of a plank from a floor. The slick, dirty brown back of a whale showed itself not 50 yards to windward. He dove straight toward us, but our captain assured us that he would neither board, upset nor swallow us.

Santa Barbara Island measures, north and south, some two miles. It is scarcely half that distance across. A few miles off it resembles the tip of a camel's back. Upon the higher hump stands the decaying beacon of the U. S. Coast Survey.

Anchoring a few hundred yards off the east coast, we landed on a narrow shelf on the rocks where a crayfisherman has built a hut of lath and canvas.

On another shelf across a deep chasm are a wooden trough and trying-pot of cemented stone about which hangs an odor of seal oil, for within a decade Santa Barbara Island has been a favorite sealing place. The cows and pups lived here and the bulls came down from the north in the autumn to remain until spring. The sealers shot the bulls in the water with rifles. At low tides the pups were clubbed in the ocean caves.



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THE OSPREY AND HER NEST.

Photo. by Fred Wilder.

Finally the hunters began killing the cows ; and as a result the animals are now so nearly exterminated that the industry is practically abandoned.

North of our camp a stone's throw the tireless breakers have gnawed a hole in the rock the size of a house. Farther back is a smaller chamber whose mouth is visible as the swell recedes. Into it the water gurgles, to be cast out with a gasp and explosion that discharges spray, smoke-fine, with terrific force.

As we rowed just outside scores of "woollies," eddies and whirlpools along a bit of the most rugged of coast, other wonders unfolded. An arch large enough for a fishing schooner to pass through is tunneled under the extreme northeast point and the water moans and splashes through it. Here just off the rocks and within a circle of kelp that breaks the swell, fathoms down the blue-gray cement-like bottom gleams through luxuriant shells and corallines of all colors of the rainbow. A yellow-crimson "garibaldi's" every movement can be minutely observed, so crystal clear is the water. There are hundreds of these fish and larger ones, seemingly floating



in a vacuum above which the skiff is suspended.

Around a bend the water pours into a cavern thirty feet from arch to base. It has two distinct chambers. Well above the ocean a shelf extends inward, evidently designating the one-time course of the ocean, whence

C. M. Davis Eng. Co. ON SAN CLEMENTE. Photo. by Fred Wilder.

the waters have long ago receded. Scores of long-necked cormorants have built their nests of mud on high. Farther in, red-footed guillemots whiz out. Lighted matches discover their eggs carelessly laid under huge boulders which from time to time have crumbled from the sides of the cave. Fresh water drips from the roof—the only fresh water on the island.

Westward along the coast, vistaed through arches side by side like the barrels of a gun, gleam bits of ocean. The extreme northwest point is honey-combed. There are wells, caverns and windows in fantastic confusion, some opening to the sky, others to the water. They are blow-holes formed by high seas.

Inland, hundreds of screaming gulls poise overhead. Along the bluff, in the wet ice-plant, their nests, scooped out of the ground, contain big green spotted eggs, as edible as hens' eggs. Scattered about are skulls and hoofs of sheep put on the island as a business venture some years ago. For a time they thrive; but a dry year came, the grass withered, and visiting fishermen found the poor brutes too weak from starvation to stand. Many died and the remainder were removed.

In a field of malva weed hundreds of burrows contain auklets sitting upon their single white eggs. Numerous little cañons over the hill to the east are luxuriant with cactus and a peculiar inverted umbrella-shaped plant of unknown identity. It grows in some cases to a height of ten feet with a stock four inches through, having an odor and taste like parsnip.

After a week's stay on Santa Barbara we left for San Nicolás. This



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

EXCAVATING IN THE CAVES.

Photo. by Fred Wilder.

island is about nine miles long, east and west, and four miles north and south. It is the farthest out of the group, being about sixty miles from the nearest mainland. Landing here is safer than at Santa Barbara because San Nicolás is well provided with beaches. Our party landed on the east coast where are shanties and corrals inhabited by sheep-men and horses during shearing time. Troughs on the roofs conduct water to a stone cistern.

Along the shore are innumerable shell heaps, some of them half an acre in extent. Among the abalone, limpet, mussel and other shells are stone mortars, pestles and sinkers, bone and asphaltum whistles, portions of the skeletons of whales and the like—the debris of living of an extinct people. These people were found in full prosperity by Cabrillo in 1542. Seal-skins stretched over whalebone sheltered them, and canoes or rafts of rushes carried them between other islands and the mainland.



O. M. Davis Eng. Co.

TIDAL EROSION.

Photo. by Fred Wilder.

Early in this century Russian traders placed Innuits with the San Nicolás Indians for the purposes of barter, the Russians coming from Alaska at intervals to remove the seal and other furs secured by their subordinates. Later the Innuits massacred many of the native males and abandoned the women and children after stealing what of value they could find. In 1835 the Franciscan fathers from the main coast carried away the women and children to christianize them. As the boats departed a woman sprang ashore for her baby which had been overlooked. Eighteen years later she was found among the bleaching ruins of her race and taken to Santa Barbara Mission where she soon died, the last of her tribe. Her child was supposed to have been devoured by wild dogs formerly belonging to the natives. The dogs are now extinct.

There were trees on the island at the time of its occupancy, but fire, sheep, changes of winds and currents have since made of San Nicolás a waste of sand, cactus, buckthorn and ice plants, with only here and there patches of fertile soil. Back from the sea miniature mountains and cañons and slabby amphitheatres rise tier on tier to the bluffs and plateau where a small flock of sheep finds fairly good pasturage. One circular cañon, hundreds of feet deep, and a half mile across, contains a thousand symmetrical little peaks of sky-blue slate set off exquisitely by a scattered growth of green, red and golden grasses, and silhouetted against a clear snowy background of smooth sand, blown over by biting winds from the west coast.

Over the bluff, acres of red pebble-rock are swept clear of dirt and sand. A short distance farther the surface for miles is as smooth and white as snow. The one time "Coral harbor" on the northwest coast has been literally filled in by this shifting whiteness. A Chinese abalone-hunter's cabin is buried to the eaves. As we floundered along we came upon a strange spectacle. Upon the side of a knoll two miles from the coast a score of whitened human skulls and skeletons lay in the sand, uncovered by the ghoulish wind. A little scraping about revealed other

remains, for this was a burial ground. In each case the skeletons had been disarranged by the elements, but in nearly every case all the bones could be found in fairly good condition, owing to the dryness of the soil. Often the skeleton was perfect, though as often there was a hole through the temporal bone, made perhaps by an Innuit weapon. No relics were found with the remains to indicate that the slightest ceremony accompanied their interment. Indeed the bones may never have been covered at all save when the sand sifted over them. Doubtless for years to come these human remains will be at intervals revealed by the wind until relic-hunters have removed the last yellowing knee-cap and tooth. In the meantime seals bark, sea-birds scream, and nomadic abalone-hunters and shepherds come and go, leaving traces of their camps along the sea-shore.

San Clemente, the largest and most fertile of the Santa Barbaras, saving Santa Catalina, has human habitations at two points. The island is about 21 miles long and half that wide. We made an easy landing in the breakers at Smugglers' Cove near the south point.

Some vessels, it is said, have brought opium during past years and landed it here. Unscrupulous coast fishermen were paid to convey the smuggled goods to a convenient port. The customs officers did not examine the fishermen, while a large foreign vessel would have been carefully overhauled. This practice was responsible for the name, "Smugglers' Cove."

At this point in the crescent-shaped dip some square miles in area and surrounded by high cliffs and the sea, a wind-mill, tank, troughs, and automatic pump supply water for sheep and cattle scattered over a greater portion of the island. Near by, high seas deposit shallow tide pools in the mouth of wooded cañons which a half mile inland narrow to rocky crevices. Here water stands in natural tanks the year round. Ravens and small birds come here to drink.

High up along the bluff the gradual disintegration forms shallow rock shelters, in some instances large enough to house a hundred sheep. In many of these caves are signs of aboriginal inhabitants—here and there a fragment of mortar or pestle, a doughnut-shaped net sinker, shells, bits of woven eel-grass rope, whistles, pipes, eel-grass sacks, and bird bones tied with string in the shape of scissors. Some skeletons and dried bits of hair and flesh of dogs have been found buried in bags of woven eel-grass.

It is said that about twenty years ago a shepherd brought over three brown goats which he kept corralled up to a day when he returned to Los Angeles and indulged in a long spree. When he returned the goats had broken loose and departed. Today flocks of wild brown goats roam over the island, but never a white one is found. There are foxes, too, light brown, yellow and gray, cunning little fellows who form a distinct species. The many common birds found differ from those of the mainland in features significant only to experts. In addition to many varieties of small shrubs there are wild cherry trees from ten to twenty feet in height whose fruit is said to be pleasing to the taste.

On the east coast, a few miles north of Smugglers' Cove, lies Mosquito Harbor, the home of San Clemente's hermit, Aleck O'Leary. He is a tall, polite, middle-aged Irishman who has lived here three or four years. His companions are a sky-terrier, two goats and a kitten.

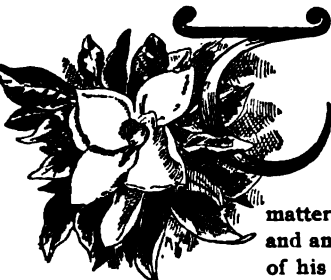
Mosquito Harbor, 300 or 400 yards in circumference, is protected by a circle of kelp which breaks the swells well off shore. On a tongue of land on the north side of the harbor stands O'Leary's comfortably-fitted cabin of boards and shingles with its hard dry floor of pulverized stone. A cañon, cut 100 feet deep in the solid rock, extends upward and backward in a series of falls and basins, which latter contain water. Along the shore the sea has all the crystalline beauty of Santa Barbara's waters.

Overhead an osprey screams, and its huge nest of sticks may be seen cresting a needle of rock, just off the coast. There are ocean caves here, too, into which the sea surges and booms. It is all weird and delightful and you understand why the solemn Irishman never leaves the spot save at rare intervals, when he rigs his tiny skiff with a sail of flour-sacks and rows and blows to the mainland nearly fifty miles away.

Pasadena, Cal.

THE ORTIZ JEWELS.

BY EDITH WAGNER.



HE heart of Porfirio was hot within him. 'Chona—he ground his teeth as he saw her—'Chona was coming down San Juan street from mass. And it was only last night, at the *cascarón* ball, that her perfidy was discovered.

A dog of a barber, and an American! That he was barber out at the grand new Hotel del Monte mattered not to Porfirio. Enough that he was a barber—and an American. Porfirio remembered too well the effect of his remonstrance with 'Chona. It was in a moment when she was not dancing like mad—for 'Chona was a belle. More eggshells than she could count had been broken upon her head, and her ink-black braids were fairly crusted with the red and gold and green tinsel. But Porfirio had spoken to her kindly. *Oiga*, she must not dance again with that pig and posterity of pigs. And 'Chona had merely smiled and shrugged, lifting to her lap one of her heavy braids from where it trailed a foot on the floor. Even as he talked, the band struck up a swinging Mexican air, and the barber came up to claim 'Chona for the dance. Porfirio threw his hat on the floor. "By dam! I keel him now!" he burst forth in English, for the barber's benefit. "Yes, you kill him now before you forget," mocked 'Chona, who knew her Porfirio well—and off they whirled. Doubtless she had danced with this beast the rest of the evening. At any rate, Porfirio had come away; and now, today, he sat on the edge of the wharf, looking down at the restful green depths and then over yonder to that trim figure picking its dainty way along the broken and gullied street. 'Chona had round, olive cheeks, great velvet eyes, a soft red mouth, and braids of jet hair that hung below her knees. There were those who said it was coarse. Dios mio! Can one have everything?

She was not going back to the house of Señorita Ortiz till evening. Her way led now to her own home, a little old adobe near the beach. There with the mother and the old grandmother she would sit upon the adobe floor all day, chattering in soft Spanish of what had been and what was to be, and she did not even once look toward the wharf.

A February evening in Monterey is usually chilly, though too soon for the fogs; but tonight was soft to the cheek as a bat's wing. 'Chona, flitting across the plaza toward her employer's house, was startled by a

touch upon her shoulder. It was Mr. Badgers, the barber, on noiseless feet—but not more noiseless than Porfirio's a little way behind.

The barber's little black moustache was waxed, his hair was parted almost between his brows; and about him hung that wonderful perfume which is native to barber-shops. On his little white hands were gloves—and 'Chona sighed rapturously. Who in Monterey wore gloves? It was true that Vicente Machado had a white cotton pair; but they were for funerals. *These* were beautiful—such as the grand ladies wore who drove over from the Del Monte.

In the plaza, surrounded by heavy syringas and laurestina, was a well-worn bench. There the two found a seat; and not far away Porfirio took shelter behind a flowering shrub.

'Chona was telling "Meester Bachois" of the glories of the Señorita's jewels. "The Señorita Ortiz—rich? Well do I believe it! A chest, so big, full with diamonds and pearls and the lovely red and green stones."

Mr. Badgers could not be impolite if he tried. A little question, at least to show interest. "Isn't she afraid she will be robbed?"

But 'Chona scorned the idea. "None of us would," she said conclusively. "And as for the Americans, they cannot know where she keeps her chest—it ees of a *smart* place she haf it hid."

Mr. Badgers amiably ignored the chance to feel hurt; but he doubted if Miss 'Chona knew this "smart place" any better than the Americans did. It was some time before she could convince him that the trusted maid of Señorita Ortiz knew as much about the house as the lady herself.

But time waits not, even to hear of chests of treasure, and 'Chona must be going. *¡A dios!* As they came in sight of the long, grey adobe, 'Chona gave a little cry. "She has gone herself to bed!" For not a twinkle of light could be seen.

Oh, yes, she could get in—but she must be soft. Oh, no, the great lady did not live alone. There was Pascual, the gardener—but he is so old and deaf he cannot even hear the mass.

'Chona ran her hand along the high, whitewashed adobe wall which surrounded the garden. The heavy gate was barred, but here was a little hollow in the adobe. She ran out into the street and picked up a board. It leaned securely against the wall; and with one hand steadied by the barber 'Chona sprang up, and thence went to the top of the wall lightly as a grasshopper. Then she knelt on the flat adobes, the odor of the violets about her (for old Pascual had been watering them), the little barber looking up at her. The rebozo had slipped back, and her ruffled hair stood out about the round face.

"Are they fish? Are they toads, these barbers?" Porfirio, over in the gully, could not unders tand. "Have they no blood, these pigs and sons of pigs? Do they never kiss? But I will taste with my knife, if it is water in his veins! *What* do they say?"

"Hadn't I better wait and see if you can get into the house, Miss 'Chona?"

"Oh, but I can! I see Pascual's pruning-knife—and that will reach

through the crack of the door and lift the bar. Adios, Meester Bachois!"

She dropped lightly down into the garden, and was gone. Mr. Badgers hid the board and sauntered quietly down the street. In the shadow on the other side a figure came out from behind the shrubbery and followed noiselessly.

Doña Maria Evangelista Ortiz, an ancient virgin of stately mien, was less fortunate in her slumbers that night than she was wont. Long after little 'Chona had slipped in unheard, the house rang with words, a scuffle, a crash, a scream in 'Chona's voice, a babel of cries in which there was even English. Doña Maria had blood in her veins; and if her hand trembled as she struck a candle, she did not falter but strode out into the wide zaguan.

Valgame Dios! There was the little waiting-maid stretched upon the tile floor, her long braids twisted about her neck, and the blood trickling from a gash in her forehead. Beside her, holding the poor little head upon his arm and kissing away the blood, was Porfirio, trembling and moaning.

"Dios mio! What is this? What do you in my house?" The Señorita Ortiz was terrible, now; but Porfirio seemed to grow cool under her flashing eyes.

"Look to your jewel chest," he said calmly. "I came too late to save it—too late to save this, my soul, my little 'Chona. That barber, the goat, was carrying it away, and she heard him and caught him and struggled to take it from him. And the dog struck her upon the forehead and was gone with it even as I came—for seeing him climb the wall of the garden I followed."

The old bronze bell in the garden struck up the liveliest *repique* that it had ever throated; and half Monterey came running. Doña Maria was calm as calm. She had come into her fit habiliments, and 'Chona's wound was dressed, and Chona beamed on Porfirio, with soft eyes that anyone might know that he would never have to doubt again. Of a surety the house had been robbed, and the thief must be caught; but it was not Doña Maria Evangelista Ortiz who would be in an unseemly stew about it.

If the constable's spurs had not been the handsomest in Monterey—and therefore not to be left behind when state occasions came—the San Anselmo might not have got clear of the wharf before he came galloping down. But fate is so. Word was sent, however, to San Luis Obispo; and when the boat landed there the officers found a little man who answered the description; but no chest or jewels, though the San Anselmo was searched from end to end.

In Monterey, when one makes a hue and cry over any ordinary loss, the gossips shake their heads pityingly. Porque? Now there was Doña Maria, who lost a chest *so* big (showing with the arms outstretched)—a chest full of diamonds and rubies and pearls—without the flicker of an eyelash. If others were as brave!

For you see the barber never told what he found when he pried up the lid; and as for the Señorita Ortiz, she will go to the grave with the secret of what was packed in camphor in the old teak chest.

Guanaajuato, Mex.



THE DISENCHANTED LIBBEY.

BY A SURVIVOR.



EVERYONE will be sorry for Princeton College. It is always a pity when an ancient and honorable seat of learning is made a byword by some masquerader in the lion's skin of its authority. Colleges, it is true, are responsible for their professors; but there should be allowance. Not heaven itself—and much less a board of regents—may prophecy with what new specimen a college professor shall tempt the Collector when he begins to think his books are more than the universe of God. Only an ignoramus can deride books; only a worse one can forget that books are the smallest part of wisdom.

It is not so easy to be sorry for Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton. He is not modest; and after his self-advertisement, "before and after taking" his heroic venture out of doors, there will be little grief over his untimely fate. The American sense of humor brings to his scientific funeral a large and not wholly dejected attendance.

The Enchanted Mesa is a noble island of rock in a lovely valley of western New Mexico. Three miles south of it, on a similar isolated cliff, 357 feet high, is the most picturesque town in the world—the Quéres Indian pueblo of Acoma.* The Acomas have an ancient tradition (not told to greenhorns) that long before the Spanish Conquest in 1540 their forefathers occupied a similar town on the summit of the Enchanted Mesa; that a cloudburst destroyed the only approach while the people were off in their cornfields, far up the valley; that three sick women left in the pueblo perished there; and that the rest of the Quéres, thus suddenly evicted, built their present lofty town. This legend is undoubtedly true in its essentials. It has been accepted by every student who knows anything about New Mexican archæology, from Baudelier down. Only the most innocent are nowadays unaware that modern science counts aboriginal tradition as credible as the statements of travelers today.

Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton, read of the Enchanted Mesa. He had never studied either New Mexico or its history. Either is work—and the former is hardship. But some college professors know things *ex-officio*. He organized an expedition, including no one who knew more of New Mexico. For something like a month before it started, this expedition was industriously advertised in the newspapers. When it marched upon the wilds of New Mexico it included an Eastern reporter. At Albuquerque it enlisted another one. And there, too, Prof. Libbey confided that he took no stock in this Indian fairy-tale. The Enchanted Mesa was a mistake, if not a lie.

Reaching Laguna with his tons of theatrical baggage, Prof. Libbey got from the railroad to the Mesa. He fired a life-line over the top of the rock; and finally had himself hauled up in a boat-swain's chair. He staid three hours or less—hurrying down because he thought it might rain. Anyhow, that was enough exploration for a Princeton professor. He left a borrowed ladder on the rock in his haste to get back to a telegraph office; and wound up his dispatch by saying: "thus a bit of history is made and unmade at the same time." THE LAND OF SUNSHINE may be pardoned for hinting that just now Prof. Libbey has retired for good from the business of making or unmaking history.

His unhesitating declaration was that the Mesa was "Disenchanted." It had never been inhabited, nor even visited before. There was "nothing which could make him believe that human foot had ever pressed

* See this magazine for Oct., 1896.

that lofty summit before." Specifically and positively, there "were no fragments of pottery or household utensils."

Safely home from an exploration of New Mexico ten miles from the railroad, Prof. Libbey became an author. He got his travels printed in the *Princeton Press* (Aug. 21) and in *Harper's Weekly* (Aug 28). Probably there were other articles—which will *not* be printed. The very irony of fate was in his evident fear his exploit might miss someone's ear. Such a thing as caution entered neither his articles nor his broadcasting of them; but he rushed importunate upon his fate. He was so confident as to be facetious. He also declared in print that he was a scientist.

Prof. Libbey got up the Enchanted Mesa July 23. His last article (and this is not a misprint for latest) saw light Aug. 28. The mills of the gods are not always so dilatory, after all—though their grist is of uniform fineness. On the 3d of September Frederick Webb Hodge,* a genuine scientist who saw through Prof. Libbey, went up the Mesa for himself. Mr. Hodge is of the Bureau of Ethnology; a scientific student of the Southwest with honorable standing. He is recognized as an authority. Prof. Libbey never was. Mr. Hodge did not advertise but went up. It took Libbey about four days with his Eastern apparatus. It took Hodge two hours and a quarter. That was one difference between the field student and the closet explorer. Libbey was done in three hours; Hodge staid up twenty-four. But their permanence upon the mesa's top was not even in proportion to the lasting of their results.

Mr. Hodge, having seen the Southwest before, having become by long, honest work fit to rank as an explorer, did not walk over artifacts and take them for cobblestones. He knew pottery when he saw it. His party had been on the summit five minutes when it found what forever ended Prof. Libbey's usefulness. Fragments of prehistoric pottery and prehistoric ornaments, ancient stone axes, and other aboriginal remains were there to prove that the mesa's top had been not only visited but inhabited in prehistoric times. The adobe walls, melting under the rains of six centuries or more, had been devoured by the great gulf which relatively modern erosion has gnawed in the Mesa's top. Even at the foot of the cliff just where the debris from this gulf has washed down, the talus is full of potsherds and broken stone artifacts—matter the innocent Professor would not have understood if he had seen.

Mr. Hodge's party included (besides an Eastern friend) Maj. Geo. Pradt of Laguna, an educated civil engineer who has spent many years in New Mexico and knows more about it than any easy-chair explorer will ever know, and Mr. A. C. Vroman of Pasadena, one of the most expert amateur photographers in the Southwest. An Acoma Indian also followed them up to the home of his forefathers—as if to add the last sting to the facetious professor. But the two most important members of the Hodge party were strangers to Prof. Libbey's. Namely, experience and common sense.

The Indian legend is again vindicated -- if there are such as need its vindication. The difference between science and quackery is again catalogued. It will be a very remarkable scientific expedition which shall ever send Prof. Libbey anywhere again. Incompetent pretenders have been confounded before now—and in the long run always will be. But the whole history of American science does not record another downfall so swift, so ghastly and so irremediable.

Science nowadays (though all the closet men have not yet discovered the fact) depends upon men who are first "educated" and then proved in the field. Prof. Libbey is neither. How naked he is even of the things he could learn from books is shown by his twice printing that there were "flocks" among these Indians before America was discovered, and many similar follies.

* See this magazine for March, 1897.

Bandelier, Dr. Matthews, Frank Cushing, Hodge, the two Mindeleffs and others known by their work on New Mexico, are as well educated men as Prof. Libbey — and some of them better. That is, even in academic education. All of them, besides, have given years to documentary study of which he does not know the alphabet. All of them have served their apprenticeships in the even more necessary "field." All of them have been through incomparably greater hardships and dangers, and none of them have advertised themselves quack-fashion. And, be it added, none of them have ever been discredited. If anything lacked for the popular establishment of their scientific standing, it would be supplied by the fate of the unprepared tyro who tried to undermine them and succeeded only in digging his own grave.

Mr. Hodge will contribute to this magazine an authoritative account of his exploration of the Enchanted Mesa. It will be delightful reading, and a large number of superb illustrations will show the great rock and the manner in which it was scaled. Incidentally, some of Mr. Vroman's beautiful photographs carry startling proof of the unparalleled innocence of Prof. Libbey.

C. F. L.

OUR VALLEY QUAIL.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



THE blue or plumed quail is now the most numerous of the quail family in the United States, and known almost as well as Bob White, being found all the way from Texas to the Pacific coast. The valley quail of California well maintains the reputation of the stock for smartness. This little combination of slate-blue, white and cinnamon, trimmed with black, and surmounted by a nodding plume of jet, is considered the hardest of all birds to shoot with the gun, and for this reason is one of the favorites with sportsmen who climb the rugged hills and scale the rocks by thousands to enjoy a few hours with it. The season opens on the first of October, and lasts until the first of March, giving the finest shooting in those days when Eastern fields are locked in snow and ice. Then is the time when the Eastern sportsman longs for our bright winters; and when he visits this coast, one of the first old friends for whom he inquires is this bright little bird.

Rapid of wing and well skilled in the art of springing behind you when you are looking ahead; or one side when you are watching the other, springing often in uproarious numbers with a bewildering whirl of blue backs and mottled breasts and plumes outlined against the sky, chirping, squealing and whizzing here and there while more are bursting from the covert, this valley quail bothers the tyro more than any other bird; and even the experienced shot from the East has some very strange things to relate after his first interview. And even after you have mastered some of the bird's peculiarities, the way this little chap can drop across a deep gully or tumble down hill when you want to go up, skip around behind when you want to go ahead for the rest of the flock, or dodge and twist around in the brush without giving you a shot

at all, yet all the time near enough to keep you in constant expectation, is one of the most unique things in the whole line of hunting with the gun.

The valley quail of California is one of the few game birds that can defy civilization, market-hunters and all else, so long as a few of its native hills remain unplowed. The gun has well thinned its ranks so that the great flocks whose roaring wings once shook the whole hillside are no more. But the coveys still gather into flocks in the fall and many hundreds are now found in place of many thousands. These still make fine shooting, and as they have kept pace with improvements in guns they can make it entertaining even for the most expert shot, though a good hand with a gun can still bag from thirty to fifty in a half day.



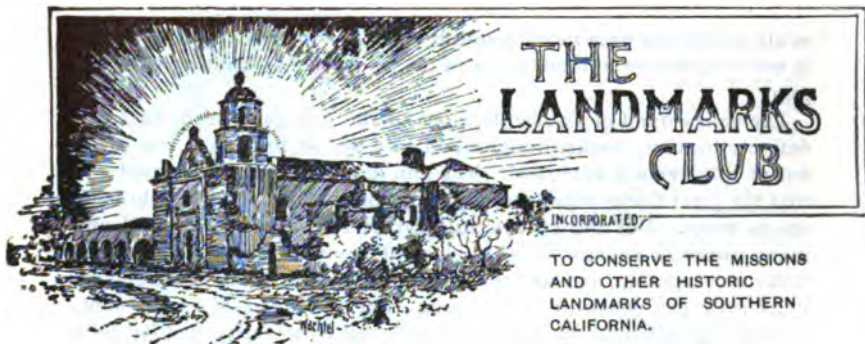
C. M. Davis Engr. Co.

HUNTING THE CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

Drawn by the author.

One appreciates this quail most in midwinter when he is strong of wing, saucy and quick of leg, when the crimson of the wild pea is trailing over the red arms of the manzanita and the sumac festooned with showers of white blossoms from the chilicoyote, when the joy of the lark is bubbling from its golden breast amid the scarlet berries of the evergreen heteromeles, and from the live oak the mocking bird is singing of springtime and love. The valley quail seems never more full of life than then when he springs with a sharp *chirp, chirp, chirp!* from among the yellowing violets and vanishes on whizzing wing behind the evergreen of the lilac, or scuds along the ground among the pink of the painted cups and the nodding bluebells in a dark line that will surprise you if you should think it easy to hit.

Los Angeles.



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 J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The centennial celebration at San Fernando on the 9th of September (see p. 190), greatly awakened interest in the work of the Landmarks Club—as is best shown by the new contributions credited below.

One of the features of the outing (and significant as showing what sort of a valley the Franciscan frailes picked out a hundred years ago) was the fact that many of the excursionists sat down to lunch on the enormous pile of sacked wheat, covered with straw, which is now in front of the Mission—a pile worth \$57,000, from the harvest of the Porter Land and Water Co. It is not everywhere that one finds such a table.

The keen and generous interest which has sprung up among the Fernando people is particularly gratifying. The Mission, when repaired, will have a host of earnest friends close by, to ward off vandals. The Fernandans are subscribing generously; and Mr. Geo. Steele, a newcomer, offers to give five days' work on the Mission.

The Fernando reception committee which officially headed the hospitalities of the day comprised Rev. and Mrs. Maclay, Dr. and Mrs. Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Turner, Rev. and Mrs. Spencer, Rev. and Mrs. Wolfe, Rev. and Mrs. Kahler, Revs. F. A. and H. P. Wilber, Judge and Mrs. Widney, Judge and Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Kate Maclay, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Granger, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes Maclay, Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Griswold, Mr. Chas. Maclay, Mr. Robt. Maclay. Mr. J. S. Hendrickson was the efficient marshal of the day.

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Miss Isabella Rice Granger (and through her efforts), Wm. P. Granger, Mrs. Adelaide Rice Granger, Rev. H. P. Wilber, Mrs. M. E. Griswold, Dr. J. S. Turner, Mrs. J. H. Barclay, Mrs. H. C. Hubbard, Mrs. John Burr, Mrs. W. B. Shaug, Mrs. B. R. Maclay, Dr. H. C. Allen, Mrs. M. E. Relfender, Chas. F. Olin (all San Fernando).

Mr. J. D. Mossin, Mrs. J. D. Mossin (and through her efforts), Miss Mary Crimmins, Mrs. M. A. Briggs, Wm. Hicks, Miss Desmond, Miss F. A. Landon, Mrs. J. Phillip Eric, Miss A. Glassell (Tropicco), Mrs. Thos. Goss, Mrs. Thos. L. Foster, Dr. F. K. Ainsworth, Miss Elizabeth Kerckhoff, Herman Kerckhoff, Mrs. J. F. Farrell, Mrs. M. A. Coleman, Miss Coleman, Mr. McDonald (all Los Angeles).



Civilization, like other fermented products, is useful in moderate doses but intoxicating when taken to excess. The fellow with the horseless carriage is an enemy to temperance. While the draught mounts to our head it is easy for a time to feel that we are smarter than the Creator; but it wears off as we sober up. The horse will outlast the hunchback machines wherewith man thinks to remedy the ignorance of his Maker; it will outlive the ephemeral fads of those who fancy that pneumatic tires were a cleverer invention than the vital spark. By and by a person will be along patenting a Womanless Wife, actuated by electricity and with a phonograph for lungs. She will do everything as well as Dalziel's Chess Player did one thing; she will sweep and cook twice as fast as a she woman could, and will cost nothing for board or doctor's bills. Above all, she can be turned on or off by just pressing a button. There will be wits then to find her superiority and proclaim the disappearance of woman. But there will always be a few not too lazy, too hurried, or too timid to worry along with the old flesh and blood pattern; and there will still be mothers to spank the rudiments of common sense into the children that continue and balance the world.

The *Chap-Book* is a means of grace which it is foolish for anyone as is anyone to think of doing without. Chicago of the Chicagoese, it is far enough West to try to think for itself. But it has the topographic disadvantage that the East is right at one elbow.

Speaking of the voluntarily deceased San Francisco *Lark* and the young persons who chirped through it to the added gayety of notions, the *Chap-Book* laments that the tenuous thread which tied California to the civilized world is snapped. These gifted young larkers, it declares,

"Constituted a group, the first in the history of California letters"—

and other pessimistic things.

My! How desperate we should be if we knew it! Did the *Chap-Book*, perchance, ever hear of Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, and their ignote fellows? Has it never run across the tradition that these obscure scribblers constituted a "group in California letters" and worked together on a California magazine before the fathers of the *Chap-Book* had graduated from the rehabilitated ancestral panties? Not with quite so imposing results, of course, as the labors of the *Lark* "group," but fairly well for before the sunrise of Chicago.

And, by the way, who constitute the Chicago "group"—since

"groups" are necessary if slender clues to lead from the backwoods to the "world of letters?"

Really, dear and indispensable *Chap-Book*, beware lest the orphans begin to murmur: "I asked for bread and ye gave me a Stone."

WHERE
WE
ARE.

California took the hard times very much easier than any other member of the Union family. So, too (and for as visible economic reasons) she comes first and fullest upon the good ones. A State that reaches from Maine to Georgia, by the parallels of latitude, and surpasses every State between those limits in quantity and quality each of its own proudest product (except turpentine, miner's strikes, "crackers" and Princeton professors), is not easy to be browbeaten by adversity. With more and better timber than Maine, bigger watermelons than Georgia and more abundant, wheat for four New Yorks, beans beyond Boston, and gold in excess of all the rest of North America put together, the Pacific sister has no odds to ask of anyone. God looks out for his own—and even unregenerate Secretaries of War have to. And by the way, the Lion would suggest that any Californian who ever again advocates dividing the only complete State should be sentenced to the East for life—unless there are peculiarly strong extenuating circumstances, in which case he might be let off with being boiled in oil.

CLERK
AND
MASTER.

As these pages prophesied would be the case, the President of the United States has presently taught one of his clerks (so Benton called the Cabinet) his place. The Secretary of War has been compelled, sorely against his will, to do his duty. Thus at last the government and the public have their way about San Pedro harbor. An American would prefer to fancy that this famous cause has been won just because its justice was overwhelming; as a sad matter of fact it was settled when the practical politicians saw that if the people were further outraged the party could never carry California again.

At all events, we are now to have the harbor the United States has been trying to give us for eight years and could not because one corporation objected. San Pedro's victory means much for California; it means more for the whole nation. Mr. McKinley, after patience, has put his foot down in the right place.

THE
MANTLE OF
ELIJAH.

It is not so hard to be a prophet. The two chief qualifications are, not to be a fool yourself and not to take the rest of the world for one. Winds veer, but rocks do not; and it pays to tie to the rocks—which are principles. The deep final sense of the American people is a pretty fair thing to count upon, in the long run, and there the LAND OF SUNSHINE banks. Our Venezuela war, our war with Spain—do you remember the newspapers of a little while ago?

THE
OTHER
OX.

How easy a task is the adjudication of eternal justice! All the Court needs to know is "who did it?" Canada is a benighted robber for taxing the Klondike miners. But it was true statesmanship when California in the golden days imposed the incomparably harsher tax which was specifically designed to chase all

foreigners out of the country we had just taken by force from foreigners. Remembering the shameful persecution of French miners and Spanish miners in early California, there is humor in the present righteous indignation against Canada.

The United States is not "without ruins." California has ^{OLD} them — of noble architecture and noble history — and is ^{AND} awakened to take care of them. Arizona and New Mexico ^{NEW.} have splendid and older ruins, and will before long come to the same thoughtfulness and care. The West, which is young while the East grows old, was old when the East was born. It is the only portion of the United States which has antiquity; and it is the only portion which practically respects it. There was something in the gathering at San Fernando, Sept. 9th, which is encouraging to Americans.

There are still rural reminders of the historic "Society upon the Stanislaus" and its fate. "A chunk of old red sandstone" ^{"A SCIENTIFIC} was fairly prophetic of the Enchanted Mesa. Another "Abner Dean, of Angels" ^{GENT."} has received its impact:

"And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

The United States is the only country in the civilized world where a scholar rather shrinks from being called "Professor." It is also the exclusive habitat of three kinds of "scientists." One kind (which flourishes elsewhere also) has common-sense, patience and specific training—which make science. Another kind has patience and training without common-sense. The third class has neither quality of the three—but immodesty to make up.

Senator Morgan is as unprejudiced about Hawaii as about Cuba. Also as wise. The attitude of his present trip (as a correspondent remarks) is: "I am going to investigate the Islands impartially. As for the natives? Oh, d——n the natives!"

From the advance sheets of the *Millennium Dictionary*:

Prospector, common noun. One who would throw up a steady job at \$10 a day, to go where he had no business to, on a chance of making two bits.

Some commit suicide by blowing out the gas, and some by turning it on. Prof. Wm. Libbey, of Princeton College, seems to have combined the neatness and dispatch of both methods.

This year, at least, wheat is all it is cracked up to be.



a monumental work which harks back to the severe honesty of our fathers; for in place of hiring irresponsible reporters to do the work, while the "historian" slaps it together, this fine old type of ripened man and scholar has done this life-work himself, and is responsible for it, not only upon the title-page but in fact. That is to say, he knows his own details, instead of guessing that someone else knows them.

Mr. Hittell is a Yale man, a pioneer of California by more than forty years, a man of sound balance, judicial temper and native justice. He has seen, as well as studied, most of the wonderful period he describes; and above all, he is by nature adapted to interpret it. That means a great deal. Royce was born in California, and is a man of extraordinary brain. But Royce was never able to understand California nor its horizons; nor, be it said, could he ever assume the judicial temper which is congenital with Hittell. No man has ever "made it unanimous;" and here and there are points at which Mr. Hittell will have sincere and entitled disputants. But his work is fair (as Royce's is not), it is intuitive and expert and full; and it is beyond question and comparison the history of California to date. The third volume, out in July, covers that most fascinating period the great gold era; and is the fullest picture ever presented of that unparalleled romance. The fourth volume, concluding the work, will be out this month. This magazine will pay further attention to a work every intelligent Californian must have. N. J. Stone & Co., San Francisco.

NOT
UP TO
SAMPLE.

In *Tales of the Sun-Land* Mr. Verner Z. Reed has broken the promise of his earlier book — which, despite its theosophic absurdities, indicated some feeling for the Southwest. But his virtues have dwindled and his faults grow. There are people — mostly in the East — who will enjoy this book. They can believe anything about the West (except the truth); and to an uneducated class the sub-hysterical style seems poetic. Mr. Reed's ideas of English are not quite Western. "Oh, thou fools! thou fools, who dare question the wisdom of your holy king!" is an example of his acquaintance with grammar. But his language is classical, compared to his ignorance of the country and peoples he tries to describe. Nothing could be more absurd than his first story — unless it be parts of his others. The story of Casca is

dangerously near to deserving the blunt epithet of fake; and Mr. Reed probably could not have been, if he had tried, so absurd as in his "Civilized Heathen." His notions of Arizona geography are wonderful as his blunders in the Indian and Spanish words with which he tries to appear wise. The serious part is, that Mr. Reed lives in the West and poses as one who knows it, thus adding his own darkness to the already sufficient ignorance of the East. The pity is that he was not patient enough to know before he wrote. We need a hundred honest writers of fiction of the Southwest. There is room for them all, and warm welcome from their predecessors. But we have already had more than enough ignorant and pretentious—and therefore dishonest—work.

The one excellence of the book is the illustration, by L. Maynard Dixon, a San Francisco lad of 22. There are anachronisms; but most of his pictures are very effective—and they show remarkable growth over his earlier work. The Continental Pub. Co., N. Y., \$1.25.

Among latter-day writers the most numerous class, perhaps, is THE
of those who have a deadly facility in depicting things they OLD
know nothing whatever about. Henry G. Catlin (whose *Yellow* MINER.
Pine Basin attempts to embalm that fine type, the American mining
"prospector") has easily escaped this multitude—and, by a narrower
margin, the smaller category of beprinted folks who know much but
can't tell it to save their lives. He has a working knowledge of his
field; and he brings a certain undisciplined eloquence, at times, to the
telling of a story he feels deeply. Without style or constructive skill he
does undoubtedly save many things that are worth saving, out of a cer-
tain romantic and now vanishing phase of Western life. I doubt if any
"Zeb" ever lived amid such incontinence of gush. He might write
a book that way, but he could never talk so. However, Mr. Catlin is
very modest, and comes forward, he says, only because someone better
qualified has not undertaken the work. The story of "Yauk" and the
flag is stirring; and miners and Grand Army men will be likely to find
the book to their taste. N. Y., Geo. H. Richmond & Co.

The pessimistic reflection that some millions will read Kip- MARGINAL
ling's "Recessional" without a dint in their self-content is after NOTES.
all more than balanced by the blessed fact that there remains
one poet capable of writing that noble hymn. And only one. The most
complacent of the herd will naturally be those who have looked upon
Mr. Kipling as a brutal and flippant person.

A very interesting pamphlet—and just now a very wholesome one—is
New Constitutional Laws for Cuba, 1897, by Don Arturo Cuyás. It
sketches the methods of Spanish colonization, early and late, compares
them with other colonial systems, and outlines Cuba's conditions in a
striking way. It is a kind of reading particularly useful in the United
States, where just now ignorance and prejudice are doing their best (in
some noisy quarters) to inflame the old race hatreds which civilized men
are trying to outgrow. 11 Broadway, N. Y.

Chas. Frederick Holder, one of the best known California writers of
popular science, has in the *North American Review* for September an
important paper on the Chinese trade in female slaves which disgraces
the Coast—and modern civilization. Philanthropic men and women are
trying to break up this underground curse, and have rescued many vic-
tims; but the great work is yet to do—made harder by acquisitive poli-
ticians and the wonderful secretiveness of the Chinese.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, which was the first newspaper in the
United States to see through the recent Princeton theatricals, remarks
(its prophecy verified):

"Prof. Libbey's dome of thought seems to have been the place that was unin-
habited."

The Dial, Chicago, is easily foremost of the purely literary reviews. Its "fall announcement number" (Sept. 16) is the fullest and best ever published in this country. It lists over 1100 books, their titles, authors, publishers and prices, and covers everything of importance to be published in America this season. E. E. Hale, jr.'s "Nothing but Leaves," in this number, is the soundest matter we have yet noticed from this young man.

Maurice Thompson is a learned and really charming writer who has command of the bow and "Nature" as she is familiar with the assessor, and the funny little black wigglers that Cadmus devised. When he does no worse than make his printers borrow a line of Greek text, he is beloved of all. But really there is no law to compel him to display his inability to grasp Kipling and the Big Out-Doors.

A genial logroller does his best to praise the bad English and worse local color of a pretended Southwestern book, whereof he knows even less than the author. But the types have more conscience, and make him say [the *Literary Review*, Boston, August].

"Shy, beautiful, heroic deedwk gf nothin gthati sl; mo etaoim shrdlush."

The prevaricator for vain-glory is a relatively harmless idiot, sure to be found out and laughed at. The malicious liar, who wrecks reputations, is more serious. But the cowardliest and meanest liar of them all is the fellow who adds to our ignorance by printing his own at \$10 per thousand words.

Jean Ingelow belonged to a day before the invention of the literary "push." But everyone whose reading is not founded upon the sands will feel in her debt and will mourn her now that she has slipped quietly away from her quiet background.

Among the fall books Chas. Scribner's Sons bring out "The King of the Broncos," and Way & Williams publish "The Enchanted Burro," both by Chas. F. Lummis, and both specially illustrated.

The seventh volume of *The Jesuit Relations* continues the charm and the value of its predecessors. Every American scholar will have to read this great series; every American student who can afford it ought to buy it.

Rand, McNally & Co. issue the best Klondike guide yet — *Golden Alaska*, by Ernest Ingersoll. Also the best pocket map of Alaska and the Klondike district. Price 25 and 50 cents respectively.

The palm for syndicated ignorance probably belongs to Felix L. Oswald. He recently cordwooded an article which colonized California in 1560, and put "40,000 Spaniards north of the Gila by 1580."

Maj. Ben. C. Truman, author of *The Field of Honor*, has issued a beady brochure, *See How it Sparkles*, a connoisseur's treatise on wine. Geo. E. Rice & Sons, Los Angeles.

Hall Caine's powerful novel, *The Deemster*, is published in the 25-cent paper-covered series of Rand, McNally & Co.

The Argonaut is doing gallant work against the crime and folly of the proposed annexation of Hawaii.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

OUT-DOORS ALL THE YEAR.

Photo. by C. B. Messinger.



L. A. Eng. Co.

PINEAPPLES IN THE CAUHENGA.



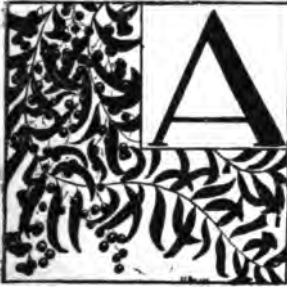
L. A. Eng. Co.

JUST CLIMATE.

(Where you can pick oranges or snowballs within 10 miles.)

Photo. by Maude.

JUST CLIMATE.



ND Climate! Pooh! You can't live on climate! What is it, anyhow?

It isn't much, certainly. You cannot weigh it by the pound, nor measure it by the bushel. Neither can you weigh nor measure that other impalpable breath which makes a lump of clay walk and live and love, and rule the world of tons and miles—and then suddenly leaves it clay again. You cannot see the vital spark nor climate, nor thought—but you can see the results of the presence or lack of them. It does not need a very sharp eye to detect the difference between death

and life. And a little matter of climate was all that stood between Dives and Lazarus.

It is "just climate" that every year mortally fries the brains of thousands of unfortunates in the East. They call it sunstroke—it is rather climate stroke. We have sun in California, too—and more of it than the leaden-skied East ever dreamed of having—but it never doubles a fist at us. It is not here a bully, a "slugger," waiting for some weak crown to crack, but a great, overgrown, warm-hearted and ever-welcome friend; sometimes a bit inquisitive, but never an assassin.

In half the States of the Union, climate every year kills hundreds at the opposite end of the thermometer—just freezes them to death—and as truly (though more lingeringly) slays tens of thousands more, by consumption, pneumonia and their train. There are countries where nature is stingy; where snow and ice are the chief products. There are other countries which go to the other extreme of lavishness. And it is all climate. The soil in New Hampshire where 160 acres keep a family genteelly poor is just as rich as the soil in California where ten acres, worked with precisely the same care, would make the same family rich.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A GLIMPSE OF SANTA BARBARA.

Photo. by Newton.



L. A. King Co.

IN THE "CROWN OF THE VALLEY."

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

It isn't the earth but the sky that makes the difference. The "bottoms" of the Scioto and the Kaweily are far richer land than the gravelly loams which flank the Sierra Madre; but no Ohio or Kansas farmer ever dreamed, in his wildest delirium, of such a yield per acre as the Southern California farmer averages. It is not the color of the field but the color of the climate that counts. More than 95 years ago the greatest of all students of countries, the Baron von Humboldt, proved California the most fertile place in the civilized world; and time has not only confirmed but vastly enlarged his forecast.

The tropics are the most productive area on earth, because of their climate—but civilized communities cannot live contentedly in the tropics, and never could. The frigid zone is the stingiest and the most dangerous climate in the world. The temperate zone is a compromise. Parts of it have many advantages of the tropics and many drawbacks of the north. Most of the States of the Union (and the most populous ones) share the arctic dangers and discomforts a part of the year; and in another part some faint apology for tropic advantages—along with ter-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

TEN MILES FURTHER UP HILL.
Alpine Tavern.

rors with which the tropics are unfamiliar. Where people can freeze to death is no place for rational folks to abide, any more than where people die of heat; and no rational person would live in the Eastern and Northern States, except that habit is so much stronger than common sense. Certainly *they* cannot "live on their climate"—they are lucky indeed if they can live in spite of it.

One reason why so many Americans know so little about Nature is that Nature with them is so pernicketty. Through a third of the year she is their jailor, and locks them up in their own houses. Pneumonia, congestions and consumption are her sentries on the prison-wall of winter. They are not first-class marksmen. They miss many who break out—but they "get" enough. And for those who stay in their cells there is no less danger. What proportion of Eastern rooms are decently ventilated during the Eastern winter?

When summer comes—an Eastern summer—sun-stroke relieves the boreal sentries. In every great city of the East, hundreds every season are mowed down by it. And those who do try to break jail are tortured. Can you remember anything else so hideous as one of those worst summer nights—when you tossed and panted and sweated and cursed, and rose in the morning more exhausted than when you went to bed? Have you ever toured New York in a sultry spell, when a hundred thousand gasping wretches lie panting upon tenement roofs and pray in vain for sleep or a breath of air? Have you ever gone to the city of the dead, in Brooklyn, at the height of one of these "hot spells," when New York had to borrow hearses for 90 miles around to bury fast enough the victims of her climate? Just now there is in the far South a little recurrence of the yellow fever panic. But fewer die of the yellow fever in the United States than perish every year by sunstroke. We try to stop the plague by scientific methods; but what science or sense is applied to abolishing sunstroke? It is merely the insignificant matter of



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

AVENUE OF PAMPAS PLUMES.

(At Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica.)



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SUNSET AMONG THE PINES.

climate. If it were a case of taking medicine and quarantining the infected, the East would have no more sunstrokes; but as it involves such a dreadful treatment as removing from an indecent to a decent climate, the average Eastern brain will remark "go on with your funeral" — as the man did who was being buried alive because he was too lazy to live. Someone stopped the hearse and offered him a load of corn. "Is it shelled?" he asked languidly.

"No."

"Then drive on!"

It is "just climate" which makes the difference between the big, lean, mortgaged farms of the East and the fat little acres of California. It is just climate which turns out on one side of the continent consumptives and nervous-exhaustion victims, and children runted by imprisonment in poison air for four months at a time; and on the other side health and joy of life and children like infant gods. Certainly Californians are not "slower" than their Eastern blood-relations. No city in New England or "York State" or Pennsylvania ever bounded forward by the half such strides of material progress and American enterprise as Los Angeles has done. Not a single city of 100,000 people anywhere in the East has done so much in twenty years to beautify and accomodate herself as Los Angeles has done in ten; and not one other city of her size in the United States is today anywhere near her peer in buildings, transit, beauty of homes, and educational facilities, just as not one remotely rivals the dower she has from Nature. And that is all climate. You may say it is the people — and in a secondary sense that is true. No other city has so large a proportion of intelligent, well-to-people. But the people are here because the climate is here — and have come since they learned that it was. A dozen years ago, Los Angeles had 14,000 people. Today it has over 103,000. So climate means something after all. These people, 90% of them, are here because they got tired

of living where it was apt to be fatal to meet their own weather on the street ; because they were tired of being winter prisoners and summer slaves. They left their homes, their childhood friends, because the superiority of California was so plain (and they compare with a large field, for they come from every State of the Union and every country of the civilized world). They have property, real and personal ; they own their homes and have bank accounts ; they do not have to stay here if disappointed — and if you fancy you could get any of them to return for good to the home of their childhood — well, you cannot fancy it if you have seen them. They love the old home, and remember it ; but they are glad to *have come from* Massachusetts or New York or Missouri ;



MORE CLIMATE.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

WHERE ROSES RUN TO THE TREE-TOPS.

Photo. by Maude.

and now they are Californians, body, soul and breeches. It is startling how unanimously they pity their former fellow-townsmen.

This would not be so significant if California were the national asylum for imbeciles. But every sizable town in the Union has unwillingly sent its representatives, and knows that they were among the best people in it. No other city in the United States has so much money per capita in its banks as Los Angeles—and there are very few millionaires (perhaps because they are not so much worshipped in the republican West as at home). There is no other city in the United States where so large a proportion of the people own the houses they live in. There is no other city in the United States where the homes have on the average such beautiful grounds. There are more roses on one street in Los Angeles than in all the towns east of the Rio Grande put together—and more heliotropes and calla lillies.

And there is no sameness about it. For nearly half the year we can look up from our orange-groves to snowpeaks of which the smallest ranks with Mt. Washington and the biggest is nearly twice as tall. Within twenty miles we have the palm and banana, the pine and cedar. Here are the fruits of the tropics ; and a dozen miles away are the brook



A BANANA DRIVE,

trout of Maine. Lovers of contrast frequently have a snowball and sleighride on Mt. Lowe in the morning, lunch among the orange-groves of Pasadena, and in the same afternoon a brisk plunge in the Pacific surf. Southern California is not a flat, dull stretch of tropics. Here "geography is stood on edge," and nowhere else in the civilized world is there such variety in so little space — so much to stir the intelligence of man even while it promotes his body.

This, men and brethren, is climate. Nor is this all of it. There is no other place in the civilized world so tender to women and children and old folks, as California. There is no other place where rugged men find more joy of life or greater ease in working, than this same California.

Already half a century ago Bayard Taylor prophesied that here on the Pacific Coast should be the world's physical and mental regeneration. He foretold (and every observer can already see the fulfillment) that under these skies should breed a new and nobler race of children. He declared that these conditions would bring art and literature to their best, and with them the art of life. Here, the weakest can be out of doors every day in the year. No window needs be shut against God's air. We do not have to sleep in a saturated solution of humanity lest a breath from out doors freeze us stiff; nor to hide ourselves from the sun lest it smite us unto death. Every day in the year birds and flowers and fruits are with us. Two business men of Los Angeles have a record that in sixteen years they never once missed a Sunday swim in the surf at Santa Monica.

It was not a wild prophecy. Egypt and Greece and Palestine and Rome — what are history, art and literature (and even God's last word to man) if you leave them off the page? They were countries marvelously like Southern California — marvelously unlike our Eastern States. It was not chance that did these things — and that will repeat and improve upon them under the similar but even more favorable conditions of California. It was — and will be — just climate.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SOMETHING LIKE HOME.

THE FIRST STEP.

COMING events cast their shadows before! If the little 340-ton steamer *Albion*—which the enterprise of the Los Angeles Terminal Ry. has just set to plying between our harbor of San Pedro and the Mexican Coast—is a small beginning, it undoubtedly forecasts a large future. Only those who do not know how large and how fast-growing is the commerce of Mexico will look upon the undertaking as trivial. American merchants in general have been wonderfully slow to see the opening; but as usual, the merchants of Southern California promise to be first in the field. If so, they will have reason to remember the *Albion* as the modest pioneer of great things.

2500 tons of freight monthly are sent from San Francisco to Mexican ports. Coffee, tropical fruit, etc., come back in exchange for our machinery, wines, deciduous fruit, canned goods, etc. There is no



THE ALBION.

valid reason why Southern California, 500 miles nearer, with two trans-continental roads, should not ship everything the Mexican traders need from the Pacific Coast of the United States.

A representative of the Terminal Ry. had already canvassed the West Coast of Mexico, and awakened considerable interest in the venture; so the initial trip of the *Albion* last month carrying freight and a representative of the Los Angeles Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association was no guess work. By the first of the year the Terminal plans to add two iron ships to the service.

We already have a harbor at San Pedro; and are to have a better, now that the government has succeeded in eluding Mr. Huntington. And the upbuilding of commerce between it and Mexico will be not only good patriotism but good business in dollars and cents.





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 7, No. 6.

LOS ANGELES

NOVEMBER, 1897.

KATZIMO THE ENCHANTED.

BY FREDERICK WEBB HODGE.

ACOMA is the oldest settlement within our domain. Many of the walls that still stand on that beetling penol were seen by Coronado during his marvelous journey in 1540, and even then they were centuries old. The valley of Acoma has been described as "the Garden of the Gods multiplied by ten, and with ten equal but other wonders thrown in ; plus a human interest, an archæological value, an atmosphere of romance and mystery"—and the comparison has not been overdrawn an iota.

Stretching away for miles lies a beautiful level valley clothed in grama and bounded on both sides by mesas of variegated sandstone rising precipitately from 300 to 400 feet, and relieved by minarets and pinnacles and domes of nature's architecture. About their bases miniature forests of piñon and cedar are found, pruned of their dead limbs by native wood-gatherers. Northwestward Mt. San Mateo (or Taylor), the loftiest peak in New Mexico, rears its verdant head, and twenty miles away to the westward the great, frowning, pine-fringed Mesa Prieta, with the beautiful vale of Cebollita at its feet, forms a fitting foreground to every setting sun.

But none of these great rock-tables is so precipitous, so awe inspiring, as the majestic isolated Katzimo or Enchanted Mesa, which rises 430 feet from the middle of the western plain as if too proud to keep company with its fellows. And this was one of the many wonderful homesites of the Acomas during their wanderings from the mythic Shipapu in the far north to their present lofty dwelling-place.

Native tradition, as distinguished from myth, when unaffected by Caucasian influence, may usually be relied on even to the extent of verifying or disproving that which purports to be historical testimony. The Acoma Indians have handed down from shaman to novitiate, from father to son, in true prescriptorial fashion, for many generations, the story that Katzimo was once the home of their ancestors, but during a great convulsion of nature, at a time when most of the inhabitants were at



L. A. King '09

BIRDEYE VIEW OF ACOMA.
 (The Anasazi and Mesa in the distance.)

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work in their fields below, an immense rocky mass became freed from the friable wall of the cliff, destroying the only trail to the summit and leaving a few old women to perish on the inaccessible height. What more could be necessary to enwrap the place forever after in the mystery of enchantment?

This tradition was first recorded years ago and published in 1885 by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has done so much to stimulate popular interest in the most interesting section of our country, and the same story was repeated by Acoma lips to the present writer while conducting a reconnaissance of the pueblos in the autumn of 1895. During this visit, to test the verity of the tradition, a trip was made to the base of the mesa, where a careful examination of the talus, especially where it is piled so high about the foot of the great southwestern cleft up which the ancient pathway is reputed to have wound its course, was rewarded by the finding of numerous fragments of pottery of very ancient type, some of



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PIESTA OF SAN ESTEVAN, ACOMA



which were decorated in a vitreous glaze—an art now unknown to Pueblo potters.

The talus at the point mentioned rises to a height of 224 feet above the plain, and therefore slightly more than halfway up the mesa side. It is composed largely of earth, which could have been deposited there in no other way than by washing from the summit during periods of storm through many centuries. An examination of the trail to a point within 60 feet of the top exhibited distinct traces of the hand and foot holes that had aided in the ascent of the ancient pathway. The evidence of the former occupancy of the Enchanted Mesa was regarded as sufficient; another one of many native traditions had been verified by archaeological proof.

The Enchanted Mesa has become celebrated during the last summer through the reports of the expedition of Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton, who, after several days of effort, succeeded in scaling the height in the latter part of July by means of a life-saving equipment. It would seem that Prof. Libbey neglected to search for relics in the talus and that he devoted no attention to the great southwestern cove up which the trail was reputed to have passed; but after spending some three hours on the narrow southern extension of the mesa top awaiting the arrival of a ladder from Acoma to conduct him across a fissure,* he employed the remaining two hours in a reconnaissance of the wider and most interesting part of the height, finding "nothing that would indicate even a former visit by human beings."

While engaged in archaeological work in Arizona (and later in Cebollita valley in western central New Mexico, some twenty miles westward from Acoma pueblo), I concluded to visit Katzimo once more in order to determine what additional data might be gathered by an examination of the summit. The knowledge gained by the previous visit made it apparent that a light equipment only would be necessary to the accomplishment of the task. Preparing an extension ladder comprising six 6-foot sections, some two hundred feet of half-inch rope, and a pole-pick, together with a number of bolts, drills, etc., which afterward were found to be needless, I proceeded to Laguna, the newest yet the most rapidly decaying of all the pueblos, on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad. Here I was fortunate in enlisting the services of Major George H. Pradt, who has served as a U. S. deputy surveyor in New Mexico and Arizona for nearly thirty years; Mr. A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, a few of whose beautiful photographs are here reproduced, and Mr. H. C. Hayt of Chicago. Much of the success of the little expedition is due to the untiring aid of these gentlemen; and for many creature comforts I am indebted to the Messrs. Marmon, whose beautiful little home at Laguna has delighted the heart of many a weary wayfarer in that sunny land.

Leaving the railroad September 1st, we proceeded westward with our two farm wagons, each drawn by a very small black mule and a large white horse, driven by two sturdy Laguna boys. The road trends westward for about seven miles, then turns southward through a rather wide valley scarred with arroyos and lined with fantastically carved sandstone cliffs. The summit of Mesa Encantada is visible for several miles ere the vale of Acoma is reached, and as one enters the valley proper he cannot fail to appreciate the wisdom displayed by the natives in the final selection of the beautiful, grassy, mesa-dotted plain that has been their home for so many generations.

The next day was spent in the village of Acoma, witnessing that curious anomaly of paganism intermixed with Christianity known as the Fiesta de San Estevan. On the morning of the 3d an early start was made for Mesa Encantada, which lies three miles northwestward from the pueblo, just within the eastern boundary of the Acoma grant, in latitude 34° 54' north, longitude 107° 34' west.

* 4 ft. wide.—En.



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ASCENDING THE PREHISTORIC TRAIL.

Photo. by A. C. Wroman

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The remainder of the forenoon was employed in making camp in the little grove of cedars at the base of the cleft near the southwestern corner of the height, in unpacking the apparatus and instruments, and in determining the altitude of the mesa from the western plain. The observations of Major Pradt show that the elevation of the foot of the talus above the plain is 33 feet; the apex of the talus 224 feet above the plain, and the top of the highest pinnacle on the summit of the mesa overlooking the great cleft, 431 feet above the same level.

The start from the camp was made at noon. The ascent of the talus was made in a few minutes, the ladders, ropes, and photographic and surveying instruments being carried with some effort, since climbing, heavily laden, at an altitude of 6000 feet in a broiling sun is tedious. Reaching the beginning of the rocky slope, the hard work began. One mem-



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THE MONUMENT.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

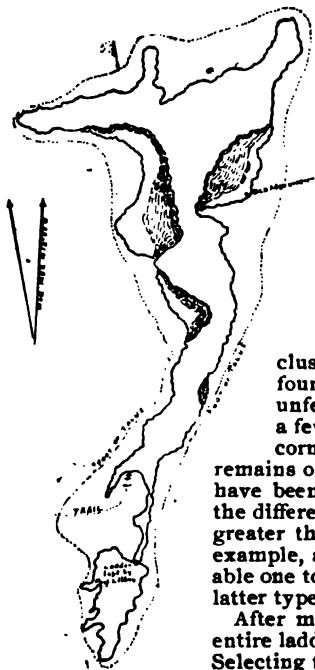
[This is the cairn, unmistakable as a pile of tin cans, which Prof. Wm. Libbey of Princeton College looked at, puzzled over, and finally decided to be "the results of erosion." See article signed by him in the Princeton Press, Aug. 21.—Ed.]

ber of the party, taking the lead, dragged the end of a rope to a convenient landing place where a dwarf piñon finds sufficient nourishment, from the stormwater and sand washed from the summit through this drainage-way, to eke out a precarious existence. Fastening the rope to the tree, the outfit was hauled up, and the other members of the party found a convenient and easy means of ascent. The next landing occurred several feet above at the foot of a rather steep pitch of about ten feet. This wall, although somewhat difficult to scale, may be climbed with more or less safety by the aid of several small holes which occur in its face. These holes were doubtless artificially pecked, but as the narrow pathway at this point is now a drainage course during periods of storm, the soft sandstone has become so much eroded that they have apparently lost their former shape. The cliff at this point was surmounted with the aid of two sections of the extension ladder, a rope being carried over the steep slope above and secured to a large boulder in the corner of a convenient terrace some 60 feet below the summit.

This was the point which I managed to reach without artificial aid during the 1895 visit. At this time I spent several minutes on this ledge, and made diligent search on the walls of the cove for evidence of pictographs, but none were found. The boulder lies in a corner of the terrace, below a long crack which extends the entire height of the 30-foot wall, just as it had appeared before; and I well remember viewing the chasm while seated on it. I note these circumstances since one of the first things that met our gaze on reaching this point during the late climb, was a collection of four oak sticks, lying beside the boulder,

that I had not observed during my previous visit. They were about an inch thick, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, and had been pointed at each end with a sharp tool, apparently a hatchet. Their occurrence here at once suggested a careful investigation of the crack above, which resulted in the finding of a series of regularly pecked holes, evidently very ancient, for their edges had been so eroded that they are now visible only on close examination. So shallow indeed had the holes been worn that I at once saw that while the pointed sticks afforded an indication of their former use, it would have been impossible for the holes to be employed as an aid to climbing in modern times. I therefore concluded that the sticks had recently been brought there by one who desired to gain access to the summit, but had failed in the attempt. This conclusion was confirmed immediately afterward when I found a sherd of very modern Acoma pottery and an unfeathered prayer-stick almost beneath the boulder, and a few moments later Mr. Hayt dug from the sand in the corner other fragments of the same vessel—evidently the remains of a sacrifice—which, had it been accessible, would have been deposited on the summit. It should be said that the difference in ancient and modern Acoma earthenware is far greater than between modern Acoma and Zuni pottery, for example, and it requires no very intimate acquaintance to enable one to distinguish the one variety from the other in the latter types.

After making this interesting find we proceeded to fit the entire ladder in order to scale the 30 feet of wall now before us. Selecting the middle or the eastern section of the cove as the most convenient and least hazardous point of ascent, the ladder was adjusted and carefully raised, section by section, until it



Map of the Mesa Encantada, by Maj. Geo. H. Pratt. Scale, 600 ft. to 1 inch.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

ON TOP OF KATZIMO.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

reached the lower part of the sloping terrace. Two holes were then pecked in the sandstone floor to prevent the now almost vertical ladder from slipping down the cliff. Again a member of the party went forward, drawing with him a rope fastened about the waist, the remaining three (the Indians remained below to handle the baggage) holding the ladder as rigidly as possible; yet it swayed and creaked and bent like a reed until the top was reached, and it required no little care to step from the upper rung to the sloping ledge without forcing the ladder from its insecure bearing. The ledge was gained in safety, however, and the rope was tied to an upper rung and made fast around a large block of stone on the terrace to the left. The others ascended, one by one, each with a rope about his chest and drawn around the rock by the one above as a measure of precaution. Then the equipage, wrapped in blankets, was fastened to the end of a rope thrown to the two Indians far below and drawn up piece by piece. The remainder of the ascent was made without difficulty: the time consumed by the entire climb was somewhat over two hours.

If the view across the valley is beautiful, that from the summit of Katzimo is sublime. Mesa Prieta was sullen still, and the pink mesas, haughty in their grandeur from the plain, now seemed to realize their insignificance in the light of the glories beyond. Placid little pools, born of the storm of the day before, lay glittering like diamonds in an emerald field, while Mt. San Mateo tried in vain to lift its lofty head above the clouds that festooned the northern horizon.

The summit of Encantada has been swept and carved and swept again by the winds and rains of centuries since the ancestors of the simple Acomas climbed the ladder-trail of which we found the traces. The pinnacled floor has not always appeared as it is today, for it was thickly overlaid by the shred-strewn soil that now forms a goodly part of the great talus heaps below. The walls of the dwellings, whether of stone or the sun-baked mud-balls that Castañeda describes, must have been erected on this, for the native finds in earth, when he has it, a better footing for his unbonded walls than he does in bare rock, and one may readily see that the film of soil which still remains occurs in places that would have afforded the best sites for dwellings.

The day before was a day of storm. It even rained hard enough to drive an Indian from his religion, and yet not a cupful found a resting place on the entire mesa surface save in a few potholes eroded in the

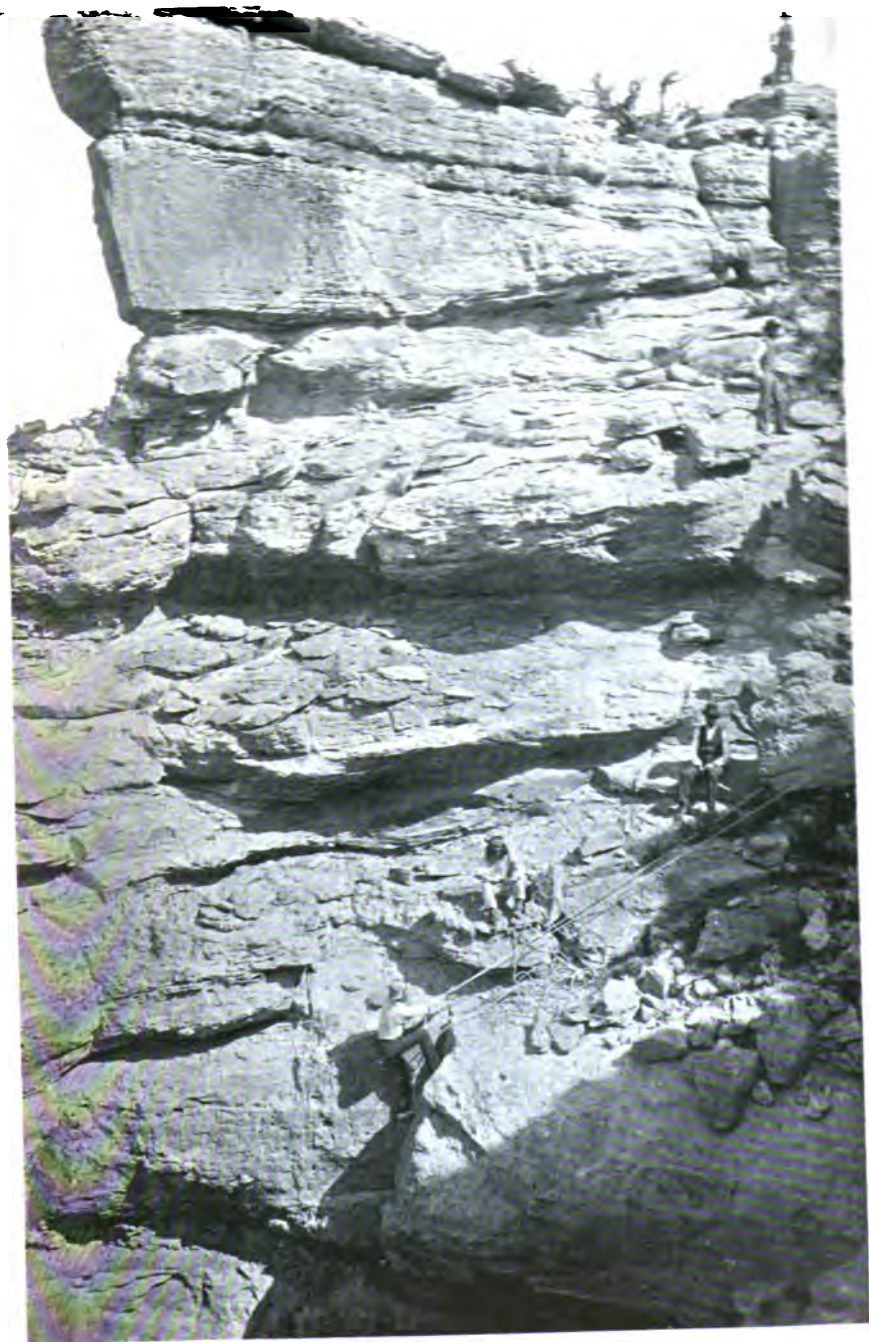
sandstone. The water had poured over the brink in a hundred cataracts, each contributing of the summit's substance to the detritus round about the base as in every storm for untold ages.

There is little wonder, then, that I despaired of finding a single relic when we had reached the top of the trail and looked about at the destruction wrought; and yet we had been on the summit only a few minutes when Major Pradt found a sherd of pottery of very ancient type and much crackled by weathering. The fragment is of plain gray ware, quite coarse in texture, with a *dégraissant* of white sand. Beginning at the eastern side we immediately began to explore the rim of the escarpment, in a short time encountering the rude stone monument, which had been observed also by Prof. Libbey. Only a cursory glance is necessary to determine beyond any doubt that the pile could have been erected only by the hand of man. The structure stands on a natural floor of sandstone, on the edge of the eastern cliff, well protected from the wash by a drainage-way on each side. It consists of a long, narrow slab about thirty inches in length, held erect by smaller slabs and boulders placed about the base, the stratification of the upright slab being vertical, that of the supporting slabs horizontal. As will readily be observed from the plate, it would have been impossible for the structure to have originated by any but artificial means.

The sun was lowering, so that we were compelled to suspend investigation in order to make preparation for our night's camp. After supper Mr. Vroman and Mr. Hayt built a huge fire, for the night air at that altitude is very chilly. We passed the night in questionable comfort, and were out of our blankets at dawn. After a hasty breakfast we immediately began a survey of the mesa rim, and while thus engaged were somewhat surprised to find three Acoma Indians among us. They were scarcely friendly at first; indeed, according to the story of our two Lagunas who had spent the night in the camp below, they had seen our fire the night before, and not knowing who the intruders were, or what their intentions, had come with the avowed purpose of compelling us to descend, even if they had to threaten to cut down our ladder. A little explanation and friendly treatment, however, soon appeased any wrath and induced communicativeness. These three natives are Luciano Cristóval Payatiamo, Lieutenant Governor of the tribe and a medicine priest; Luis Pino, and Santiago Savaró, *principales*.

After careful inquiry in regard to the tradition of the former occupancy of Katzimo, Luciano informed us that the "ancients" had lived there so long ago, and the storms in this country were so destructive, that we could now hardly expect to find any remains on the surface of the mesa. When we told him and his companions that a potsherd had already been found, they became deeply interested, and manifested anxiety to find other evidences on the lofty home-site of their ancestors. They evinced much curiosity in the place, and were greatly surprised when we took them to the stone monument, of which they could give us no satisfactory explanation. Luciano suggested that it may have been placed there in ancient times to mark the site of a trail, but an examination of the cliff failed to reveal any indication that access to the mesa could ever have been gained at that point.

As already stated, the Indians were deeply interested in finding further evidence of aboriginal occupancy. They had proceeded only a few yards in their search when the *teniente* found a fragment of ancient pottery quite similar to the sherd picked up by Major Pradt the evening before; a few moments later, several more fragments were found, as well as a portion of a shell bracelet, that bears evidence of considerable wear, an arrowpoint, and the blade-end of a white stone ax, on the edge of which several notches had been neatly made. The exposed portion of this implement was thoroughly bleached, while the side in contact with the ground was soiled and still damp when the Indian



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THE LAST PITCH.

Photo. by A. C. Yroman.

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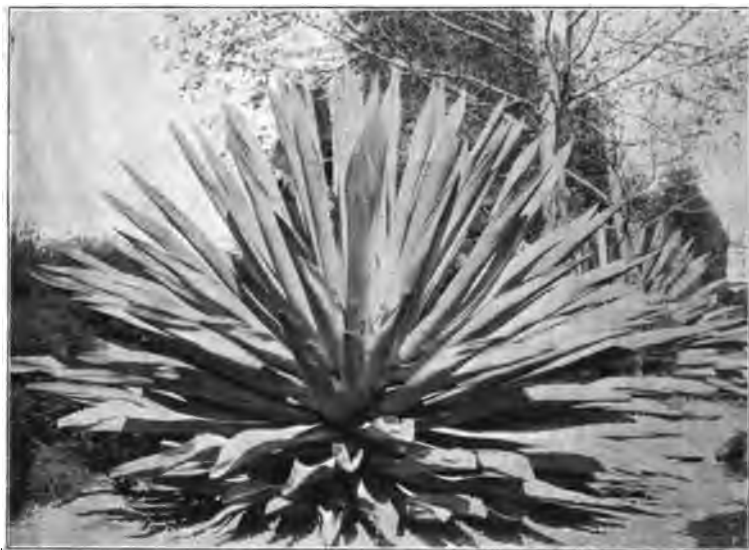
handed it to me. After descending the mesa, the same Indian exhibited the blade-end of another ax, which showed a portion of the groove and which was notched along the edge in a manner similar to the other. He admitted that he had found it on the summit, or rather on a ledge a few feet below the summit, but desired to keep it for ceremonial use as he was a medicine priest. Like the other implement, this ax was thoroughly bleached on one side by weathering, the unexposed side being stained through contact with the ground.

We descended the mesa about noon of the following day (Sept. 4th) having spent twenty hours on the summit. During this time I employed every opportunity in making a critical study of the general features of the surface of Katzímo throughout the 2500 feet of its length, devoting special consideration to the topography of the site, the erosion, the earthy deposits, the drainage, and the great cedars that stand gaunt and bare or lie prone and decayed because their means of subsistence has so long been washed away, and I was forced to the conclusion that there is no possibility that any trace of house walls could have remained to this day. The abundance of ancient relics in the talus, the remnants of the ladder trail, the specimens picked up on the summit, coupled with the destruction wrought by nature, the tradition itself—all testify to the former habitation of the site.

Katzímo is still enchanted. The lore of a millennium is not to be undone by a few hours of careless iconoclasm.

Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

[Since Mr. Hodge's ms. went to the printers, Prof. Libbey has greatly increased the seriousness of his own plight by attempting a defence. He is playing with edged tools whose handles he does not know, and the result is natural. Some discussion of the matter will be found on another page.—Ed.]



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THE PLANT—APRIL 13.

Photo by Hall.

A "CENTURY PLANT."

BY H. N. RUST.



CAVE AMERICANA is one of the noblest and most useful plants of North America. In Mexico it is called *maguay*; and enormous plantations of it are grown, its juice being made into the sour national drink *pulque*; while a distillation (from one variety) makes *mescal*, the Mexican brandy. In the United States it is called aloe or "century plant"—the latter as much of a name-exaggeration as centipede. It lives some years longer in a cold climate; in Southern California and Mexico it

matures in eight to fifteen years.

As the plant comes to maturity, a heavy stalk (much like a gigantic asparagus) rises from the center of the great rosette of big, sword-like leaves. The Mexican *tlachiqueros* to make *pulque* cut this off and gather the sap from its stump; but in this country we let it grow for more esthetic results.

The accompanying photographs of a plant grown on the writer's place in South Pasadena, Cal., illustrate the manner and rapidity of growth. No. 1 was taken April 13, when the highest part of the plant was $9\frac{1}{4}$ feet above the ground; its greatest diameter being 16 feet. Single "leaves" were $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and three inches thick. At this date the flower-stalk already began to show in the heart of the rosette. No. 2 was taken May 8th, and shows twenty-two days' growth. No. 3 was made August 1st, when the plant had attained a height of 41 feet, and carried many thousands of small, yellowish-green flowers. This tremendous growth of the flower-stalk exhausts the plant, and it dies after flowering.



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THE FLOWER-STALK—MAY 8.

Photo. by Hall.



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IN FULL BLOOM—AUGUST 1.

Photo. by Bal.

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The Indians of the desert use its pulpy portions for food ; roasting them in a pit, between alternate layers of grass, something like a Rhode Island clam-bake. The result is a dark, fibrous mass which has the taste of baked sweet apples, is very nutritious, and in that climate will keep a year or more. The agave is propagated by shoots, which come out in abundance.

South Pasadena, Cal.

OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

SKETCHED BY EYEWITNESSES.

I.



REV. WALTER COLTON, a chaplain in the U. S. Navy, was the first Protestant clergyman and the first American magistrate in California. Two weeks after the American flag was raised (July 10, 1846) he began his duties as alcalde* of Monterey; and his chance for observing the patriarchal life of the Californians was unusually good. So also was his temperament. He kept a naïve diary, and later published it in book form—*Three Years in California*. He was given to quoting poetry and to moralizing in the ingenuous style of that day; but his book is one of the most interesting of that epoch, particularly in its amusing and sympathetic delineations of that sweet, simple, hospitable, childlike life which was so soon to be crowded aside by the trampling Argonauts. He was also the first editor on the Pacific coast, issuing (with his partner Semple, a Kentuckian who stood six-foot-eight in his stockings) the first number of the weekly *Californian* on the 15th of August, 1846.

A delicious chapter on his experiences as magistrate, and the honest



L. A. Eng. Co.

From Colton's "Three Years in California."

GOING TO THE WEDDING.

* Mayor and Judge in one.

but unconventional fashion in which he administered justice; his experiences as the first California newspaper man, as a gold-miner and as a pillar of society, is easily made from his lively volume. But first for some of his pictures of California life as he found it.

OLD CALIFORNIA HOSPITALITY.

"I have never been," says Mr. Colton, "in a community that rivals Monterey in its spirit of hospitality and generous regard. Such is the welcome to the privileges of the private hearth, that a public hotel has never been able to maintain itself. You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come without the slightest ceremony, make yourself entirely at home, and tarry as long as it suits your inclination, be it for a day or a month. You create no flutter in the family, awaken no apologies, and are greeted every morning with the same bright smile.

"If a stranger, you are not expected to bring a formal letter of introduction. No one here thinks any the better of a man who carries the credentials of his character and standing in his pocket. A word or an allusion to recognized persons or places is sufficient. If you turn out to be different from what your first impressions and fair speech promised, still you meet with no frowning looks, no impatience for your departure. You still enjoy in full that charity which suffereth long, and is kind. * * * And when you finally depart, it will not be without a benison; not perhaps that you are worthy of it; but you belong to the great human family, where faults often spring from misfortune and the force of untoward circumstances. Generous, forbearing people of Monterey! there is more true hospitality in one throb of your heart, than circulates for years through the courts and capitals of kings."

KNEW HOW TO LIVE.

"There are no people that I have ever been among who enjoy life so thoroughly as the Californians. Their habits are simple; their wants few; nature rolls almost everything spontaneously into their lap. Their horses, cattle, and sheep roam at large—not a blade of grass is cut, and none is required. The harvest waves wherever the plow and harrow have been; and the grain which the wind scatters this year, serves as seed for the next. The slight labor required is more a diversion than a toil; and even this is shared by the Indian. They attach no value to money, except as it administers to their pleasures.

OPEN HEARTS.

"There is no need of an orphan asylum in California. The amiable and benevolent spirit of the people hovers like a shield over the helpless. The question is not, who shall be burdened with the care of an orphan, but who shall have the privilege of rearing it. Nor do numbers or circumstances seem to shake this spirit. A plain, industrious man, of rather limited means, applied to me today [Feb. 17, 1848] for the care of six orphan children. I asked him how many he had of his own; he said fourteen as yet. 'Well, my friend,' I observed, 'are not fourteen enough for one table, and especially with the prospect of more?' 'Ah!' said the Californian, 'the hen that has twenty chickens scratches no harder than the hen that has one.'"

SOMETHING LIKE FAMILIES.

"The fecundity of the Californians is remarkable, and must be attributed in no small degree to the effects of the climate. It is no uncommon sight to find from fourteen to eighteen children at the same table,

with their mother at their head. There is a lady of some note in Monterey, who is the mother of twenty-two living children.

"There is a lady in the department below who has twenty-eight children, all living, in fine health, and who may share the 'envied kiss' with others yet to come. What a family—what a wife—what a mother! I have more respect for the shadow of that woman than for the living presence of the mincing being who raises a whole village if she has one child, and then puts it to death with sugar plums. A woman with one child is like a hen with one chicken; there is an eternal scratch about nothing."

A CALIFORNIA WEDDING.

"It is said the Californians are born on horseback; it may also be said they are married on horseback. The day the marriage contract is agreed on between the parties, the bridegroom's first care is to buy or borrow the best horse to be found in the vicinity. At the same time he has to get, by one of these means, a silver-mounted bridle, and a saddle with embroidered housings. This saddle must have, also, at its stern, a bridal pillion, with broad aprons flowing down the flanks of the horse. These aprons are also embroidered with silk of different colors, and with gold and silver thread. Around the margin runs a string of little steel plates, alternated with slight pendants of the same metal. These, as the horse moves, jingle like a thousand mimic bells.

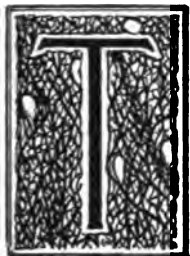
The bride, also, comes in for her share in these nuptial preparations. The bridegroom must present her with at least six entire changes of raiment, nor forget, through any sentiment of delicacy, even the chemise. Such an oversight might frustrate all his hopes; as it would be construed into a personal indifference—the last kind of indifference which a California lady will forgive. He therefore hunts this article with as much solicitude as the Peri the gift that was to unlock Paradise. Having found six which are neither too full nor too slender, he packs them in rose-leaves and sends them to his lady as his last bridal present. She might naturally expect him to come next.

The wedding day having arrived, the two fine horses, procured for the occasion, are led to the door, saddled, bridled, and pillioned. The bridegroom takes up before him the godmother, and the godfather the bride, and thus they gallop away to church. The priest, in his richest robes, receives them at the altar, where they kneel, partake of the sacrament, and are married. This over, they start on their return—but now the gentlemen change partners. The bridegroom, still on the pillion, takes up before him his bride. With his right he steadies her on the saddle, and in his left holds the reins. They return to the house of the parents of the bride, where they are generally received with a discharge of musketry. Two persons, stationed at some convenient place, now rush out and seize him by his legs, and before he has time to dismount, deprive him of his spurs, which he is obliged to redeem with a bottle of brandy.

"The married couple then enter the house where the near relatives are all waiting in tears to receive them. They kneel down before the parents of the lady, and crave a blessing, which is bestowed with patriarchal solemnity. On rising, the bridegroom makes a signal for the guests to come in, and another for the guitar and harp to strike up. Then commences the dancing, which continues often for three days, with only brief intervals for refreshment, but none for slumber; the wedded pair must be on their feet; their dilemma furnishes food for good-humored jibes and merriment. Thus commences married life in California."

IN A GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL.

BY BERTHA S. WILKINS.



THE Pima Indian Reservation is situated along the Gila river in southern Arizona. Here a Government boarding school has been in operation for a number of years, and better conditions for studying the Indian child can hardly be imagined. The children are still linked to the home, parents and friends can come to see them, yet, for the time being, they are entirely in the care and keeping of the school.

One has here the little native with all his physical wants to be satisfied, with his temper uncontrolled, and with but vague ideas of concentration or obedience to strangers. When the first strangeness has worn off and one has accustomed oneself to the picturesque "Indian English," the uniform brown of the faces and the black of hair and eyes (there is said to be only one half-breed Pima), one sees the child—the same in all ages and with all peoples—hungry in body and mind. The child, with all his limitations, which are such an unfailing source of amusement to us, yet with possibilities that make one almost stand in awe of him.

In my school, the "receiving class," consisting of twenty-six little Pimas and two Papagos, some familiar school types soon become clearly defined. The child most conspicuous by his behavior was Little Mischief, of course. He is a wonderfully bright, mercurial little fellow, and though only five years old has learned the art of winning hearts. Then Cry Baby made himself known. The slightest affront, whether real or fancied, sends this hysterical little brown urchin off into paroxysms of tears and screams. Yet he is unusually bright, coming from a "brainy" family. His brothers are making their mark in higher Indian schools.

Then there's Puck, the naughty clown—a natural little buffoon—who always feels inclined to do what he shouldn't, never what he should. Yet such a generous, helpful little fellow is bound to make friends everywhere. He has, moreover, a great deal of self-respect.

Even the mathematicians are not wanting. They are two splendid, manly fellows. The boy who was born a politician, who never needed to learn the art of "getting a pull," is perhaps most conspicuous in games where the children "choose their successors." He knows how to electioneer for



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"MINNEHAHA" AND "LITTLE OLD WOMAN."

Illustrated from Kodaks by the author.

himself, even going so far as buying prominence with a top, a string or a marble. One might think of this consummate little schemer as "long-headed," were his not such a perfectly round little Pima pate.

The General Favorite or Popular Boy is here, as elsewhere, a genial, obliging little fellow, blessed by a kindly star, with unflinching tact, a keen sense of humor, and a level head. He is not puffed up by his popularity. The boys show their high regard for him in many frank, boyish ways, while the girls are more likely to send him a sweaty handful of parched pumpkin seeds by some convenient go-between. The Popular Boy receives the gift with a beaming smile, entirely devoid of self-consciousness, and distributes the delicacy to all around.

Among the girls, the Little Old Woman is a noticeable child. She is fussy and much concerned as to the welfare and behavior of each in particular and all in general.

Then there's the Rebel, who holds her head high and has a cool way of folding her arms, which reminds one of the Douglass before his speech to Marmion. Yet the Rebel possesses a voice as clear as a bell and unerring musical perception. After the music lesson is over, have been sung, the Lena sing again!" The are perhaps the most vigorous measures are ashamed of their variable genius is a little lass of her to learn to read composition was a de- is very popular, too, alike, though the most is the Little Sensitive. natural refinement and teachable, with unflinching what her ancestors were ucation a hundred years ago. The little maids from camp differ greatly in their power to adjust themselves to the new life. "Minnehaha," a dusky beauty of fifteen, opened her eyes in wonder. Knives and forks made her smile and she was slow in learning the use of them. Pencil

and paper, blackboard and crayon also amused and interested her greatly—but she soon drooped with homesickness and refused to eat the strange fare of the school.

Hallie, "a genuine little savage," took in the new world with her eager little mind and smiled a wondering, yet determined, question at every thing. She was not only teachable but aggressively so, and in four months she has accomplished as much as a remarkably bright white child could possibly have done under the same circumstances. And this is saying much, as those who have seen German or Scandinavian children learn the language, besides doing the regular primary work, will admit.

Little Alice, under exactly the same conditions, has little power of concentration, but sings so sweetly and enjoys life so much that one is tempted to let her go her own smiling little way.

As far as I have observed, these little Pimas are



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IN THE AGENT'S ROOM

very musical. They enjoy, moreover, the thoughtful part of music study. Their "musical imagination" is easily aroused, and they appreciate keenly the language of a "song without words." They feel the minor pathos of intervals, and delight in the study of expressing feeling in music. Their voices do not have the silvery quality of the white child's voice, nor the rich resonance of the young Negro's; yet



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co. BRIDGE ACROSS THE LITTLE GILA.

under training they develope a quality of tone which is quite distinctive and charming.

Games, too, are an unfailing source of delight to these children. The "play spirit" bubbles over just as it does with children the world over. At school the girls play the familiar "tag" games, jump rope, bean bag, etc.; the boys make tops, play marbles or ball. When asked about their games at home, they said joyously, living it all over in memory: "Play with a bow! Ride a horse! Ride a burro! Ride a cow! Ride a calf!"

"Do you ride on a cow?"

"Yaas—ride—go very fast!"

"But don't you fall off?"

"Yaas, Robert fall off. Break himself here!" (Arm.)

"What do the girls play at home?"

But the girls are not so ready to tell. "Make play-house of little sticks. Make doll of little sticks!" suggested Little Mischief, whose tongue wags at both ends. The girls seem to have fewer games than the boys. It is customary among the Indians, as among more enlightened peoples, to make a decided difference in the rearing of the sexes. Girls learn early to care for the little ones and help in the housework, so their life is more serious from the first.

"When I am at home, I help my mama make pinole," essayed the Sulker, who is learning to keep in good humor for a whole half day at a time.

"How do you make pinole?"



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ANDREW, THE SERGEANT.



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"PUCK" AND "CRY-BABY"

"Take wheat. Put it in olla. Put water on. Let little while get very hot on the fire. Then put on something like sheet; little while get dry—not very dry. Then put in olla, no water. Put on fire not let it burn; do dis-a-way. Then my mama put it on stone make like flour. Very tired she get, my mama. I help her!"

"Very good to eat, dat pinole!" remarked a boy approvingly.

I strolled into the little boys' dormitory on a Sunday evening lately, and found the youngsters going to bed.

"Why aren't all these little boys in church?" I asked.

"Company C get slippery. Company C in bed!" came in a rollicking chorus. Then the Popular Boy turned the tables by asking archly, yet with the smile of a Chesterfield, "Why *you* not in church?" The goodnatured roar which greeted this sally proved to me that the stoical (?) Indian boy knows a joke when he meets it.

A "Gila monster" drawn upon the blackboard, called forth a chorus of, "I see him in the mountains!" "I kill him with a stone. Long time throw stones, my papa!" "He bite, you will die!"

In the "thinking game" the following original riddles were propounded:

"I am thinking of something; it is on the school house. It is red, white and blue!"

"I am thinking of something. It is black. Say Z-Z-Z. Make a little honey in the ground!" A small hole in the ground betrays the spot where the large desert bee stores his sweets in the spring time. The children take a sharp stick and dig from four to eight inches deep, until they reach the small oval mud case. If finished, it will be carefully sealed, containing an egg and honey to feed the embryo. The children remove this and suck the honey from the cup beneath.

Cry Baby one day surprised us by the following riddle: "I am thinking of something. It is playing in the mountains with a bow. I will go and kill it!" To little Pimas there was but one answer to that; and, "Pache! Pache!" came from boys and girls alike.

Twenty-five years ago the final treaty of peace was made between the Pimas and Apaches. During the foregoing winter the Apaches had made several raids upon their arch-enemies, the thrifty Pimas, who had been tillers of the soil and skillful irrigators for centuries. But the Apaches met their Waterloo at last, so far as the Pimas were concerned. Coming down through "Apache Gap" in great numbers, they found the Pimas waiting for them, safely ensconced behind breastworks. A fierce battle followed, in which the Apaches were routed and the terms of peace, made under the auspices of the Government during the following June, were strictly observed by both tribes afterwards. But hatred is still warm in every little Pima's breast, and the threat which Cry Baby had made in his riddle found an echo in every heart.

A giant cactus drawn upon the blackboard aroused the imagination of the children greatly; but they were by no means satisfied with it. They wanted to finish the picture. So the dull green giant was soon radiant with red fruit. "I will make a boy with a big steek! He will pick the cactus-fruit!" "I will make a basket—he take some cactus-fruit to his mama!" "I will make his hat—it fall off!" they volunteered eagerly; and the result was highly realistic, to say the least.

But boarding school life is by no means all sunshine to the children. For one thing, they are "raised in a batch," and that is hard. One has no time to draw them close, and let the little natures throw their tendrils around one—there are too many. The food, too, is strange and monotonous, and the children often long for the savory game stew, the delicious pinole mush, the cactus-fruit syrup, or even the stewed pumpkin which they have had at home. Then there are often tragedies—a large number of these children are orphans.

"Save's mama is dade! Who will tell Save?" asked Joana, the girls'

sergeant, coming into the sitting-room. "The horse ran away with her—the engine run over her out at Salt River! Who will tell Save?"

"Tell Carma first—that is her sister!" suggested one of the older girls. And Carma, the sixteen-year-old sister of "Save's mama," was called in. Before Save came, Joana went out to call Save's two brothers, Lisle and José, who were also in the school. There they stood, the three motherless children, wondering and curious, yet uneasy and puzzled by their aunt's grief. At last the awful truth was upon them. Little Save, half stunned, held Carma's hand and laid her head helplessly upon the other's shoulder. All the girls wept with the mourners, and some crept out to "cry it off alone."

After staring blankly about for some time, the boys had mechanically followed the call of the bell and marched into the dining-room with the lines. Lisle, a manly boy of fifteen, attempted to eat; but after choking several times, he sat back, making a desperate effort to control himself. When excused from the room, he stood afar off beside a tree. At last he gave way entirely, and throwing his arm around the tree, he burst into an uncontrollable storm of tears. The boys seemed to respect his grief, and left him undisturbed.

One cannot but be apprehensive for these children when one thinks of their future. So many days of weal or woe must be lived, and woe is none the less real when in the obscurity of an Indian camp. The question with all who have the welfare of the Indian at heart must be, "What are we doing to give these splendid children of Nature the best and only the best which they need from our civilization?"

There is in all communities a strong law-abiding and law-making element—it is the backbone of the civil and social life; this is true of the Pimas. There are families here who have it within them to appreciate and live up to the highest conception of right and the noblest moral principles of our time. Are we giving them this true civilization, or do we show them a miserable caricature, at which they smile and turn away mystified?

However, when Andrew, one of the sergeants, was asked as to whether he was glad that he had gone to school, he said: "Yes, I am glad I went. My brother stayed at home. He wears long hair, and maybe has a good time, but when he needs medicine or something, he comes to me, because I can speak English and read and write!"

Joana, the girls' sergeant, said: "Yes, I am glad I have been at school, but now I am homesick—this summer I will not work, I will go home to my mama down in the Papago country."



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 J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The great church at the Mission San Fernando is roofed! The Landmarks Club feels like throwing up its hat, for there was little hope that this big contract could be completed before the winter rains; and another wet season on those crumbling adobe walls would have left little to save. But a good many people have been enlightened and generous, and the work is thus far along. The church roof is only of shakes, but the structure is strong enough to carry tiles, and meanwhile will protect the building for twenty years. The Club doesn't believe it will be so long as that before someone will have the money and the public spirit to put tiles on—a matter of say \$1200. The club is also "short" of about \$200 to pay for the roof already on.

The Monastery is now re roofed, its cloisters repaired, and the enormous breach in its northern wall is closed. Now it is necessary to fill gaps in the church walls, so the wind cannot get under that huge roof and carry it off; the buildings running from the Monastery to the church must be roofed, the old pillars set up, and many other things done. The Club needs more money to continue the good work; and this means a call on all lovers of beauty.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK:

Previously acknowledged, \$2683.06.

New contributions: Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, \$100, for four life memberships.

C. S. Hogan, material and work, \$20; Rev. W. F. Chichester, \$5; Los Angeles Sewer Pipe Assn. (material), \$5.

\$1 each—Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein, Geo. Parsons, Los Angeles; C. W. Callaghan, Fruit Vale, Cal. From Fernando (through Miss Granger), C. D. Hubbard, A. F. Dominguez, F. M. Wright, Mrs. F. M. Wright, Stephen Lopez, E. L. Brown, all of Fernando, and Miss Cora A. Carr, of Chicago.





The cheapest way to be a patriot is to exert one's mouth in abusing every foreign country one knows nothing about. The most expensive way is to turn in and try to make one's own country fit to live in. And a good many of us are economical.

It is about the right month of the year to print again a fact JUST settled long ago but forgotten every day by people who really know better. "California" is not derived from *caliente forn- BY THE*
alla or *calidus fornus*, "a warm furnace." It is not derived from *cal y WAY.*
forno, "lime and furnace." It is not derived from anything—Spanish, Indian, Latin or Greek. It is made out of whole cloth. More than a century before California was known to exist, Ordoñez de Montalvo printed in Spain a romance entitled *Sergas de Esplandian*, in which he invented an island peopled with griffins and other favorite creatures of that era. For this mythical island he coined the name "California," as novelists coin names now. The book ran through many editions, and was as familiar as "Trilby" is today. The name of Montalvo's island was presently applied to the country successively discovered by the expeditions of Cortez and Mendoza; and has ever since been a pitfall for the half-read. Any and all of the alleged etymologies are impossible and absurd. The real origin of the name has been settled beyond a peradventure for 35 years—since 1862, when Edward Everett Hale stumbled into the truth and published it.

One might fancy the record already achieved by Prof. Wm. HIC Libbey, of Princeton College, as the most unprepared, the most unseeing and the most unfortunate pretender in the history of JACOT LIBBEY.
 American science, would suffice; but it evidently is not enough for him. He has given the Associated Press (Oct. 10) a "defense" which leaves him several fathoms deeper in the mire.

He confesses, now, that he picked up on the Mesa Encantada specimens which "resembled ancient pottery, but he could not convince himself that they were." This alone is enough to brand him forever. Does he pick up tin cans and wonder whether they are stones or artifacts, and go and submit them to a companion quarter of a mile off? Pueblo pottery, no matter how old, is just as mistakable.

He confesses that he picked up pottery around the base of the Mesa (apparently in the talus), but that he didn't think it worth mentioning. He evidently concluded that that talus, 224 feet high, which has washed down from the cliff, *washed up* from the plain! Otherwise, even he might have understood that the antiquities in it were important enough to be mentioned.

He confesses now that the famous "cairn" (pictured on p. 231) was built with hands—for now, Mr. Vroman's deadly photograph is in evidence. But before, Prof. Libbey held that this was "the results of erosion." *Eroded up!* The Princetonian is a discoverer. He has found, in the talus and cairn, two places where gravitation stands on its head.

It was a poor thing, even for a man smarting under general derision, to insinuate that Mr. Hodge let the Indians who came up next day "salt the claim." It shows again Prof. Libbey's unalleviated ignorance of the natives, of Mr. Hodge's work (which has earned a standing Prof. Libbey's will never have) and of several other things. Let us hope that he is already ashamed of so unmanly a slip.

Prof. Libbey's "defense" is based wholly on what he understands Mr. Hodge's friends have said. It more than confirms the harshest criticisms to date, and they have been unsparring enough. Immodest as ever, Prof. Libbey, who did not know pottery when he saw it and handled it, still poses as an authority on pottery. A man who did not know a monument from a glacial moraine, assumes to inform us what monuments mean, in a country of whose every detail he is as ignorant. He declares the main question is "was the Mesa inhabited? I think I am warranted in answering in the negative." Prof. Libbey is now warranted in thinking anything.

Prof. Libbey is judged not by what his friends may have said, not by what reporters may have thought he said, but by the articles he has signed his name to. After about four days' work, and a month's advertising he got up a rock where common men climbed in 135 minutes with their hands and toes and a little ladder. He declared in print that he "carefully examined every portion of the summit. There were no fragments of pottery or utensils or anything else of human origin—nothing which would enable him to believe that a human foot had ever before passed over the summit of this famous rock."

Fate evidently predestined Prof. Libbey. She led him to the very gorge up which the avenger of outraged science was to climb 41 days later—and where the prehistoric trail climbed 600 years ago. He even photographed it, and published the picture with his facetious article in *Harper's Weekly*. There, staring him in the face, were ancient steps carved in the living rock—eroded, but so plain yet that they are unmistakable even in a photograph.

Prof. Libbey asks us to remember (and we will try to accommodate him) that his rigging was still in position—the inch rope which he calls "a spider web," up which he was hauled in a chair, having himself duly photographed in the act. So, he says, he could have gone up again next morning, if he had thought it worth while. But he didn't. The telegraph office a dozen miles away yawned for him; and as he had seen enough to be cock-sure, he posted away to inform a bated world what he had done. He was quite right. If he had staid on the rock two days he would have come down just as unripe.

If Prof. Libbey is a failure as an explorer and scientist, at least he has a future as the Great American Humorist. He says: "My travels in the West and Southwest for more than twenty years have taught me caution."

Evidently. The kind of caution that his "travels" might naturally teach—in twenty years perhaps two or three grasshopperings of six days each, and each as beneficial to the world and to himself as his "exploration" of the Enchanted Mesa.

SHALL
WE

STEAL?

All government rests on the consent of the governed. That is pretty good American doctrine. Hawaii has a population of over 100,000. They own and love it. Two thousand American filibusters have stolen what they could, and ask the United States to steal the balance. They desire "annexation." The 98,000 do not—though the law does not forbid any man who wishes to believe that a people is crying out for extinguishment.

As the *Argonaut* pointedly queries: "Is the United States a thief?" Well, Henry Cabot Lodge believes that if it isn't, it ought to be. The Lion is just American enough to believe it is not and will not be. Let us leave the sneak-thief record to the monarchies, and not put in the

world's history the first record of a republic that extinguished freedom. As for the uninvited guests who have abused Hawaiian hospitality by kicking their hosts out of the house—if they are so in love with the United States, what is to hinder their living in it?

Few so rational things have been said of the antics of President Andrews as are set forth editorially in the October *Bookman*, for the whole affair has seemed to breed irresponsibility. Mr. Andrews, as the *Bookman* points out, was president, not tutor; not a teacher, but an example. Freedom of thought among instructors has nothing to do with him. Dignity and common sense ought to have a great deal.

ALL'S WELL
THAT
ENDS WELL.

Brown University has thrown away sympathy. It took a stand upon a principle; and then fell down because it got scared. It believes Andrews was wrong; but it swallows him because there was a "roar". It humbly invites back the only college president who believes aloud in free silver; the only professor in the world's history who ever found Virgil "indecent". As for Mr. Andrews, he resigned two or three times, and then took it all back. To the Westerner up a tree it appears that Mr. Andrews heads the very "university" he cannot discredit; and that Brown has the one president it deserves.

There are still a lot of other prisoners the yellow journals might deliver. Most civilized countries have them; and it is evident that they are innocent, or they wouldn't be in prison. The suspicion begins to spread, however, that the Cisneros girl was never incarcerated at all; and that the whole story is as unmitigated a fake as large parts of it are proved to be.

WHY
STOP
NOW?

There are newspapers which make it a crime to be a college professor; and to certain lewd fellows of the baser sort all learning is an offense. The Lion has no sympathy with this. Education is good for any man who knows what to do with it; and college professors vary, like other mortals. Among them are some of the manifest men that walk the footstool; and a few "bookful blockheads" who are made particularly dangerous and offensive by their position. People of common-sense discriminate between the two sorts.

POETIC
AND OTHER
JUSTICE.

Just now a professor in Princeton College has been painfully revealed as a pretentious greenhorn. It is a case of poetic justice and of infinite humor—but after all it is saddening to those who care for American scholarship. Yet it is always to be remembered that while colleges may guide brains, they cannot create them. The man in the pillory is there not because he is a professor but because he is a—Libbey.

Secretary of War Alger is again in doubt. But no one, by now, has any doubts about Secretary Alger.

NOTES.

A tremendous wheat crop when wheat is good for something; an enormous crop of fruits of all kinds; early rains, which foretell a good "winter" and make forest fires impossible (one little matter which is by itself worth several millions of dollars to us)—these things and the long procession marching the same way, all promise a great year for California.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the people in Northern California who are planning to organize for the preservation of the Missions up there will not begin by doing a discourtesy and injustice to their predecessors. To appropriate the name under which the Landmarks Club, incorporated, has been at work for two years would create confusion, would not be honorable, and would bring results which would certainly hamper the new club. The San José people can surely devise a name for their own organization.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

THERE are few publications extant which other editors buy and pay for. Your newspaper man counts it a hardship, if not an outrage, to put down currency for anything

that is printed; and generically gets along with the periodicals that are human enough to put his on the exchange list. The San Francisco *Argonaut* is one of the inhuman. It does not exchange. Anyone who wishes it may have it—for 10 cents. All the press notices in all the careless columns alive are not half so significant as the fact that so many editors do yield their weekly dime sooner than go without the *Argonaut*. A great many people disagree with it—the *Lion* does, in his invertebrate way, about twice a month—but we have to have it. Only incompetents, anyhow, care to read a looking-glass. No weekly unproped by illustrations is more widely or more eagerly read; and Californians have every right to be proud that this unique journal is an institution of the Illimitable State.

A PICTURE
OF THE
OLD TIMES.

Doxey, the San Francisco publisher to whom the whole coast is so much debtor, has in press a new edition of Alfred Robinson's *Life in California*. This ingenuous book, written without the remotest apology for style—but much more valuable in its field than Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* because Dana's knowledge of California was of the most superficial sort, while Robinson (who came in 1829) lived in it and learned it—is indispensable to all studious Californians. It is a pity, however, that the publisher has omitted Robinson's translation (or a better one) of Fray Boscana's *Historical Account of the Indians of California*, for a preface to which Mr. Robinson wrote these pages.

CULTURE
UP TO
DATE.

Doubtless the consummate East knows what it is about, so all is right—even though the bewildered West bump its head against the walls of wondering. Estes & Lauriat are first-class Boston publishers. Their mechanics are perfect; and that in business they need no guardian is evinced by the back of the title page in question—for it is an "author's book."

Way-Songs and Wanderings, by Claiborne Addison Young, is exquisitely printed. Western fairness bids us admit that neither is it wholly unredeemed. The author is far more Young than he is Addison, and is rather naked; but he has some franknesses and zeals. Still, why print 122 pages of this:

"Soft humming of wings,
Aerial poise,
What message thee brings,
Sphere harbinger of joys?"

And this:

"Heart was singing a psalm,
To whom it did not know;
Soul was chanting a Te Deum,—
Whether did the chanting go?"

Doubtless in Boston it is good form to rhyme "Savanarola" with "holy," and "man" with "hand." But how is this received in a town where the street-car conductors are critics?

"took a vow
That less and less in the ahead,
Till work be done and I be dead,
Will I to critic world conform.
Which music drowns in wordy storm;
Which hates the beautiful and true
Because unlike what it can do."

Certainly Mr. Young's beauty and truth are very much unlike what the "critic world" can do in the lamentable West.

Helen Kendrick Johnson is a very charming lady, and a very able one; and probably the women-who-wouldn't have chosen well their mouth-piece. Mrs. Johnson makes the most of her case; its failure is less fault of her than of her clientage. If any carper shall call her book a woman's logic, it would be truthful to retort that it is also the logic of many men. The individual, not the class (by race or by time or by sex) can be sweetly reasonable; and relatively few men would have made so ponderable an argument from the data. Herein I disagree with the author, who, if she could see her lapses, would hold that they were because God had made her a woman; therefore inferior. In sober fact, a person permeable to logic would never be found on that side of the fence. The only "argument" that has ever proceeded thence has been one-third superstition and two-thirds selfishness.

Mrs. Johnson proves to her own satisfaction the wickedness and folly of "woman suffrage" and every other social change. What has been, is right. God made women with corsets on; to remove them is to fly in His face. To minds of this constitution it is idle to suggest that man's ignorance and the bonds of thoughtless habit have rather changed nature since the Creator turned it out. Ethnology would be as wasted as logic. The same people and the same arguments were awakened when our ancestors began to take baths a couple of hundred years ago; and, within a generation, when unreasonably "new" men and women began to have their doubts of the "divine institution" of negro slavery. If God had meant us to bathe, He would have attached tubs to us; if He had not intended that Canaan should be cursed, we couldn't have enslaved the negro to start with.

Mrs. Johnson has read well, if not too wisely, and is a clever lawyer. The desire of some women to rise is undemocratic, anarchistic, irrel-

THE BEST
OF A BAD
CAUSE.

gious, immodest, unpatriotic, unintelligent, and many other naughty things. It is, because the prosecuting attorney says it is. Undemocratic countries raise crops; anarchists breathe; stupid people sometimes love—therefore corn, breath and love are despotic, anarchistic and imbecile. *Q. E. D.*

It is hardly worth while to argue this interesting book in detail; Mrs. Partington and the sea may be left to settle their quarrel. As the harem idea fades, the chumship standard will win; and all the little angry voices in the world are not going to change gravitation. Man has more avuncular ties with the pig than with the ape; but when our wives, mothers, sweethearts, sisters, really wish more respect than we give children, idiots and criminals—why, then they will get it, in spite of our bristles.

The unhappy thing in Mrs. Johnson's book is that she cannot see that the advocate is not the cause. Some queer fish have advocated suffrage. Well—some ditto have preached God. In zeal for her cause she has bitterly attacked some who were better let alone. Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison will stand heroic figures on the page when every little fireside Boanerges in American history to date has been forgotten a thousand years. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., \$1.50.

STRAY
LEAVES.

The fourth volume of Theodore H. Hittell's *History of California*, (somewhat delayed by the printing of an extraordinary index) is now out, thus completing this monumental work, which no Californian of any pretense to education can afford to be without. N. J. Stone & Co., San Francisco.

Prof. Frederick Starr, reviewing in the *Dial* Dr. Matthews's noble *Navaho Legends*, (and deprecating, as all the leading reviews have done, this mis-spelling of Navajo, into which the Doctor has been coerced against his better judgment) says:

"Possibly they [the Navajos] learned smithing and weaving of the Pueblos; but if so, they now surpass their teachers."

This is hardly so much as we expect from the brilliant president of Chicago University. Where does he fancy the Navajos can have learned, except from the Pueblos? As a matter of fact the Spanish taught the Pueblos silversmithing and the weaving of wool. The Navajos got both arts, and the sheep, from the Pueblos. Nor can anyone exactly say that they surpass their teachers in either industry.

An Eastern periodical of the largest circulation, which shall at present be nameless, gravely asserts that Juarez and Diaz were both Aztecs. Every intelligent person, of course, knows that neither of them ever had a drop of Aztec blood. Juarez was a Zapotec—which is about as much like an Aztec as Bismarck is like a Parisian. Diaz is a Spaniard, whose great-grandmother was a Mixteca.

Perhaps no work undertaken by American scholarship has been so handsomely praised in the beginning of its appearance as the *Jesuit Relations*; and perhaps none more justly. Thoroughly well done, it is at the same time the largest documentary enterprise ever undertaken in this country. The Burrows Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.

Harper & Bros. have in press, for issue in a few days, *The Awakening of a Nation*, an accurate picture of Mexico today, by Chas. F. Lummis. Several times as much new matter has been added to the chapters published in *Harper's Magazine*; and the illustrations are uncommonly numerous and beautiful.

HOME LIFE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

IN one of his recent novels Howells refers to the "exile to California"—having in mind possibly the invalids who flee from the New England easterly storms and find refuge, a snug harbor and a new lease of life on the borders of the Western ocean. The term and its imputation came in the nature of a shock to one reader who realized for the first time that he was such an exile in Southern California and had been one ten or twelve years.

Southern California possessed a high civilization years ago in the real Californians—the Spanish-Americans who owned the great ranches and who lived an ideal and romantic life—but during the past two decades a new California has arisen, a partial result, if the writer is not mistaken, of the incoming of some of Mr. Howells's "exiles" who, once on the soil, have apparently thrown off the yoke and now pose as discoverers of an ideal land of homes and are earnest advocates for its adoption by the rest of humanity. In the footprints of these exiles followed thousands; in the main, people of wealth, refinement and culture, by no means the material which constitutes the ordinary movements of the kind. This throng is ever increasing, accumulating in the centers of civilization in the East, ending in the narrow belt between the mountains and the sea which constitutes Southern California, forming one of the interesting spectacles of the century.

The direct result of their migration has been the rapid growth and development of unique home centers. Cities, towns, villages and hamlets have sprung up as though by magic, equipped with schools, libraries and churches, presenting a state of culture that has required a century or more to produce on the Atlantic Slope. The Eastern reader can but wonder at the nature of the attraction exerted by what Joaquin Miller calls "the land of the sundown sea." What is this potion which has changed the original "exiles" into enthusiasts for

the land of their exile? What is this elixir which steals over the senses of those who once visit the land and holds them enslaved? That it is not a fantasy, that these home-makers of Southern California are not dreamers of dreams can easily be shown. Yet how shall we describe this charm that winds itself about the heart of al-





most everyone who crosses the Southern California mountains and comes down into the villages which face the sea? Perhaps it lies in the perfection of home life in the country as found here, so well attested in many Southern California towns, as Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands and many more. Pasadena is, perhaps, a type; a barley field two decades ago, a picturesque hamlet ten or twelve years ago, and today one of the most attractive country towns in the world, a town of beautiful homes, chaste in design, reflecting the refinement and culture of the East; a cluster of ideal homes, embowered in roses, surrounded by orange groves, buried deep in the heart of a semi-tropic flora which in winter mocks the snow on the adjacent mountains. It may be that the charm lies in the fact that the snowflakes of this California winter are the petals of orange blossoms; that the rose, heliotrope and other



JUST A ROSE-BUSH.

flowers bloom all winter long; that here the birds from the north make their winter home and add to the joyousness of out-door life. Perhaps it is the novelty of picking oranges in winter: of seeing the farmer plough at Christmas and over the grainfields of February watching the snow-flurries on San Antonio. Some, perhaps, are fascinated by the unique possibilities of winter in Los Angeles county, where one may enjoy an ocean bath, lunch beneath orange trees and indulge in sleighing, all in one day.

There is certainly a charm in this winter with its flowers, its snow-capped mountains, its bright sunshine, that renders life worth living.



Photo by Hill Pasadena.

"WINTER" AT THE WINDOW.
(Pasadena.)

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One finds more out-of-door days in the year than in any other place in America, and so many invalids—exiles if you will—have found renewed health here that the fame of the cure—not a nostrum, but air and God's sunshine—has gone abroad and made this region famous the world over; at least this is the charm and secret of home life in California to the sick, the possibility of recovery in a land where one may live, if obliged to, with every refinement and luxury of modern invention at hand. The towns and cities of Southern California have schools, colleges, libraries and all the other facilities for a liberal education and ethical culture that can be found anywhere; in brief, all the accessories which are essential to the perfect home life.

Pasadena, with its attractive homes, its picturesque hotels suggestive of the cosmopolitan resort, is taken as a type of inland towns, while Santa Barbara, Santa Monica and others tell the story of the seaside resorts where the air is tempered by the Japanese current, where the winds beat upon the shores of eternal summer. About Santa Barbara still clings the romance of other days which like a faint perfume casts its fragrance over all California. Here one still hears the clang of mission bells, sees the sandaled friar and finds a pronounced Spanish element. Perhaps one phase of the charm which seems to lie in the life here, is seen in this suggestion of the old time of the dons and the old missions—the ecclesiastical chain that linked the towns along the old king's highway. Be this as it may, no more delightful homes in the world can be found than those facing the sea on the slopes of the Santa Ynez or hidden away in the vales, palms and sycamores of the cañons of Montecito. At Santa Barbara this peculiar California charm of location comes to one very strongly and gives the place an individuality and atmosphere peculiarly its own. Here and at other resorts along shore down to Coronado one might describe the climatic conditions relating to the possibilities of home life as perfect with little chance of criticism, but perhaps the most remarkable feature which commends itself to the new comer is the fact that these homes, from the sea to the upland mesas, can produce in two years trees and flowers which in the East might pass as the result of the labors of a decade. In brief, nature responds quickly, and the homemaker soon realizes that the earth is producing all the time.



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Photo. by Pierce.



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Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

There is something in the home-life here, with its open-air features, which engenders social intercourse and begets the broad hospitality that has always been a synonym of California.

Perhaps the charm which draws the new comer to the country lies in the possibility of home life in the city, which finds its highest expression in Los Angeles, a city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its homes are a revelation to the stranger. Each has its lawn and semi-tropic garden. Roses in bewildering profusion grace the humblest door-



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.



THE TRIMMING OF A ROSE-BUSH

yard, while the rustle of the palm and the banana fill the metropolitan air with music. Here are miles of such homes, suggesting that the minds and lives of the dwellers must be framed on gentler, perhaps better, lines than in lands where nature is thrust without the gates of great cities.

Perhaps a charm lies in the marvellous growth and development of



AT ALHAMBRA.

this city which possesses all the elements of coming greatness and which is the center of one of the most fertile regions on the globe and has a future far beyond the mental horizon of many of its builders. Perhaps they hope to grow and develop with it, watch it expand in its beauty of architecture, its wealth of public buildings, its homes, its parks and its great business enterprises. One sees here the perfection of the city home, a combination of city and country, conditions unique and startling, where everything which holds in the East is reversed. New people are being molded from old stock, producing a race characterized by keen appreciation of the beautiful and a strong love of home, state and country.

Whatever this charm may be which holds Southern Californians, which makes them so loyal to their life, it is bringing to this section an ever-increasing throng more than suggestive of the future of the southern portion of the State. If asked why they came, in many cases the reply would be that they were charmed and captivated with the possi-



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A CITY STREET.
(Los Angeles.)

Photo. by Maude.

bilities which opened up for the development of the home. Yet to some the charm of Southern California is something not so easily defined. It is that which makes one lift his hat with quickening pulse as he gazes at the mountains from the lowland mesa and the villages from on high ; which enables him to see beauties in the brown and dusty hills of summer and in the barren and wind-swept desert. If one were an artist, the glow of color, which mantles the Sierras at night, melting into purple shadows, filling the land with splendors of tint, shade and hue, might well be the attraction. If one were a home-seeker, the almost perfect climate, the peace which nature seems to have declared with the elements, the facility for educating children in an out-door land, a land that is morally cleaner than many, would be more than sufficient to attract. If one were a business man, the opportunities for judicious investment, the great future which the country undoubtedly possesses, its certain growth and development, would all be reasons why the home should be selected here. If one were an invalid, the fact that the remarkable climatic conditions have given hundreds new life and hope



L. A. Eng. Co.

A DAILY OUTLOOK.
(At Redlands.)

Photo. by Maude.

should be sufficient reason for him to make his home in the land of the setting sun.

Pasadena, Cal.



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A TWO-YEAR-OLD HOME.
(Los Angeles.)

Garden City Photo. Co.



Photo. by Slocum.

THE HEART OF SAN DIEGO.

L. A. Eng Co.

SAN DIEGO, "THE ITALY OF AMERICA"

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



NE might expect to find the attractions of Southern California, which make the country south of Tehachepi so different from that north of it, increasing steadily to the farthest southern point.

One is therefore not surprised to find the delights of the climate, which have been the main factor in inducing the most remarkable settlement in the world, culminating at the Bay of San Diego a few miles above the southern line. Here the warmest winters are found with a dryer air the year round than on any other portion of the Coast, with the breath of the ocean much softer, yet sufficiently cooled by our gulf stream (which on this coast comes from the Arctic waters instead of from the tropics) to give the summer there the same remarkable contrast with that of the East, which so surprises the stranger in Southern California, and captures so many for life. For it is now certain that the summer, quite as much as the winter, is building up the whole country south of Tehachepi.

The world can show many a gem of climate, but rarely gives it the proper setting. At San Diego nature did her best to repair the mistake by combining splendor and comfort with utility. Beneath her mildest blue she spread a mirror for its reflection so locked with highlands that no storm can ruffle it, so deep that the world's



Point Loma Light.



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SAN DIEGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

Photo. by Slocum



SAN DIEGO BAY AND CORONADO.

L. A. Eng. Co.

largest ships can enter it at almost any tide, so broad that the navies of the world may ride upon it without chafing at the anchor chain, and opening into so gentle an ocean that the stranger craft from a foreign shore can enter it at dead of night or in the heaviest gale with her own pilot, yet with perfect safety, sail to the wharf and turn around without using a tug.

This bay was locked, not with towering cliffs of bald rock or long stretches of flat and dreary sand that ever shifts in piles of tiresome barrenness, but with table lands that respond, with the old-time magic of California, to the touch of water and cover the whole with living green dotted with bright flowers while the snow glistens on the line of lofty peaks that, on the eastern horizon, stand guard against everything but the brightness of the sun.

Such attractions long since began to build a city on the shores that line these twenty-two square miles of deep and quiet water, until today San Diego has some twenty thousand people, with fine buildings, leagues of electric railroad and water-pipe, cement sidewalk, asphaltum pavements, electric lights and all the conveniences of the most modern city.

Across the bay lies Coronado Beach, one of the most remarkable watering-places of the world, with one of its largest, finest and most unique hotels, almost the only one that can remain open winter and summer, and where the guests cannot tell which season they prefer.

When California was first settled it was supposed that nothing was of any use except the valley land; and even Daniel Webster declared



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THE AMERICAN SHIP "BIG BONANZA."
In San Diego Harbor.

Photo. by Fitch.



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POINT LOMA FROM THE CHANNEL.

Photo. by Judd.

in the Senate, about 1850, that not a bushel of wheat would ever come even from that. It is scarcely more than ten years since it was really discovered that the uplands are rich enough for anything, while the advantage of being above the frost belt in the few cold nights of mid-winter, combined with their perfect drainage and absence of standing water that can injure the roots of trees, made them the most valuable of all for fruit-growing of every kind. Their greater coolness in the unfailing sea breeze of summer, combined with the greater warmth of winter nights, make them the most desirable of all for residence, especially for those who think as much of scenery as of climate.

The higher these table lands, the grander is the view of ocean and mountain, the cooler the breeze of summer, the warmer the nights of mid-winter. Reaching to its very doors San Diego has the largest area of those warm lands in the United States. They are also much the highest, and reach back some twelve miles with a constant rise from about three hundred and fifty feet near the coast to six hundred some twelve miles back, where they run into valleys and slopes of very fertile



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THE SWETWATER DAM.

Photo. by Fitch



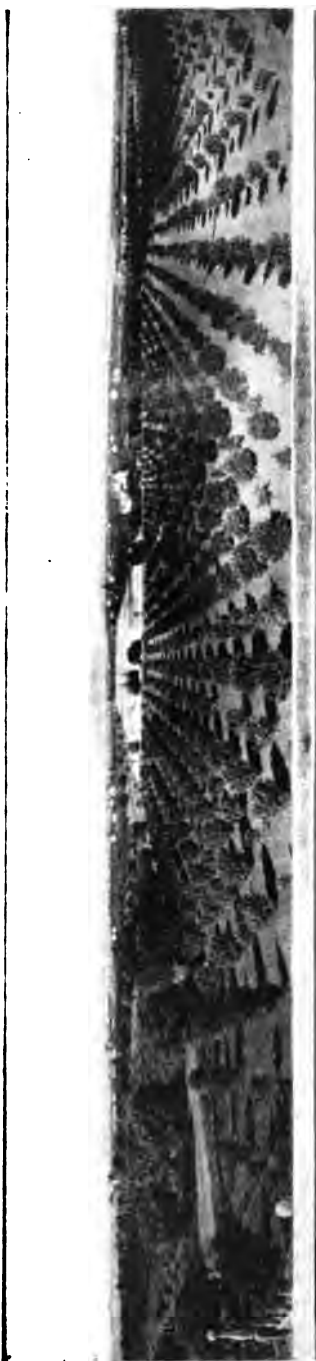


Photo. by Glover.

A PANORAMA OF CHULA VISTA.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

land with fine climate, but a little colder in winter nights and hotter in summer days. These table lands reach from the Mexican line some fifteen miles below to fifty miles above San Diego, the railroad skirting only the broken edge into which the ocean has eaten. These lands, as well as those of the interior, where the climate is right, have long been proved the best lemon lands of the State, quite as good as any for the orange and almost all other fruits, while some very tender things, like the guava, refuse to yield to any extent farther north. But the elevation of these tables made the cost of bringing water from the great mountain water-sheds of the interior too much to be justified by early settlement. The rainfall being light, as it must be to raise the finest of fruits, the land long lay bare and uncultivated, except in a few places where it was irrigated from wells enough to prove what it would do.

Hence the idea early arose that San Diego lacked local support. But in the last few years great strides have been made in developing resources in which San Diego county is inferior to no country. Her mountains are no high jagged peaks jumbled into convulsion, but a gentle roll high into the clouds, reaching over many leagues of space and dotted with thousands of farms. Here the rainfall is from four to six times that of the coast. But instead of steep, narrow cañons between the hills we find broad valleys with narrow rocky mouths through which drain the waters of hundreds of square miles of the best roof in the world. Four of these are already turned into great reservoirs that are rapidly building

up the settlements below them. In two others the highest irrigating dams of the United States are now in rapid construction, and another but little lower is building. Half a dozen more are only awaiting the farther progress of improving times, and the next few years will see as many more under way. The land has long proved what it can do. The building of irrigating works here involves no problem, but is simply a repetition of what has been done a thousand times elsewhere, and Southern California proves beyond a doubt what the combination of land, water and climate will do in at-

tracting immigrants in palace cars instead of prairie schooners. The very advantages of San Diego compelled her to await her turn at the era of progress, and the financial depression made her wait again; but the next few years will see thirty thousand ten-acre farms within a few hours' drive of its shining Bay, each one supporting a family in comfort and most of them in luxury. Southern California shows in a dozen places what such a settlement as that implies. Compared with it,



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Photo. by Judd

AT THE SANTA FE WHARF.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

U. S. WARSHIPS IN SAN DIEGO BAY.

Photo. by Slocum



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A TYPICAL BUSINESS BLOCK.

thirty thousand Eastern farms of a hundred acres each, in the most prosperous condition, are as a sleepy prairie beside the finest suburban residence portion of a large city.



L. A. Eng. Co.

IN THE CAJON VALLEY.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A CHARACTERISTIC INSTITUTION.

Take San Diego as the center, draw a circle from Oceanside on the north into Lower California southward, and the prosperous towns, and agricultural and horticultural settlements, mines and mining interests within the confines of this circle constitute the "back country" tributary to the commercial interests of San Diego.

The Southern California Railway (Santa Fé route) enters it from the north, connecting it with the San Diego, Pacific Beach and La Jolla Railway; National City and Otay Railway; San Diego, Cuyamaca and Eastern Railway and Pacific Coast Steamers, all feeders of importance to San Diego's prosperity. These systems also afford ample outing facilities for pleasure, rest or sport. This vast tributary territory has made possible, together with progressive business ideas and pluck,



SAN DIEGO MISSION.

such representative mercantile establishments as are illustrated in this article.

San Diego's public schools afford educational advantages of high grade from kindergarten through the high school. Competent teachers with progressive



L. A. Eng. Co.

LOS BAÑOS.

ideas guide all the departments. School-houses of modern architecture, and up-to-date appliances, furnish ample accommodation. The different prominent church organizations have fine houses of worship and enjoy strong membership.

Socially there is no dearth of diversion as the people generally are cultured and of genial disposition, ever ready to join hands to welcome and make pleasant the sojourn of the stranger.

FROM CHICAGO TO CALIFORNIA

BY C. R. PATTEE.

IN a trip of this kind the choice of routes is the first thing to be considered. To the intelligent tourist any route would be full of interest, and the choice might be a matter of taste or destination. In this case—our objective point being Southern California—the Santa Fé route is preferable as furnishing the most direct and time-saving transit. Noted for the excellence of its service as to dining-cars and eating-stations, sleepers, chair cars, etc., and the attention given alike to tourist and immigrant, this superb line is all that could be desired. Following as it does the great central plateau, and punctuated everywhere with points of thrilling interest, it has become the great scenic highway to the Pacific coast.

Starting out from Chicago, that city of marvelous growth and progressiveness, and traversing the State of Illinois—now the garden of what was once the "Great West"—one is impressed with the wonderful development of this portion of our country. Crossing the Mississippi river at Fort Madison, the route runs across a corner of Iowa and northern Missouri to Kansas City, the gateway to Kansas, the second State in the Union in its agricultural area. Rich in coal and fossil remains, the vast Kansas prairies, where only the wild buffalo and equally wild Indian roamed when it was supposed to be the "Great American Desert," now teem with rich harvests, happy homes and flourishing cities.

Passing through Lawrence, so memorable in its early history; then on to Topeka, the capital, thence to Emporia and other cities, all typical of western progress, we enter upon the more elevated plateau of southern Colorado—4000 feet above the sea.



THE SPANISH PEAKS.

Soon our environments change. Winding among the foothills we catch a fine view of the Rockies, among which Pike's Peak, snow-capped and cloud-mantled, rises king of mountains. Further on, and much nearer, the Spanish Peaks, twin sisters in their proximity and likeness to each other, bearing also the significant Indian name of Mahanya, come into view. These, with the Green Horn Range for a background, form one of the most attractive scenic pictures ever looked upon. Slowly we rise to where Trinidad lies in the shadow of Raton-range; then on up the steep ascent, amid ever-changing scenery with mountain views beyond, the train, drawn by two engines, reaches the summit at Raton Pass at an elevation of 7600 feet. Catching a parting glimpse of the Spanish Peaks and their romantic surroundings, we



dash into a half-mile tunnel, of total darkness, to emerge into the "Wonderland" of New Mexico. Here again all is changed. This may be fitly termed the region of our country's ancient history. Here the peaceful and industrious Pueblos tilled their grounds, wove their blankets, made their pottery, and built their pueblo cities unknown centuries before the Spanish invasion in 1540 A. D., under Coronado. No other portion of the United States is so rich in archæological remains. Here, in this dry and rarefied atmosphere these ancient relics of both Indian and Spaniard have withstood the ravages of time, and the still more destructive hand of modern civilization.

Leaving the celebrated Las Vegas Hot Springs, with its romantic surroundings and beautiful Hotel Montezuma a few miles to the north, we reach the old and monumental city of Santa Fé, founded by the Spaniards in 1605, now the capital of the State; then on to Albuquerque, its commercial center. The route passes through a region where nature seems paradoxical, and where the old and the new form striking contrasts, for, be it remembered, that de-



spite its hoary past, New Mexico is fast aspects.

From checks, readily granted, and a drive of ten miles, one may visit the celebrated pueblo of Acoma. This unique structure crowns the top of an isolated and precipitous table-rock 350 feet above the plain. Not far distant, and 100 feet higher, stands the Mesa Encantada or Enchanted Mesa, the legendary site of the original pueblo. Recent discoveries by Mr. Hodge of the Bureau of Ethnology have penetrated the veil of mystery and changed tradition into fact. Old Fort Defiance, the ancient abodes of the Zuni, and other points of interest can be reached from Gallup, New Mexico, a city of over 2500 people. Here are extensive coal mines at an altitude of 6600 feet, employing about 1500 men.

In Arizona we are in another "Wonderland," but of a different type. Traversing vast plains, winding among water-washed and sand chiseled buttes, painted walls of rock and truncated cones of uniform height and as level on the top as the plain on which they stand, with mountain groups beyond; the landscape takes on wierd and fascinating

suming modern as-Laguna, by stop-over

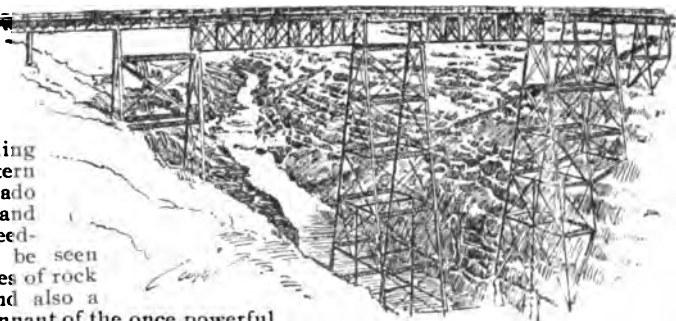




AMONG THE PETRIFIED LOGS.

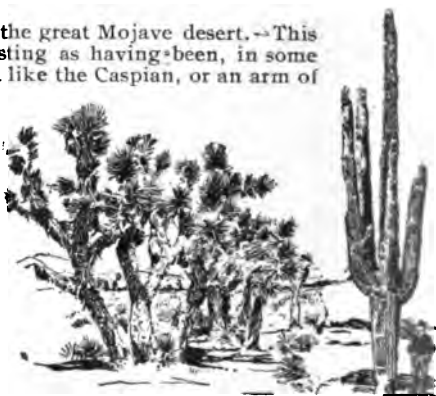
aspect. One never tires of beholding the bald peaks, deep cañons, cones of volcanic scoria, beds of lava, towering rock-spires, and cultivated mesas. Even the most arid spots wear a charm of their own not easily defined. From Holbrook and adjacent points one may visit Chalcedony Park (or petrified forest), where, over an area of 2000 acres, nature's mysterious alchemy has turned a primitive forest into chalcedony, jasper, agate, onyx and amethyst. Farther on, the Cañon Diablo suddenly yawns across the track—a deep gash in the level face of the desert, 550 feet across at the surface, many miles long, and said to be over 220 feet deep. One looks with a shudder into its rocky depths as the train slowly crosses to the other side, and then rushes on as if conscious of the danger passed. Here begins another ascent over a wild volcanic region of rocky area and mountain forests, still the home of the big-horn and the mountain lion. At an altitude of 7000 feet we reach the flourishing little city of Flagstaff, with its great lumbering industry, in the midst of one of the most extensive pineries on the continent. Here the San Francisco mountains stand out in bold relief. This most picturesque of mountains, with its triple peaks covered with snow and robed in evergreen and flowers, is a vast volcanic pile rising 6000 feet above the town. This is the most available point from which to visit that most indescribable wonder of wonders, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, 70 miles distant by stage. At short distances of six or eight miles from Flagstaff

are found those mysterious abodes of a vanished race, the cliff and cave dwellings. Rushing down the western slopes, the Colorado river is reached and crossed at the Needles, where may be seen the singular spires of rock of that name, and also a characteristic remnant of the once powerful



Mojaves. Here we enter California and the great Mojave desert. This is the only real American desert, interesting as having been, in some distant age, the bed of a great inland sea like the Caspian, or an arm of the greater ocean like the Baltic. It is a vast region of sand, where only yuccas, cacti and sagebrush flourish; but only needing sufficient water to cause it to "blossom as the rose."

Passing Barstow the route turns southward, still through a desolate region to the Cajon Pass in the San Bernardino range. This pass, leading through mountain scenery, wild but entrancingly beautiful, is the gateway to Southern California, a land of fruit and flowers, romantic mountain ranges, fertile valleys and broad plains reaching to the ocean. Gliding through vineyards, groves of orange and lemon, and past flourishing



LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND CAÑON AT HANCE'S.



young cities we reach Pasadena (crown of the valley) and stop for a moment almost under the arches of that magnificent Moorish structure, the Hotel Green.

Perched far up the side of the Sierra Madre mountains, six miles distant, Echo Mountain House, together with its five miles of Alpine Railway, comes into full view as we swing around an elevated curve at South Pasadena, while below us the palisades of the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm fail to hide from view some hundred full grown and young ostriches.

Eight miles further, past suburban villas, the Queen City of the Angels welcomes us. Los Angeles is the most beautiful city on the coast. Its growth has been phenomenal, having at the present time over 100,000 people. Its churches and schools are excellent; its hotels are ample, its business prosperous, and its Chamber of Commerce would be an honor to any city in the realm.

THE
LAND OF SUNSHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY
CHARLES F. LUMMIS
WITH A STAFF OF
THE FOREMOST WESTERN WRITERS.

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THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN IRRIGATOR.

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" THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 8, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

DECEMBER, 1897.

THE MAGIC RIVULET.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THE peculiarly stupid animal known as man shivered a good many centuries before he discovered that by rubbing two sticks together in the right way he could make a red Something to warm himself withal. He ate seeds and fruits and meats raw, by the same token, till he found out that this same curious substance was good also to warm *them* with ; and that being cooked, his food was more grateful to palate and digestion. For some tens of thousands of years he has blundered along by the like accidental paths, to the little he knows yet—or the infinity he thinks he knows, as you prefer. Unformulated, indeed, he had already in the days of his cave-dwelling the happy human notion that whatever is is right.

In these pattering millenniums he has indeed learned much—fire and metals and the interdependence which we call society ; and all the little things which we deem so marvelous, but which really all come back to those three things. But even the ingenuity which makes him dizzy when he contemplates it in the mirror is less wonderful than the slowness of his invention and his particular slowness to see what the other fellow has invented.

Of all his ancient taskmasters, the sky has longest held man down to the stocks. In the days of Babel he waxed fat if the sky cared to rain, and starved if it didn't ; and to this day, with thousands of years of history and the example of a third of the world staring him in the face, two-thirds of man is still in bondage to the weather. If the weather comes hot he will fry ; if it turns cold he will freeze ; if too wet he will drown ; if too dry, he will half starve beside his shriveled crops. Drouths and famines, floods and sunstrokes and freezing to death—these still find innumerable victims too "conservative" to get up and ask if they "have to."

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In very truth, the race was yet young (in development if not in years) when some man who thought with his head began to wonder if he couldn't run his own firmament a little. He had discovered that he could escape the murderous extremes of heat or cold by accompanying his feet in one direction or another. It was as easy, by less migrations, to escape too much water. The thing hardest for him to learn was how to avoid the occasional crueler dangers of too little water. At last it befell his intelligence that if the sky declined to rain, he could get the same results by coaxing a bit of the river into his field; and when that thought burst upon man in the deserts of the Nile — not because he was such a heap of a thinker, but because Nature flung the lesson in his face so hard that at last he had to see it — why, then he had a secret worth more than all the railroads and telegraphs and telephones ever invented; worth more, because more basic. Our grandfathers lived without steam and electricity (and fully as well as we do with them) but not even Edison has invented a way to subsist without eating, or to



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

PUEBLO COMMUNAL IRRIGATION.

Photo. by C. F. L.

(Opening the main ditch in the Spring.)

be comfortable when you do not know whether you will eat tomorrow or not. This is a more serious fact than at once appears to people whose notion of economics is bounded on the north by a meat-market, on the east by a grocery, on the west by a cook to feed them and on the south by an indigestion; it is no joke to a million or two of human beings who die of the Hunger when a dry year breeds famine in an old and crowded land.

But nearly or quite 4000 years ago a permeable person considered the Nile and thought. Having thought, he "packed" water from the river and gave his starveling plants a drink — by the jar-full. As thought breeds thought — and an aching back is sometimes a great stimulus — he presently discovered that this bucket business was slow work. Presently he dug a little rut along his garden, so that he wouldn't have to carry the water to each plant but could pour it from near the river and let it run. Later still he enlarged his system of ruts; and when all his family dipped from the river and poured into the ditch, there was a

gain. And at last he invented a revolving well-sweep, which swooped down to the river while he worked it from the bank and turned it round to empty at the right point; and with this the real day of irrigation was begun.

Some other stumbling human, somewhere else, after similar bungling experiments, no doubt, made the large discovery that water will run down hill. He found a favorable place, and tapped his stream and fetched a rivulet of it to his drouthy fields—and irrigation by dipper was doomed. The most important invention in human history, after fire and iron, was really born. Man now knew a way to get the best of the weather clerks.

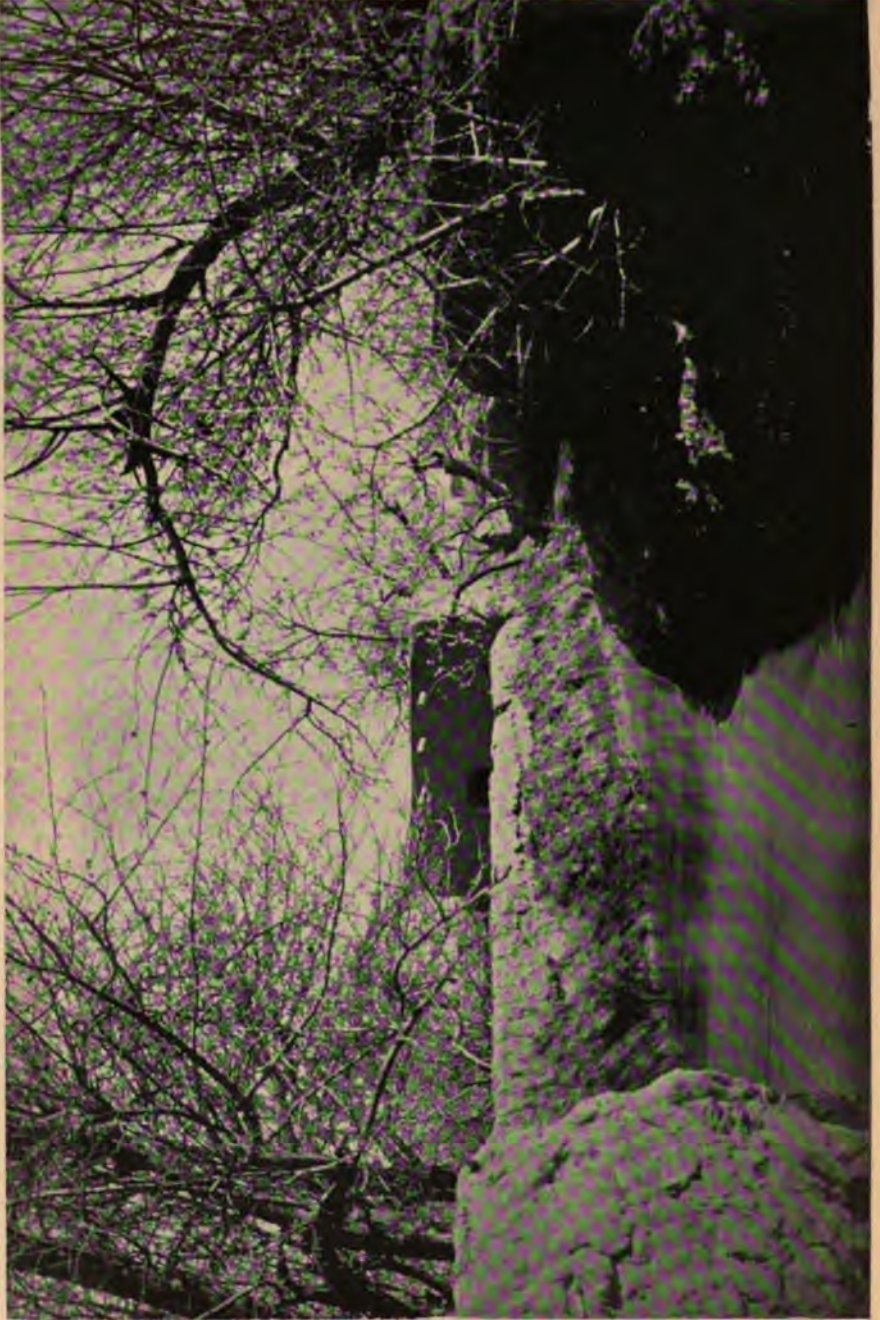
This wonderful discovery came, apparently by the same processes, in many thirsty lands—and the arid lands have been the cradle of man. In Egypt, already 1400 years before Christ, they had got so far along as irrigation canals and storage reservoirs. In Syria, Persia, India, China, Spain and Sicily the gentle art of outwitting the summer sky is an an-



L. A. Eng Co.

PREHISTORIC IRRIGATING BEDS IN PERU.

Photo. by C. F. L.



cient one. It is ancient in America too. Before Columbus was born, certainly—and a thousand years earlier yet, for all we know—the original Americans had found the great secret in a hundred places. In Peru to this day the mountain gorges are full of prehistoric *andenes*. Nowhere in the world was there stranger or more arduous farming. These *andenes* are little shelves hewn and built in the steep side of the mountain, from torrent-bed to clouds, like steps in a stupendous staircase. Some are 5x20 feet, some 10x500 feet in area. They bend with the hill, their precious soil is saved by stone retaining walls in front; and one farm may be 5000 feet higher at one end than at the other.

In Mexico the Aztecs and other tribes were irrigating before America was discovered; and in our own New Mexico the Pueblo Indians dug long, big ditches and fooled the arid summers by bringing water thus upon their prehistoric fields of corn and squashes. If they had been



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

MEXICAN IRRIGATING SWEEPS.

Photo. by Scott.

(Like those of old Egypt)

as slow to learn how to get around a drouth as the brainy New England farmer is, they would have perished off the earth a thousand years ago. All over Arizona and New Mexico are the remains of their ancient irrigating canals; and in all their quaint towns of today they maintain their ancient custom.

To us of the United States, the Southwest is mother of irrigation. The Moors, indeed, brought the art to Spain. The Spaniard, an irrigator at home, found his brown neighbors in the New World equally advanced in this art; and naturally irrigation went on wherever he settled or they remained. But though it is an art of Spain, it is just as much an art of the Southwest—for New Mexico invented it quite independently of the unguessed Old World. It was introduced to California, of course, from Mexico; and by the Spanish population here was taught



L. A. Fox Co.

A MEXICAN IRRIGATING WHEEL.

Photo. by Scott, Guasajuato.

to the Yankee newcomer, who had generally never heard of such a thing before. But the Yankee brain, awakened enough to get to California, was not slow to see the advantage of making his own weather; and irrigation has become a part of the country.

No other land in the world, by the way, ever *created* so much water as California. We wished to irrigate, but our streams—in the South, where we irrigate most—were timid and far between. Never mind—if brooks were scarce, we found out how to *make* brooks. We sank an artesian well—and from its tubing a crystal stream rolled away. Or we drove a tunnel into the base of a barren peak—and out dashed a noisy brook. We built the most stupendous dams that man had ever seen, and impounded the rains of winter, and made big lakes to feed our summer orchards. In the thick old East, where we nearly all were born, the rivers run untapped to the salt sea; the rains and snows are



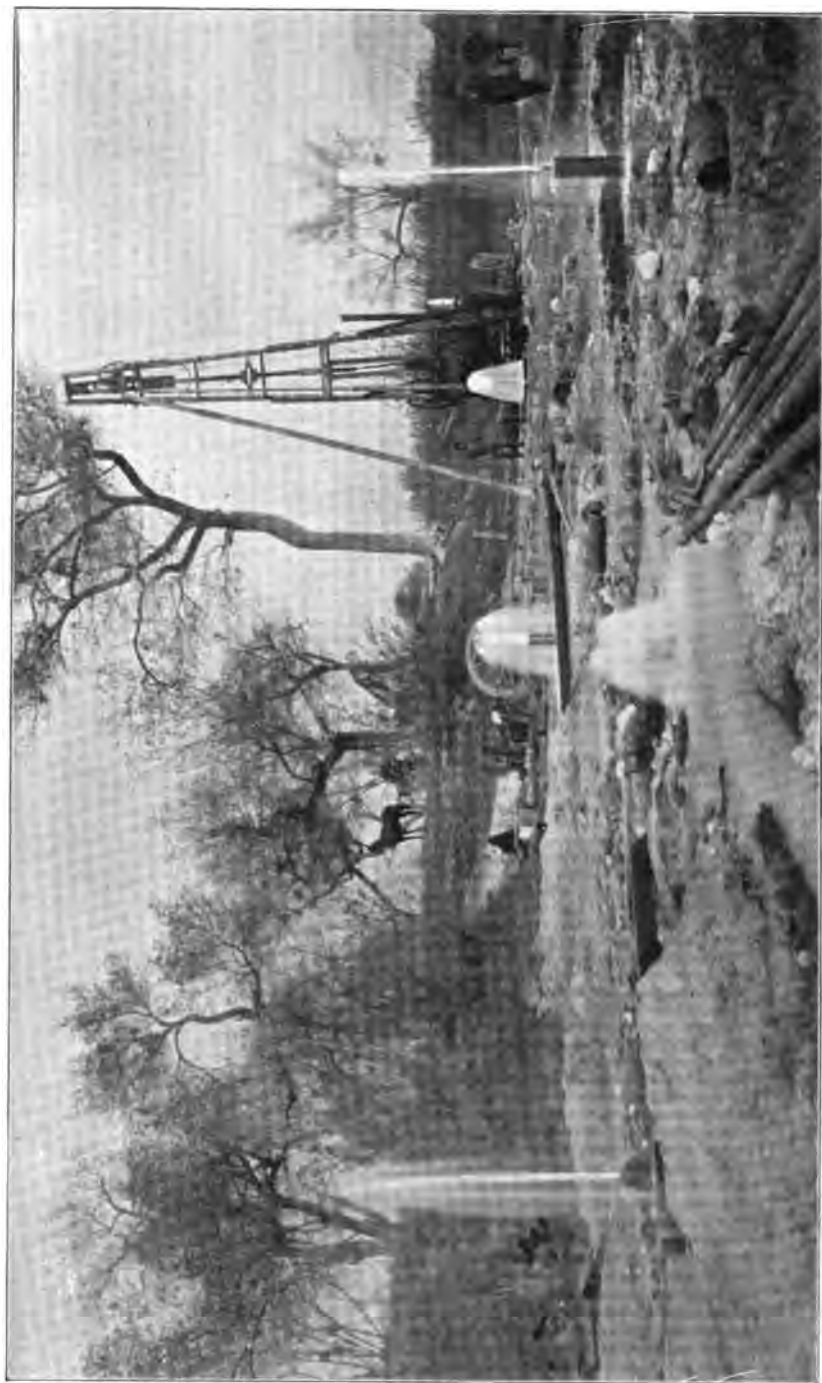
Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

AN IRRIGATING FLUME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

(And its inaugural celebration.)

left to make freshets and disaster—and then if it forgets to rain in the summer, the fields burn out, while the ungrateful sea is swelled with enough water to have assured every harvest on the face of the earth if it had been saved.

It is a great advance. The farmer of California and the Southwest is the most independent, the least slavish farmer in North America. In California he can work out of doors every day in the year. He can have several harvests, sure, instead of one maybe. He does not have to watch the hopeless fight for moisture between plant and soil; for when the plant gets thirsty, he simply gives it a drink. Here, as the motto of the National Irrigation Congress well puts it, farming is "Science, not Chance." Elsewhere, the rainfall is Czar; but in Mexico and the dry lands of South America, and in California, Arizona and New Mexico, we are our own Jupiter Pluvius. And that fact is more



Massey Collier Eng. Co.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN CALIFORNIA.
(The Gage Wells, Riverside.)

Photo. by Trester



Mauoard-Collier Eng. Co.

A CUSTOM-MADE BROOK.

fundamental to all human happiness and security than all the triumphs of steam and electricity — as our food supply is of more intimate importance than our luxuries. We celebrate with noise our revolt from a trivial monarchy; perhaps the time will come when we shall have a holiday to commemorate our Declaration of Independence from the infinitely more oppressive tyranny of the sky. Our whole economic fabric, after all, rests on the man who makes the soil produce; and all the gold mines in history have not yielded so much wealth to humanity as the simple turning of a rivulet upon the desert.



Mauoard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photo. by Waite.

CALIFORNIA IRRIGATION—THE WRONG WAY; TOO MUCH WATER.

(See next page.)



Massey-Collier Eng. Co.

MODERN IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.
(The right way)

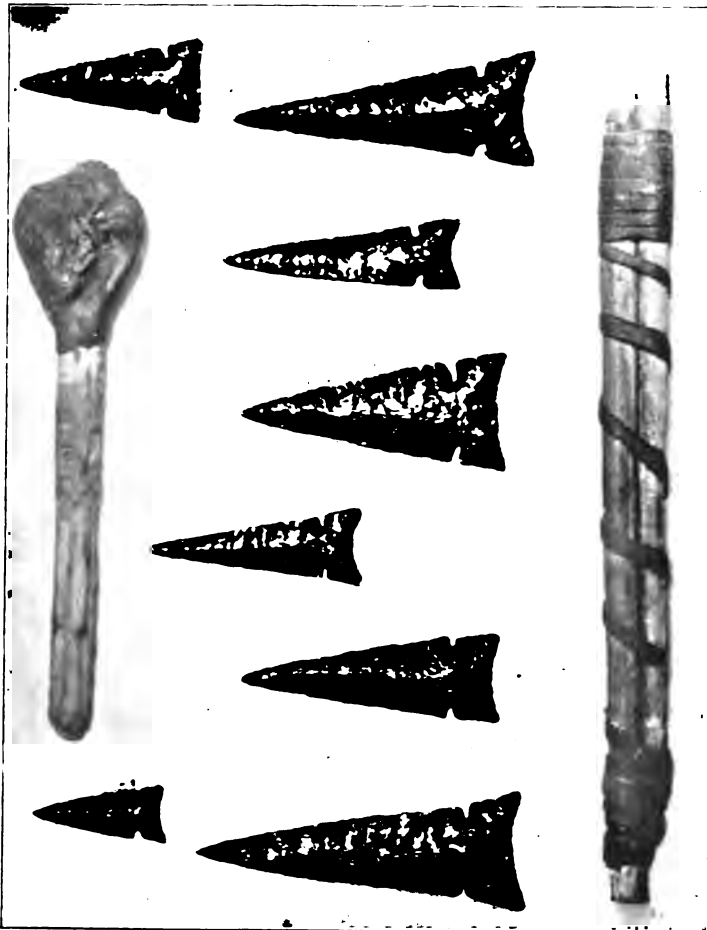
Photo. by Slocum.

TOM, THE ARROW-MAKER.

BY HORATIO N. RUST.

IT is a matter of wonder to a great many people how the Indian arrow-heads were fashioned from the hardest stone. "Indian Tom" illustrates the process very well.

Tom is of the Washoe tribe, known to the early settlers of California as "Little Valley Indians," because they lived in a small valley on the headwaters of the Carson. The Washoes occupy a series of valleys along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, from Mono county to Pyramid Lake. Before the coming of the whites they were conquered by the Pa-Yutes. They were formerly a terror to the Digger Indians of the western slope of the Sierra, upon whom they made frequent raids. They traded with the Pa-Yutes for obsidian (for arrow-heads) and salt. Their principal food staples were pine nuts, acorns, wild



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co. TOM'S HANDIWORK AND HIS TOOLS.



L A Bar Co.

THE DEVIL'S POST-PILE.
(See also page 34.)

Photo. by W. L. Richardson

nuts, wild onions, fish and game. Their winter robes were of rabbit-skins cut in strips and woven with a thread of wild flax. The summer costume was a buckskin thong about the loins, with an otter-skin apron front and rear. Their bows were of cedar, covered with deer "sinew," and were the best bows of which I have any knowledge.

Indian Tom's father was known as Captain Passauch; a fine old man, an eloquent speaker, a friend to the whites and a safe counselor of his people. Many years ago Tom camped one night on the mountain, putting his campfire beside a big log. After he was asleep the burning log rolled over on his leg and pinned him down. Tom kept from being roasted alive by throwing dirt on the log until his leg burned off below the knee. He then crawled five miles to the house of a friend of mine, where he was cared for.

Tom was an expert arrow-maker, and to my order made me, from some obsidian brought from Mexico and a piece of fine white quartz, a number of exquisitely-wrought arrow-heads. Some of them are shown in the engraving, along with the tools with which he fashioned them.

The arrow-making implement was merely a greasewood stick, 12 inches long, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, to which is firmly attached by buckskin thongs a piece of buckhorn about the same diameter, six inches long, and with its rounded end projecting half an inch beyond the stick. The other implement shown is simply a stick carrying a lump of mesquite gum, used to cement the arrow-head to the shaft.

Doubling a piece of buckskin upon his left hand, Tom laid upon it the obsidian flake, which he held in place with his third finger. Placing the horn implement under the edge of the obsidian, he gave it a rotary movement, gliding down the edge. This process chipped off very fine particles. To remove larger "chips," he placed the end of the implement against the edge of the obsidian, directing the pressure endwise. Now and then he rubbed the end of the implement on a coarse granite boulder to keep it in form. To notch the edges of the arrow-heads (the finishing touch) he used pressure alternately upon each side with the point of a butcher-knife.

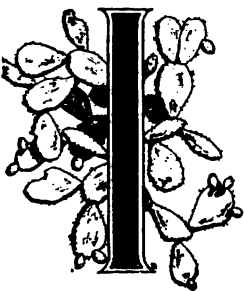
These are among the finest specimens of Indian chipped work I have ever seen,* so it has seemed worth while to record the process by which they were made—one of the several fashions of shaping arrow-heads.

*And Mr. Rust is a veteran collector.—ED.

South Pasadena, Cal.

THE DEVIL'S POST-PILE.

BY W. L. RICHARDSON



IN the extreme southeast of the Yo-Semite National Park, a corner little visited, is a remarkable and impressive basaltic formation variously known as "the Devil's Post-pile," "the Devil's Postoffice," and so on. It is on the middle fork of the San Joaquin river, just below a beautiful mountain meadow. Lava flows show here and there grim battlements on the mountain sides, and the surface is covered (in places to a depth of several feet) with a fine deposit of pumice stone. The largest and most perfect of this basaltic group is the "Devil's Post-pile," which stands just above the river banks—a "nest" of gigantic basalt crystals, sixty-five feet high and from eighteen inches to three feet in diameter. A few of these crystals are perfectly symmetrical. One, in particular,

that leans out, at the top, two or three feet from the ranks of its fellows, is apparently as true as if formed in a mold. Others have curved outward. Earthquakes have wrought here, bringing down multitudes



L. A. Eng. Co.

of the crystals, whose ruin lies at the feet of their still erect brethren ; and the meadow grasses have crept up to them. Where once the volcanic forces were at work, stately pines and cedars have grown, taking foothold in crevices between the lava blocks.

We had bent our course hitherward solely to visit the " post-pile ; " and after a long tramp I found it late—just as the sun was setting, and when I had given it up. Descending a steep hill to the river, I came unexpectedly upon a little opening in the timber ; and through it, a memorable view. At my feet lay a beautiful plushy meadow, through which flowed the murmuring San Joaquin ; and on the other side rose, apparently almost from the water's edge, that startling array of huge black columns, softened and glorified by a reflection of the sunset glow from the clouds.

Next morning we visited the spot and made some negatives of the various groups. Of the " Devil's Postoffice " it was impossible to secure a satisfactory photograph, owing to its position and the density of the timber which surrounds it. Here the mountain resembles a vast honeycomb, only the ends of the basalt-crystals showing. At other points the columns are warped and contorted, bowed in many shapes, and sometimes losing their character altogether. There are several other basaltic groups, in various parts of the State ; but I believe none of them can equal this in size and symmetry.

Pasadena, Cal.

THE BURIAL OF ST. PETER.

BY LILY HUGHES LUCAS.

N the name of God, *compadre*, didst thou ever see such a dryness ?" "Never! Not even the summer of '81 was so dry, *primo*, when my Uncle Maximiliano lost half his sheep."

"The chinchies are eating the beans up, the corn is turning yellow, and the river is so low that we cannot irrigate."

"I think our *Tata Dios** wishes to punish us because we have failed this year to whitewash the church."

"I believe it, *compadre*," replied the other earnestly. "Thou sayest truth."

Juan Pacheco was a tall, slim Mexican, low-browed and lantern-jawed, with a form typical of Don Quixote. His feet were encased in sheepskin teguas, the wool turned out, while his torso was partially concealed by a shirt of flour sacks, on which the letters "Pride of Denver" proclaimed him to be somewhat in touch with civilization.

He was reclining in the shade of an adobe with his companion, Policárpio Baca, a short, pock-marked man in blue overalls. This placita of Las Calabazas stands on a flat hill-top, sandy and stony,

*Tata Dios (God, our Father,) is a familiar and affectionate form of address much used by the Mexicans.

with never a tree to cast refreshing shade. The nearest approach to it is the cane cactus and prickly pear, which only emphasize the desolation. Huddled down among these native pin-cushions were some eight or ten adobe houses, their small irregular windows composed of bits of glass, of all shapes and kinds, puttied together by primitive hands. Facing the dwellings stood the church, an adobe edifice about twenty feet in height, somewhat coffin-shaped, surmounted by a cross and bell, with its inner walls whitened with *yeso*. A rude altar, decorated with tinsel ornaments, a small crucifix, a few wax candles in tin candlesticks at intervals along the walls, constituted the greater part of the furnishings. Benches there were none. These children of nature sit or kneel upon the hard mud floor during devotions.

The quaint little town, of which New Mexico furnishes legion, over-looks a plat of perhaps twenty acres, divided into long narrow strips of ten or fifteen yards in width, each family in the *placita* owning a strip. These ribbons of cultivated land extend from the acequia, or irrigating ditch, to the Rio Grande, some two hundred yards; planted in rows of corn, beans, oats, and chile, with the wild *calabazas* (gourds) scattered about, from which the town received its name.

Strips of dull red mutton hung upon lines, like clothes, drying in the hot air. Dogs and half-naked children lolled in the drowsy afternoon, while a woman's dreamy soprano sang "*La Golondrina*," as she sat washing her abundant hair with soap-weed, outside her door.

As the brilliant sun shone down upon this isolated Mexican settlement, there was a striking resemblance to the Bethlehem of the time of Christ.

Juan rolled a cigarette, and, passing the tobacco to his companion, called out: "*Juanito! Bring me fire!*"

Presently a small, rather pretty boy of eight years came running out of the house with a live ember pinched between two chips. Taking off his dirty white felt hat, he handed the fire to his father, then folded his arms and bowed his head, with eyes fixed on the ground, until both men had lighted their cigarettes. Such is the custom among these people; however ignorant, they retain manners which might put some of the aristocrats of Gotham to blush.

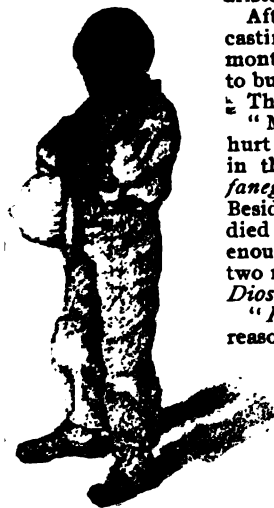
After puffing thoughtfully for a few minutes, Juan said, casting aside the end of his cigarette: "If it doesn't rain this month, we'll raise no corn, and we'll have to go to San Marcial to buy."

This had its effect upon Policarpo.

"*Maria Santisima!*" exclaimed he, sitting up, "It would hurt me to do that, because two years ago I went down there in the month of the dead (November) and borrowed five *fanegas** from my father-in-law, and I haven't paid it back yet. Besides, two of my burros, sons of perdition, lay down and died on the road home. I'll tell thee, *primo*, we haven't prayed enough to our good Saint Peter. Perhaps, if we would sit up two nights and fast and pray, the dear Saint would ask *Tata Dios* to send his poor children rain."

"*Por Dios, compadre,*" replied Juan, "I think that is the reason! It has come to my mind many times since this cursed drouth began. Come, let us go and take counsel with Don Pablo."

They soon arrived at the door of the whitewashed house which evidently belonged to the rich man of the village. As is customary, Juan called out to its inmates, "May God guard you!" A voice within responded, "Thanks. Enter, friends." Quietly passing in, with bared heads, they stood in profound respect before an aged New Mexican, partially enveloped in a blanket,



H. Davis Eng. Co. JUANITO.

*A *fanega* is $2\frac{1}{4}$ bushels.

seated barefoot on a dried cow-hide upon the adobe floor, smoking. They stood before him, hat in hand, until the long formula of greeting had been spoken which never fails when these unhurried people meet.

The guests then seated themselves on the floor upon sheepskins before old Pablo; and, after smoking a couple of cigarettes, which etiquette required the host to provide, explained to him their mission.

The old man, after smoking and meditating for some minutes, replied: "It is well, sons. You have reason. Where is Crecencio? Anita! *Comadre*, call Crecencio!"

A youth of sinuous form, with teeth perfect enough to have answered for an advertisement, entered the room, and after greeting the visitors, stood before the patriarch with bared head.

"Son," said Pablo, "saddle the mare and go at once to the padre at San Marcial, asking him to grant us permission make a *veloria* to San Pedro. Hasten! We will expect thee back day after tomorrow."

Crecencio knelt at his father's feet, received his blessing and quickly left the room. With as little preparation as an American boy would make to go three miles, he was off on his journey of 120 miles, of which 40 were through a dreary desert. On the third day he returned, with the mare quite used up, but as fresh himself as when he left the placita, bringing the permission in a blessed envelope.

Next morning, just as the midsummer sun rose broad above the foothills, the entire population, (ten or twelve men, as many women and about twenty-five children) went in an informal procession to the little chapel to offer up prayers to their small effigy of Peter, the patron saint of the placita. It was a mere wooden doll, carved by Policarpio himself; a figure about nine inches tall, attired in a white muslin skirt with two flounces. About its neck was a narrow red ribbon, and the image was fastened by packing thread to a short pole.

After their simple devotions, the patriarch advanced, and reverently taking the pole, began singing in a high, cracked voice, the following hymn, as he passed with slow and stately step out of the church, followed by the people who joined in the chant:

"Cantemos a San Pedro,
Enviado de Jesus,
A quien el cristiano
Debe la santa luz."

As "these untaught melodies broke the luxuriant silence of the skies," the picturesque procession wound through the town, finally arriving at Pablo's house. There they entered a large, whitewashed room, devoid of furniture, save a few mattresses rolled upon the floor, some pictures of saints upon the walls, and a small table, upon which Pablo, after untying the image from the pole, placed it erect, setting five lighted wax candles about it. Now the *veloria* proper began—a proceeding somewhat like a "wake," but without drunkenness. Each took turn praying for rain. While one was thus engaged, the others smoked, talked quietly, ate, and drank. This *veloria*, or "watching," continued without interruption for two days and nights, and then, with a few solemn remarks was dismissed by the patriarch.

Feeling that their neglect of the church had been instrumental in causing the drouth, the adult members of the community issued forth to whitewash anew the interior of the church. Working gaily, they completed their undertaking in a couple of days, and then reverently restored the little saint to his pole and position behind the altar.

Confidently now these poor children of Las Calabazas waited several days for the rain, but it fell not, nor did the river flow. Then signs of discontent became apparent. Again the entire population met at Pablo's, and the feasibility of *making* the saint give them rain was discussed. All again proceeded to the church, when the patriarchal Paul, with hat in hand, stood before little Peter, and sternly informed him that, if he

did not send rain in two days, they would bury him and not resurrect him until he *did!*

The two weary days dragged themselves away in tropic heat; and *still* a dry acequia! Poor little Calabazas, with its green ribbons turning yellow in the summer sun!

Thoroughly roused, now, to desperate measures, the incensed populace went in a body to the chapel. They carried the saint forth, and with him borne at their head, marched slowly around their fields, chanting as before. Arriving at the rear of the church, hot and tired but determined, they halted, while Policárpio and Crecêncio dug a hole two feet deep, and then the hard-hearted saint was deposited therein.

Now, as it was the time for the rainy season, clouds were already accumulating around the peaks of the Sandias, far to the north, and it required no prophet to foretell that rain had fallen there and must be on its way through the sandy bed of the Rio Grande, to revive their feeble crops. Even so, the low roar of the river awoke the villagers betimes next morning, and they emerged from their dwellings to watch, with thanksgiving, the precious water as it filled the acequia and flowed over their languid fields. Now, as they gazed, their hearts began to reproach them for their ignominious treatment of the little saint.

It was with very different feelings that the patriarch and his thankful flock proceeded to the sepulchre to disinter the *now soft-hearted* Peter. Upon reaching the tomb, the crowd formed a circle, while Policárpio knelt down, and carefully removing the dirt with his hands, tenderly raised the saint from the hole, and kissed his foot with great humility. Each in turn knelt on the sand, and holding the image up in front of him, offered a prayer for pardon, followed by one of thanksgiving.

After the ceremony they conveyed their patron to the dwelling of the patriarch. Here congregated the chattering women, and thankful and busy fingers clothed the image in a new skirt and ribbon, completing the adornment by anointing his apostolic countenance with a fresh coat of brown paint. Then he was replaced in his sacred abode, where he still meditates in prayerful stiffness upon his pole behind the altar of that curious old church.

Cerrillos, N. M.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

CRECÊNCIO AND THE BLESSED ENVELOPE.

THE FIRST AMERICAN BOOKS.



O the intelligent American (and in the land of the free and the home of the brave all are expected to be intelligent) nothing is uninteresting which really concerns American history and American literature.

The beginnings of American literature go far back of the Pilgrim Fathers—who, indeed, did very little in the way of literature, and most of that little unimportant. The *Letters* of Columbus are perhaps the first thing to be counted; but soon after, there began to be an extensive literature of America, written by the Spanish pioneers and published in Spain

mostly. Already 370 years ago there was a surprising number of such books, of surprising solidity and worth.

herroz y dlos idolos lee dī herroz dlos idolos. En la ho. rrviiij
fa. j. rē. rvij. do dize Se entienda dello la fe salua: lee por paferte
fis. Que se entienda dīcho la fe salua. rē. rrij. dōde dize En ette lee
eneite. En la misma ela faz. ij. rē. j. dōde dize el Mūsteno Jor
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En la hoja. rrr. faz. j. a. iij. rē. donde dize de la Resurrecció: lee
de relirreció. Y enl. rē. rj. donde dize Tambiē vaca y esta sup
quo. En la hoja. rrrj. faz. ij. rē. rrij. Donde dize y los colocā: lee
y los coloca. Y enl. rē. final donde dize Le penetra: lee lo pene
tra. En la hoja. rrrj. faz. ij. rē. rj. y. rj. donde dize. Y el mūdo la
hazaña: lee y la hazaña. Y enl. rē. rrrj. donde dize Dia no pe
qña: lee día y no peqña. En la hoja. rrruij. faz. j. rē. j. donde dize
Le pdono: lee y le perdonno. En la hoja. rrrvj. faz. j. rē. iij. don
de dize. En el dilatar: lee enlo dilatar.

¶ Imprimiose este Manual de Adultos en la grā ciudad d
Mērico por mādado dlos iReuerēdissimos Señores Obis
pos dīa nueva España y a sus erpēlas: en casa d Juā Crom
berger. Año dī nacimēto d nuestro seño Jēsu Crīsto d null.
y quimētos y quarēta. Al. rrij. dias dī mes d Deyēbre.

LAST PAGE OF THE "MANUAL DE ADULTOS, 1540.

(The third book printed in America.)

Aue Maria gratia



plena dominus tecū.

TITLE PAGE OF THE "TRIPARTITO," 1544.
(The first engraving printed in America.)

But in its fullest sense, American literature—that is, literature written in and about America, and published in America, began in the city of Mexico, 360 years ago. Within half a century thereafter—and still long before there was an English colony anywhere in the New World—there was already a whole library of books printed in America in a dozen or or so original American languages, besides many more in Spanish and Latin.

As a good many Eastern editors seem never to have heard of Icazbalceta and other bibliographers, it may be of interest to state here the proved facts. The facsimile illustrations are from Chas. F. Lummis's *The Awakening of a Nation*, just now issuing from the press of the Harpers, in which the subject is treated more fully.

The first book printed in the New World was Fray Juan de Estrada's *Escala Espiritual Para llegar al cielo* ("Spiritual Ladder for reaching Heaven"), a translation of S. Juan Climaco. It was printed in the beginning of 1537, but, unfortunately, no copy is known to have withstood the wear and tear of the theological schools, in which it was a text-book. It was printed by Juan Pablos, the first printer in this hemisphere, the foreman of the first American publishing house—that of the famous Juan Cromberger of Seville. The real credit of these beginnings of American literature belongs to Fray Juan de Zumárraga, first Bishop of Mexico. This really notable man, in conjunction with the first and greatest of all Spanish Viceroyes, Don Antonio de Mendoza, made a contract with Cromberger and brought the first printing-press to America. Cromberger (though early Mexican editions bear his imprint) never crossed the ocean. After his death (1540) Pablos appears on the *portadas* as publisher. He was a Lombard; and, for his circumstance, a good workman.

The first book left to us of those first printed in America is entitled :

"BEVE Y MAS COMPENDIOSA DOCTRINA
CHRISTIANA EN LENGUA MEXICANA Y
CASTELLANA, que contiene las cosas mas necesarias de nuestra sancta fe catolica
para aprovechamiento
destos indios naturales y salvacion de sus animas,
Con
licencia y privilegio."

The colophon reads :

"A honra y gloria de Nuestro Señor Jesu-Christo, y
de
la Virgen Santissima su madre, fue impresa esta
DOCTRINA CHRISTIANA por mandado del señor
don FRAY DE ZUMARRAGA, primer obispo
desta gran ciudad de Tenuchtitlan, Mexico, DESTA
NUEVA ESPAÑA, y a su costa, en casa de Juan
Cromberger, ano de mill y quinientos y treinta
y nueve."

"Brief and more compendious Christian Doctrine in the Mexican (Nahuatl) and Spanish languages; containing the most necessary things of our holy catholic faith for the benefit of these native Indians and the salvation of their souls. Published by authority."

"To the honor and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Most Holy Virgin, his mother, this Christian Doctrine was printed to the order of Fray Juan de Zumarraga, first Bishop of this great city of Tenuchtitlan, Mexico, of this New Spain, and at his cost, in the house of Juan Cromberger, year of one thousand, five hundred and thirty-nine."

The third American book, so far as known, was the *Manual de Adultos*, of whose last page and colophon I give a facsimile at scale: The colophon reads, translated :

"This Manual for Adults was printed in the great city of Mexico by order of the Most Reverend Bishops of New Spain, and at their expense, in the house of Juan Cromberger. Year of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand, five hundred and forty—On the thirteenth day of December."

The fourth book departed from abstract religion to news with a moral, and is entitled (by interpretation) :

" Account of the frightful earthquake which just lately has befallen in the city of Guatemala A thing of great wonder, and a great example for us all, that we amend our sins and be prepared whenever God shall be pleased to call us."

The colophon carries the imprint of Cromberger and the date of 1541—the year of the catastrophe. That was rapid news-gathering for those days. The *terremoto*, of course, is that most dramatic one in North American history, in which the Volcan de Agua burst its crater and drowned the young Guatemalan capital and thousands of its settlers. Among them was Doña Beatriz de la Cueva, the wife of Pedro de Alvarado.

But of course the bulk of the sixteenth century books published in America were purely religious—and the great majority of them for the instruction of the Indians, who were fast learning to read and write in the schools founded by Pedro de Gante and his fellow missionaries. There were vocabularies, catechisms, etc., in Nahuatl, Mixtec, Zapotec, Otomi, Huastec, Utlatec, Tarasco, Chiapanec, Zoque, Chinantec, Tzendal, Chuchona, etc., etc., not to mention books of law, medicine, sermons, history and the like, in Spanish and Latin.

The first wood-engraving printed in the New World was the title page of Juan Gerson's *Tripartito*, 1544.

The first music published in America came from this press, in 1584—a beautiful Psalter in red and black, full of engravings and illustrated initials.

Ad vespertas perboras. Antiphona.




Ec est preceptum

meum: vt diligatis in

vicem: sicut dilexi vos. Seculoz amen.
Psalmus. 109.

THE FIRST MUSIC PRINTED IN AMERICA, 1584.

OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

SKETCHED BY EYEWITNESSES.

II.



UCH sentiment and much genial humor pervade the pen-pictures drawn by Rev. Walter Colton of his *Three Years in California*, half a century ago. Law was a primitive affair, in the times of the first American Alcalde of Monterey; but it fulfilled its ends as more complicated tribunals do not always nowadays.

"Thursday, June 15. Found an Indian today perfectly sober, who is generally drunk, and questioned him as to the cause of his sobriety. He stated that he wished to marry an Indian girl, and she would not have him unless he would keep sober a month; that this was his third day, and he should never be able to stand it unless I would put him beyond the reach of liquor. So I sentenced him to the public works for a month; this will pay off old scores, and help him to a wife, who may perhaps keep him sober, though I fear there is little hope of that.

A USE FOR MOSQUITOS.

"Thursday, July 27. I never knew mosquitos turned to any good account save in California; and here it seems they are sometimes ministers of justice. A rogue had stolen a bag of gold from a digger in the mines, and hid it. Neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to reveal the place of its concealment. He was at last sentenced to a hundred lashes, and then informed that he would be let off with thirty, provided he would tell what he had done with the gold, but he refused. The thirty lashes were inflicted, but he was still stubborn as a mule.

"He was then stripped naked and tied to a tree. The mosquitos with their long bills went at him, and in less than three hours he was covered with blood. Writhing and trembling from head to foot with exquisite torture, he exclaimed, 'Untie me, and I will tell where it is.' 'Tell first,' was the reply. So he told where it might be found. Some of the party then, with wisps, kept off the still hungry mosquitos, while others went where the culprit had directed, and recovered the bag of gold. He was then untied, washed with cold water, and helped to his clothes, while he muttered, as if talking to himself, 'I couldn't stand that anyhow.'

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

"Thursday, March 25th. A California mother complained to me to-day, that her son, a full grown youth, had struck her. Usage here allows a mother to chastise her son as long as he remains unmarried and lives at home, whatever may be his age, and regards a blow inflicted on a parent as a high offence. I sent for the culprit, laid his crime before him, for which he seemed to care but little; and ordered him to take off his jacket, which was done. Then putting a reata into the hands of his mother, whom nature had endowed with strong arms, directed her to flog him. Every cut of the reata made the fellow jump from the floor. Twelve lashes were enough; the mother did her duty, and as I had done mine, the parties were dismissed.

"The creditor of the Russian proved to be a young Frenchman, who had run away with the old man's daughter, married her, and then quartered himself and wife on her father. I told the Frenchman he must pay board, or run away again with his wife; but if he came back he must satisfy arrears; so he concluded to run.

A NEW SOLOMON.

"My friend William Blackburn, alcalde of Santa Cruz, often hits upon a method of punishing a transgressor, which has some claims to originality as well as justice. A young man was brought before him charged with having sheared, close to the stump, the sweeping tail of another's horse. The evidence of the nefarious act, and of the prisoner's guilt, was conclusive. The alcalde sent for a barber, ordered the offender to be seated, and directed the tonsor to shear and shave him clean of his dark flowing locks and curling moustache, in which his vanity lay."

Referring to the habits of the native Californians, Mr. Colton says :

BIG ESTATES.

"They never speak of acres, or even miles ; they deal only in leagues. A farm of four or five leagues is considered quite small. It is not so large, in the conception of this people, as was the one-acre farm of Horace in the estimation of the Romans. Capt. Sutter's farm, in the valley of the Sacramento, is sixty miles long. The Californians speak in the same way of the stock on their farms. Two thousand horses, fifteen thousand head of cattle and twenty thousand sheep, are only what a thrifty farmer should have before he thinks of killing or selling. They are to be his productive stock, on which he should not encroach, except in an emergency. Only fancy a farm covering sixty miles in length ! Why, a man would want a railroad through it for his own private use !

THE OLD CARRETA.

"The ox-cart of the Californian is quite unique and primitive. The wheels are cut transversely from the butt-end of a tree, and have holes through the center for a huge wood axle. The tongue is a long, heavy beam, and the yoke resting on the necks of the oxen, is lashed to their horns, close down to the root ; from these they draw, instead of the chest, as with us ; and they draw enormous loads, but the animals are large and powerful.

"But to return to the cart. On gala days it is swept out, and covered with mats ; a deep body is put on, which is arched with hoop-poles ; and over these a pair of sheets are extended for a covering. Into this the ladies are tumbled, when three or four yoke of oxen, with as many Indian drivers, and ten times as many dogs, start ahead. The hallooing of the drivers, the barking of the dogs, and the loud laughter of the girls make a common chorus."

REAL CONTENT.

"There is hardly a shanty among them which does not contain more true contentment, more genuine gladness of the heart, than you will meet with in the most princely palace. Their hospitality knows no bounds ; they are always glad to see you, come when you may ; take a pleasure in entertaining you while you remain ; and only regret that your business calls you away. If you are sick, there is nothing which sympathy and care can devise or perform which is not done for you. No sister ever hung over the throbbing brain or fluttering pulse of a brother with more tenderness and fidelity. This is as true of the lady whose hand has only figured her embroidery or swept her guitar, as of the cottage-girl wringing from her laundry the foam of the mountain stream ; and all this from the heart ! If I must be cast in sickness or destitution on the care of the stranger, let it be in California ; but let it be before American avarice has deadened the heart, and made a god of gold."



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The Landmarks Club is now two years old, and has not lived thus far in vain. In each year of the two it has done more to save California landmarks than had been accomplished before in the whole history of the whole State. For each year it has saved a Mission. Two years ago the noble old buildings of San Juan Capistrano and San Fernando Rey were falling to ruin with terrible swiftness. Roofless, or practically so, with broken walls and tottering foundations, both promised within five years to be mere mounds. Today, the five chief buildings at these Missions (buildings which cover in the aggregate several acres) are saved. They have substantial roofs, their walls are sound; and they are ready to face another hundred years.

The Club has been enabled to do this by earnest work and by the generous support of the public. Something over \$2800 has been collected and expended, with the most satisfactory results.

The Club desires to begin the new year free from debt. It now owes nearly \$75 on the roof of the San Fernando Church.

In 1898 it has large and valuable works to do. Incidentally it wishes to safeguard the minor buildings at Capistrano and San Fernando, and what little is left of the oldest Mission of all—San Diego. It intends to make these fascinating spots better known, and to run a series of excursions to them. It will also celebrate on the grounds three anniversaries in 1898—the centennial of San Luis Rey, June 13; the 101st "birthday" of San Fernando, Sept. 9; the 122nd of San Juan Capistrano, Nov. 1.

And there are other still larger enterprises to be begun by the Club in the year now imminent. All memberships lapse Jan. 1, 1898. The Club sincerely hopes that every member will promptly send in the dollar for renewal of membership; and that every thoughtful person who is not yet a member will become one.





Dictionaries are useful whenever you do not need them. In them, for instance, an "American" is a native of the United States—or, by tolerance, of some of the other nine-tenths of America. That is the word-swallower of it.

An American, men and brethren, is a man (or woman) born in this hemisphere and no disgrace to it; too true a lover of liberty to steal it even from cripples and aliens; too free to cower to a cultured monarch or an illiterate ward-heeler; too self-respecting to be bullied, too patriotic to wish his country to bully; too honorable to be a fool, too wise to be a scrub. An American is one who believes that all men (and all women) were created free and with the right to be equal if they have the brains and conscience to win equality with the best. It is one who comprehends that honest individuals cannot be a dishonest commonwealth—and *vice versa*. This may not be dictionary; but it is gospel.

Clearly pained under its dear old Nutmeg ribs by the article "Just Climate," which was printed in this magazine for October, the Hartford, Conn., *Courant* (an old, honorable and ordinarily sane paper) imagines a vain thing. It deems anyone foolish to notice that people die in New England of sunstroke and freezing—and maybe we should not carp, so long as ignorance is not as fatal as the weather:

"That California has any weather better than our June and October, we do not believe. Furthermore, we doubt if the climate of the Pacific Coast averages any better than ours the year round. Of all curses to which life is subject, none is worse than monotony. Six months of bright sunny days excuses suicide. Better a sunstroke and have done with it than California's succession of days alike cloudless and rainless. This lack of variety in the climate may be one reason why the California fruits are so tasteless. . . . We defy the writer to find a place up in the hills or down in the valleys where his California air has the quality of our atmosphere in October. . . . Let the California climate-maniac experience a Connecticut October, and he will receive a new light. He will learn that there are few places in the world better suited to the human race than Connecticut in October."

So says the Connecticut oracle. His fatal mistake is the assumption that everyone else has stayed at home as religiously as he. He doesn't believe that California is this or that; but he knows nothing about it. He has never seen California, nor any country like unto it. He has remained where he happened. Only an untraveled person could think for an instant of comparing Connecticut air, even in October—when it is indeed charming—with California air at its best. No one of horizon would ever compare the flats of Hartford with the piney heights of the Sierras. Does the *Courant* think God a fool? Has it any idea that He blundered when He made 10,000 feet altitude different from 1000 feet? When He classified the arid atmospheres apart from the humid?

The writer of "Just Climate" has not the *Courant's* cheerful way of writing on things he is ignorant of. He knows Connecticut just as well as the *Courant* writer does—better, for he knows it comparatively. He is just as full Yankee as the *Courant* is. He knows Connecticut and Connecticut Octobers, and a few other places. Connecticut is attractive, even for those who do not believe it the only thing in the universe. It is a pleasant place for people who are content to live one month in

twelve—it generally *has* a fair October. As a rule also there are respectable days in its May and June; and samples other-when. But it would be just as intelligent to claim that Hartford is the largest city in the world as to claim that it has a good climate.

Does the *Courant* know of any colonies of Californians who have fled from our tiresome sunshine to the sweet climate of Connecticut—where there is no monotony, except the monotonous indecency of the weather and the plane of certain brains? Does it know of any such colony in any other part of New England? But in monotonous California there are tens of thousands of refugees from the “superior climate” of New England—a good many thousands from Connecticut and its wonderful Octobers. It may be these people are all fools. But there has never been any need of a gate to keep Californians from migrating to Connecticut, or Yankees in California from going home; while all the gates the *Courant* can put up will not keep the steady stream of Connecticutters from migrating to California. Los Angeles city alone has over 103,000 people. Over 90,000 of these people have come from Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and other Eastern States within a dozen years—not because they had to but because they found on experiment that this is a better, happier place to live in than “home.” They give up the home ties; they abandon the Connecticut Octobers; they even turn their backs on a land where everyone who has money enough is glad to pay two to ten prices for “tasteless” California fruit, picked green, shipped 3000 miles and kept till lifeless in slow Connecticut towns. They come where they have, every month in the year, better weather than in the one or two decent months of New England. They eat California fruit—more and better and cheaper than any fruit they knew at home—but they eat ripe fruit and fruit not irrigated to death by tenderfeet. And they keep coming. In ten years, Los Angeles has increased by over 85,000 people. By the way, how much has Hartford grown in ten years?

As to the horrors of monotonous pleasure—does the *Courant* man beat his wife every other day, that she may appreciate his alternations of kindness? Does he make the worst paper he can, six days or two days out of the seven, that his readers may enjoy a respectable sheet on the off days? And how the deuce is he going to get along in heaven, unless he can introduce death, dishonesty and toothache, to break the cursed monotony of eternal peace and joy?

EDITORS

EASY TO

BEFOOL.

The greatest discoverer in the word's history is “Prof. Fred'k Alleson, of the Berlin Geographical Society.” In the New York Herald and the Boston Herald of Oct. 18, he gives a thirsty world to know that “Dawson's Island, 2300 miles out in the Pacific, is no longer a myth.” He has been there; and what he didn't find would scarcely appeal to gentile intelligence as worth finding. Of course there were gigantic ruins, and stone idols forty feet high, and all the other things this sort of scientist finds when he gets around the corner. But strange to relate, “Prof. Alleson” also found the Moqui villages of Arizona, and the “Cañon de Chelly” of New Mexico, and the Chac-mool which stands in the National Museum of Mexico—he found them all on Dawson's Island. This must be true, for “Prof. Alleson” set up his camera on the spot and photographed the wonders of the Island, and got the same old negatives that Jackson and Hilliard made in Arizona and New Mexico twenty years ago. Between what Prof. Alleson can find where it isn't and what Prof. Libbey cannot find where it is, newspaper “science” in the United States seems to average up nobly.

A VERY

LONG

HEAD.

All Californians wish well to the *Overland*. They would do almost anything for it—except read it.

All will rejoice to see the dawn of its enterprise. It is now

advertising the most original and the most dazzling offer ever made by any periodical. Missing-word contests have been vaguely heard of before, but never with such a bait.

The Overland will give \$1000 to the person who supplies the word. S-st! Take your time! *The Overland* was never hasty yet.

Just find the word, and send it in with one dollar. Ten cents of your dollar will become the corner-stone of "the prize fund." When ten thousand people have guessed and remitted, if nothing happens, there will be \$1000 in the "fund." And *then* the prize will be awarded.

As the *Overland* is only 29 years old, and in that time has once or twice almost succeeded in believing that it might get up to 7000 subscribers, with patience and continuity, it is clear that it will be a mere bagstelle to get 10,000 new subscribers. 7000 (to be generous) in 29 years; 17,000 in 41 years more—this should appeal to those who wish to make provision for their posterity.

American civilization seems to run to cities. No American city, after it became great, was ever very well governed. The recent election in Greater New York would seem to indicate that the greatest type of American cities does not even *wish* to be well governed. Now there are three possible explanations of this grave fact. One is that the flocking to big cities is an intoxication which is not good for us, (and we shall, therefore, probably swear off in time). Another is that while things will come all right in the long run, city life temporarily increases the natural tendency of Americans to forget that they are the government. The third and most distasteful is that these two tendencies together point to the ultimate failure of government by the people. Certainly the example of New York is not calculated to cheer the believer in democracies. At any rate, it is time for Americans to be thinking out what it all does mean—and then to begin upon a remedy. We have no divine right of perpetuity. Our fate as a nation, good or bad, will be precisely what we make it. What you and I make it.

The Arizona Antiquarian Society has done handsomely in strengthening and repairing that fine Cliff Dweller ruin known as "Montezuma's Castle," on Beaver Creek, Arizona. Foundations have been fortified, walls braced with iron tie-rods, and other precautions taken to preserve one of the most interesting and accessible ancient monuments in the United States. Equally important, a contemptible vandal who damaged the "castle," has been hauled before the courts, and taught a lesson.

The joke of the Enchanted Mesa, and the Princeton professor who didn't know it was loaded, has pervaded the United States. From the dailies it spread to the reviews; from the reviews it goes now to the magazines. So far as heard from, there are three rural sheets in North America still innocent as Libbey was; all the metropolitan dailies and the influential weeklies have discovered the truth and "had fun" with the unhappy Princetonian. The *Nation*, *Critic*, *Science*, *Book-Buyer*, *Journal of Education*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Leslie's Weekly*, *Geographical Magazine*, and so on, have added their authority to the confusion of Libbey. Even that gentleman himself seems to have learned that there was a funeral, and that the front carriage was occupied. Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has officiated as Fool Killer; and in the *Philadelphia Press* of Oct. 18, he buries the victim beyond resurrection.

The gentlemen who deal in "green goods" are collecting the addresses of those who believe that 400,000 people have been starved to death in Cuba by the awful Spaniards. Or 40,000 for that matter. How the American newspaper does flatter the intelligence of its readers!



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

PERHAPS the most consoling reflection at this holiday season is that there are still several people who have not written a book.

MORE
"STORY OF
THE WEST."

A genuine service to American readers and American history is being done in the "Story of the West" series, edited by Ripley Hitchcock for the Appletons. We have already reviewed Grinnell's *Story of the Indian* and Shinn's *Story of the Mine*; both books of an interest and worth altogether uncommon in this day of looking-glass literature.

The third volume in the series is by E. Hough, *The Story of the Cowboy*. It would be high praise to say that it is fully worthy of its company; but in very truth this is not enough to say. Mr. Hough's intimate knowledge of the phase of the West he writes about has not been surpassed by any man who has written about any Western phase; and none of them have "held over him" in power of expression—not even Roosevelt (whose works are and will be standard). More than any of them he has the exact style which befits the subject. An educated man, who has really lived the life of the range, he has caught in his speech the very temper of the cow-country. His style is direct, masterful, always under bridle; picturesque but restrained. It never slopes over, nor is it ever empty. He takes the large horizons with a Western eye, and sums them up in a word. He sees the basic truths as well and sets them out more briefly, more vividly and more convincingly than we are accustomed to having such things done. That is a good deal to say; but to at least one man who fairly knows the life and its literature, that seems the proper thing to say. What we need nowadays is honest work, to make head against lazy, ignorant pretense; books that are "good reading" and at the same time good fact. And how readable an honest book can be made, Mr. Hough has given us a heart-warming example.

The story of the American cowboy was well worthy of being written. Every man who loves the United States, every man who also loves the West, should read this fascinating, accurate and really eloquent presentation of a type which meant so much to both and has been so little understood. The cowboy was "not a freak but a factor," as Mr. Hough well says. He was not the stage daredevil of our general ignorance, but a quiet, single-hearted, hard-working man; rough but "square," occasionally breaking out in wild hilarities, but normally a worker whose steady pressure conquered for a later and more timid civilization a full half the whole area of the United States. He was an American product; and all in all as typical and as noble a product as the Daniel Boones, the Davy Crocketts or any other type evolved in the winning of the New World. Yet we have caricatured him all our lives.

It is a shame for so fine a work to be marred by such misspellings—"gramma" for *grama*; "haciendado" for *hacendado*—and above all the unutterable "broncho" for bronco. Mr. Hitchcock should find a proofreader who can understand that bronco is a Spanish word, and not

a Greek one; and that it is pronounced *brónk-o*, not *bron-cho*. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

Even the ingenuity of Henry James could not have made "WHAT half a book of what Maisie *didn't* know. At most, a very thin pamphlet would contain all that this battered and unattractive small person failed to find out, during her probably unparalleled facilities for the pursuit of undesirable knowledge. What she did not remain ignorant of, fills a large and very Jamesy volume. It is certainly a clever analysis, full of the things which those admire who admire Henry James. There is not a companionable figure between the remote covers; and even vice is masterfully dreary. The non-Jamesian will perhaps feel that the most important thing that Maisie knew was how to pick her biographer. Probably no other writer alive could have drawn so minutely this undesirable youngster and her multitudinous mess of parents-on-the-European-plan—or would have cared to. The book is mechanically in the faultless taste of its publishers. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

This time, and with this title, Kirk Monroe—a rattling writer of boys' books—has invaded Arizona for his field; and he certainly has harrowed it thoroughly. The "Tonto Basin War" seems to be the only excitement he has omitted—and that was probably too tame. The historic diamond swindle of the Cañon de Chelly is new grist for this sleepless miller. The Moqui snake-dance, the petrified forest, and a secret valley are a part of his setting. And when his irrepressible lads have nothing else to do, they calmly navigate the Grand Cañon with a youthful impudence to make Major Powell bat his eyes.

It is not surprising that Mr. Monroe tangles the map of Arizona pretty hopelessly, and gets Moqui and the petrified forest and the desert so well mixed that it is no wonder his Navajos thought they needed a guide to get to Moqui. On the other hand, there is a perfect inspiration of verisimilitude in the dear old Eastern college professor who gets lost in Arizona and with his wife camps helplessly in a valley the rest of his life because he does not know enough to walk to the next railroad station.

The Moqui towns were never "called the Seven Cities of Cibola by the Spaniards"—nor by anyone else except Mr. Monroe. The "deadly desert" where "Todd" nearly perished is the range of thousands of cattle, and is familiar to innumerable cowboys, ranchers, tramps, and section-hands and some tourists. But Mr. Munroe's blunders are after all few—considering. It is clear that he tried, far more honestly than most story-writers do, to know what he was telling about; and he has made a stirring and healthful book for boys. The illustrations, by F. H. Lungen, are particularly good. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.50.

One of the most helpful books to the American student of Spanish, whether novice or expert, is Becker and Mora's *Spanish Idioms*. Published years ago, it has not yet been supplanted. No other language except French is so idiomatic; and it is quite vain to try to master Spanish without mastery of the idioms which are its very heart. This useful volume contains nearly 10,000 phrases with English equivalents. It does not give literal translations (as it should also) but it does give the paraphrase which to an English-speaking person best conveys the sense. An index by verbs and another by nouns facilitate the running down of any phrase; but the book should be devoured whole. There are constant inquiries as to the best aids to the study of Spanish, and we can confidently recommend this as not only helpful but rather indispensable. Ginn & Co., Boston. \$2.

PRETTY
BUT A
MISFIT.

For the Love of Tonita, "and other Tales of the Mesas," by Charles Fleming Embree, is one of the handsomest books its publishers have put out. A striking and characteristic three-color cover design by Fernand Lungren is New Mexico all over, and promises well for the contents. Mr. Embree's stories turn out to be fair stories, and one or two of them — like "The Driver of the Ocate" — good. But somehow they do not fit New Mexico. There is nothing Southwestern in the book, except some descriptions of some scenery. The characters "do not belong" at all. They would be very decent characters almost anywhere else; but tacked up on the wall of New Mexico they are hopeless strangers. "Tonita" and "Inez" and all the other Mexican people are absurd; and such cowboys and such "hold-ups" as Mr. Embree dreams of would be put in a museum if they were caught in New Mexico. The cut-and-dried dialect which has to do duty for them all — Mexicans, Frenchmen, "tenderfeet" and cowboys — was never used by anybody before. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

A BOUND
"ARIZONA
KICKER."

One of the most amusing books of the year is *Wolfville*, by Alfred Henry Lewis ("Dan Quinn"). It purports to be stories of an Arizona town mostly of cowboys; and is in fact an "Arizona Kicker" in book form. That it has no relation to anything that ever lived on the frontier cuts no trail, for Mr. Lewis is not to be taken seriously. He is clever "no end," and brings his cowboys up to his own standard. No cowboy ever talked as Mr. Lewis talks; but none had to. It is more remunerative to depict the cowboy as the tenderfoot thinks he is than as he is really; and *Wolfville* is an aggregation of wonderful speech, multitudinous killings and all the easy truthfulness of a Buffalo Bill show. Some innocent Eastern paper credits Mr. Lewis with having been a cowboy himself. If he was, he must have "hit the high places" and retained his pristine innocence of the geography he rode over. A map of Arizona and New Mexico in his hands would be a puzzle to the oldest inhabitant.

But Mr. Lewis has a large, open imagination and a vast invention. He has seen enough of the range to catch some of its stock phrases, and he has made a Mississippi of navigable words in the aridest land on earth — for stock and talkers. His book is not addressed to people who know "Wolfville," but to the hungry East, which likes cowboys and likes 'em raw. And, as I have tried to say, it is a very entertaining book — to the East because it is "so Western," to the West because it is so Eastern. There is no disposition to belittle Mr. Lewis's really remarkable attainments as a manufacturer of the language that Arizonians ought to use and the habits they are expected to indulge in. Anyone who cares to know what cowboys really are and what they really do and say can drop Mr. Lewis and read Mr. Hough's powerful book.

Read by installments, *Wolfville* is a means of grace — the impossible but spicy dialect, which all Arizona speaks alike (in Mr. Lewis's mouth) is tedious wading for too long; but by mouthfuls it is distinctly stimulating. There are eighteen good (though rather Dakotan) illustrations by Remington. Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

WHERE
THE REVIEWER

One of the most handsomely made of the fall volumes is *The King of the Broncos*, by Chas. F. Lummis, with a portrait of the author and ten excellent full page illustrations by V. Perard. Thus much can safely be said without putting the Lion to the blush. As for the fourteen stories that make up the book, the jury will have to find a verdict without instructions from this court. The author thinks that among the lot are the best stories he has ever written; but he doesn't count. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. \$1.25.

THE CLUB WOMAN.

EDITED BY MRS. WILLIS LORD MOORE.

THE value of interchange of ideas between clubs is now everywhere recognized. It is desired to make this a regular department of the LAND OF SUNSHINE, as a medium for such interchange; a concise record and comment upon the aims and methods of women's clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico—their achievements and their hopes. This will require hearty coöperation by the clubs themselves. All matters of club interest should be sent to the editor of this department. In the Southwest there are many women's clubs, covering a wide scope of aim and accomplishment. Among them are already some very notable ones. Each can teach to, and learn something from, the others. Federated work is strongest.

Individual clubs, and State Federations throughout the Union are preparing to send their brightest delegates to the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, at Denver, in June, 1898.

Where women's clubs have taken a stand against the "theatre hat," no legislation against it has been necessary. A most effective way of abating an evil is to make it unfashionable.

Many women's clubs are striving to reach the lives of the under-cultured, by aesthetic influences in the public schools. The bare white walls of the school rooms have been transformed by pleasing tints; inexpensive copies of fine pictures have been hung; a few pots of growing plants placed in the windows. In many instances, the only note of beauty in the lives of the poor children comes thus.

The Women's Parliament of Southern California is noticeably influencing the clubs interested. It is one of the benefits of such convocations that the subjects brought up are discussed suggestively, rather than exhaustively; leaving much to be elaborated by the clubs later on.

The State Federation of Minnesota which recently held its annual meeting at St. Paul, reports a most successful work through its "town and country clubs." These clubs place their city quarters at the disposal of country women while in town. Lunch rooms, reading and toilet rooms were arranged, but it was soon discovered that the country visitors cared more for the intellectual refreshment than for the creature comforts.

The City Federation of Kansas City, Kas., maintains the public library. It has (besides raising money by entertainments) secured the use of the dog-tax, which brings the library \$2,500 a year. The federation also controls the appointment of the poundmaster.

A woman's club in a small New Mexico town needing money for a philanthropic purpose, secured a curious monopoly by getting a hearse—the first in the community—and has thus a revenue to make the town pleasanter for those who do not use the club vehicle.

Circulating picture libraries are among the recent achievements of the art departments of some of the State federations. Photographs of classical subjects, so mounted as to be durable and easily transported, are held for circulation among clubs.

The efforts made by our late Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Morton, toward the adoption of a "Bird Day" in our public schools, are to be supplemented by the women's clubs. A number of State federations have united in asking that a day be set apart in the schools for the study of the feathered tribe, and the encouragement of a fostering love for birds.

1416 Laguna Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.



Photo. by W. L. Richardson

THE DEVIL'S POST-PILING.
(See page 18.)

L. A. Brown Co.

LOS ANGELES STREET RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

THERE is probably no other city in the United States, of 100,000 population, that can boast of so complete and extensive a street railway system as Los Angeles. The area of the city, embracing over 36 square miles, with the remarkably rapid growth of population during the past ten years, have induced enterprising capitalists to construct a far-reaching and complete system of street railroads, which excites the surprise of visiting railroad men from all parts of the country. In 1890 Los Angeles, which then had 50,000 people, ranked fifty-seventh among the cities of the Union in population, and fourteenth in mileage of street railroads, which at that time aggregated 82 miles in length. Today the Los Angeles Railway Company alone owns nearly that length of track (73 miles) and the total mileage has increased over 50 per cent.

While the street railroad companies of Los Angeles have to contend with the fact that the city is spread over a large area, much of which is yet sparsely settled, and comparatively unproductive, on the other hand they enjoy compensating advantages over companies which operate in the more densely settled cities of the East. Our mild climate offers no obstacles to the maintenance and operation of the roads during the entire year. Then, again, the fuel question has been satisfactorily settled here by the development of crude petroleum, which is now to be had at a maximum cost of \$1 per barrel, the equivalent of \$3.50 per ton for soft coal. Some of the railroad companies have sunk wells of their own, and are producing their own fuel oil, thus still further diminishing the cost. This advantage will soon be further emphasized by the introduction of still cheaper power, furnished to the railroads by companies



Behre Eng. Co.

MODERN TRANSIT IN LOS ANGELES.

Photo. by Howard.

(A car of the L. A. Traction Co.)

which have about completed the development of electric power from the water supply of the San Gabriel cañon, 20 miles from Los Angeles, and from Santa Ana cañon, near Redlands, a distance of about 75 miles.

The first street railroad in Los Angeles city was constructed twenty-three years ago, in the summer of 1874. It was a one-horse road, and was known as the "Spring and Sixth street" line, the route being from the San Fernando street depot down Main, Spring and Sixth streets to Pearl, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The building of this road was largely due to the efforts of Judge R. M. Widney, who was its president. It was regarded as a great innovation by conservative citizens at that time, when there were no signs of the wonderful growth that Los Angeles was to make within a decade. Little difficulty was, however, encountered in obtaining sub-



A "UNIVERSITY LINE" CAR, L. A. RY.

scriptions, the shares of \$20 each being largely taken by owners of frontage along the route.

The next street railroad line was of a more ambitious description. It was commenced a few months after the opening of the Spring street line, under the name of the Main Street Railroad, and until the beginning of the present year was still in existence in its original form, as a one-horse road. As first constructed, it extended from the northern junction of Spring and Main streets, down Main to Washington Gardens. Shortly afterward it was extended to the Agricultural Park, in the southern suburbs of the city. In 1886 the road was double-tracked, and early this year (1897) it was converted into a modern electric line. At the time of its building there was little settlement on the route, south of First street. Cars ran every 20 minutes to Washington Gardens, and every 40



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

ONE OF THE MAIN ST. CARS.

Photo. by Graham & Morrill

minutes to Agricultural Park. The capital stock of the company was \$50,000. The franchise belonged to ex-Gov. John G. Downey, O. W. Childs and John M. Baldwin. Among the principal stockholders at \$50 per share were John G. Downey, 25 shares; John S. Griffin, 10 shares; O. W. Childs, 25 shares; Jno. S. Carr, 15 shares; F. P. F. Temple, 5 shares; E. H. Workman, 5 shares; T. D. Mott, 5 shares; Thos. Gates 3 shares; I. W. Hellman, 5 shares; Andre Briswalter, 5 shares; D. Botiller, 2 shares; M. Morris, 5 shares.

Among other well known names on the list are those of L. Lichtenberger, John Wilson, Andrew Glassell, C. E. Thom, T. E. Rowan, D. V. Waldron, Wm. Pridham, S. H. Mott, S. Hellman, J. S. Slauson, Sam Prager and J. W. Potts. At the end of the list, evidently for the purpose of completing the necessary stock subscription, O. W. Childs put his name down for 200 shares, John G.

Downey for 112 shares, and
I. W. Hellman for 112.

The route of the company today embraces $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of double track. Thirteen electric cars of the latest model and 25 trailers, are utilized.

The company has 40 employes. W. J. Brodrick

has been identified with the com-

pany as president since 1888, and to him

is largely due its present satisfactory financial condition.



L. A. AND PASADENA CAR.

The electrizing of the road, an undertaking of more than usual difficulty, was conducted under the direction of Fred W. Wood, general manager of the Los Angeles Railway Company, as consulting engineer. Mr. Wood purchased and imported for this line 60-pound rails, 60 feet long, which marked a new departure in street railroad building here. It was at first doubted whether such heavy rails could be brought to Los Angeles by railroad, but the Southern Pacific Company undertook the job, and successfully executed it.

After the Main street road, the inauguration of new lines was rather rapid. About a year later Messrs. Workman, Perry and Gillette built a road out Aliso street, across the river to Boyle Heights, then beginning to come into prominence as a residence section, although the residences were few and far between. The line started at the corner of Main and Commercial streets. Then came a two-horse line down Spring street to Sixth, Olive and Twelfth streets. This was a rapid transit line, and was considered quite an improvement over the existing one-horse roads.



L. A. Eng. Co.

A LOS ANGELES AND SANTA MONICA CAR.

Photo by Putnam.

Shortly afterward a road was built from the old Plaza, along Los Angeles street, to San Pedro and Fifth streets, where was located the depot of the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad, extending from Los Angeles to Santa Monica, the original intention having been to extend this road to Independence, Inyo county, where Senator Jones owned valuable silver mines, that were shortly afterward abandoned. In 1886 another horse railroad was built by ex-Mayor Workman down First street, the line being at present a branch of the Los Angeles Electric Railway system. In 1888 a horse-car line was built down Central avenue, to develop that residence section, in which a number of tracts were then being laid out. The company owned 50 horses, and gave quite a good service for that time. The line was subsequently abandoned and has since been revived as an electric road.

During the real estate boom of 1886-88 there was an extensive subdivision of tracts along the west side of the river, south of Seventh

street. In order to furnish transportation for this section, the Mateo street and Santa Fé avenue street car line was constructed, from the depot of the Southern California Railway Company to the southern city limits. A couple of years ago this line passed into the hands of the present company, and was much improved, with better cars and live stock. The line is at present paying a fair interest on the investment, and will doubtless before long be electrized. It is today the only remaining street railway of any consequence operated by horse power. Abbott Kinney is president of the company, and C. A. Sumner secretary.

On these lines the motive power was horses and mules. Meanwhile, in 1885, the first cable road in Los Angeles was constructed up Second street, over tremendous grades to the then western limits of the city. This line did not pay, and was abandoned a few years later.

In the following year another and better cable road was built on Temple street, over the hills, to the western city limits. It was built by Beaudry Brothers, two enterprising citizens who had been instrumental in opening up the northwestern hills for residence by grading streets, planting trees, constructing reservoirs and making other improvements, which at that time were considered by many people to be risky, and far ahead of the possible needs of the city. This line has not been a paying enterprise from the start, in spite of the efforts of one of the most competent railroad men in America; it had to contend with very heavy grades, the settlement of the hills did not progress as fast as



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by Scholl.

FRED W. WOOD,

General Manager L. A. Ry.



Mauvard-Collier Eng. Co.

IN THE L. A. RY. CAR-HOUSE.

Garden City Photo. Co.

was expected, and finally the development of petroleum on the line of the road has largely ended the value of that section for residence purposes. The line has one and a half miles of double track, and one-half of single track. It is at present in the hands of a receiver.

The building of these two cable roads, the first roads in Los Angeles to be operated by machinery, was an important factor in the development of the western residence section.

In 1887 the first electric railroad in Los Angeles, and one of the first in the United States, was opened. On January 1, 1888, there were only 86 miles of electric road in the United States. It ran from the corner of Pico and Main streets, out Pico street, to what was known as the Elec-



INTERIOR OF A PASADENA CAR.

tric Railway Homestead tract, west of the then city limits. The road, which was of rude construction, was built by Col. E. H. Howland, since deceased, as a feature of the real estate subdivision above mentioned. This line has since been improved and merged into the system of the Los Angeles Railway Company.

The astonishing growth made by Los Angeles city during these years induced Chicago capitalists to enter the field and construct a complete system of cable railroads, at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000, the system being completed in 1889. There were four lines of cable railroad with double tracks and two small lines, including in the routes every conceivable variety of curves and cable crossings, the handling of which in-

volved many engineering difficulties. Three large viaducts had to be constructed, one over the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railway at San Fernando street, one crossing the Los Angeles river at First street, and another at Downey avenue. There were over 21 miles of single track in this system, all of the material coming from San Francisco. Thirty-six thousand barrels of cement were used in the conduits. Three large power houses were constructed, one at Seventh street and Grand avenue, another at Boyle Heights, and the third at East Los Angeles, at each of which the machinery was designed to propel four cables. In addition to the cables there were included in this system about 25 miles of horse car lines.

After this company had been in operation for about a year, a franchise was granted by the City Council, in spite of strong opposition, to build an extensive system of electric roads in the city, to a great extent paralleling the cable system.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co 1200 HORSE-POWER GENERATOR, Garden City Photo. Co.
In Powerhouse of the L. A. Ry. Co.

The Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Company, the leading street railway system of Los Angeles, commenced operations in 1891, when the first car was run over the Westlake line, from the Santa Fé depot, by way of Second and First streets to Westlake park, on July 4th. The other lines embraced in the system were completed and in operation by the end of that year.

On Oct. 4, 1893, the cable lines were purchased by this company under foreclosure sale, and the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railway Company was reorganized, under the name of the Los Angeles Railway Company, in March, 1895. In February, 1896, the cable lines were electrized.

The company now operates eleven lines, namely, University, Westlake, Pico Heights, Vernon, Maple avenue, Depot, Grand and Downey

avenues, Boyle Heights and Seventh, Washington street, Ninth street and Eastside Park. There are 73 miles of single track owned by the company, with a gauge of 3 feet 6 inches. A majority of the lines are double tracked. The company uses 116 motor cars and 65 trailers, and employs 450 men.

The entire system is operated from one power house, located at the corner of Central avenue and Sixth street, having the latest improved steam and electrical machinery, with one of the most complete switch boards in the country; the feeder system being divided into different sections, and the switch boards arranged with the most delicately constructed instruments, showing amount of current used, voltage, and so forth. The company furnishes power for manufacturing establishments, elevators, and other purposes throughout the city, having a separate power circuit for this purpose. Crude oil is the fuel used. It is produced in the city, the company owning several wells. All cars are operated by telephone, a dispatcher being located at the general offices, who gives the leaving time of all cars at terminal points. The officers of the company are, Thos. Brown, President; J. T. Burke, Secretary, both of San Francisco; Fred. W. Wood, General Manager, and John T. Aikin, Superintendent.

During the past thirty months a vast amount of expensive and difficult work has been successfully undertaken by this great street railroad corporation, under the management of Fred W. Wood, one of the ablest men in his line in the United States. The change from the cable line to electricity was of itself a great undertaking. The capacity of the power house has recently been increased from 1000 to 3500 horse power. Miles of track have been rebuilt, and some new lines have been constructed. Everything undertaken by this company has been with the view to permanent investment. The iron work needed in construction is all made in the company's own shops, in competition with Eastern establishments that make a specialty of this kind of work.

The latest important addition to the street railway systems of Los Angeles is that built by the Los Angeles Traction Company, of which T. J. Hook is President and W. S. Hook Manager. This important system has been constructed during the past two years. The main route extends from the Santa Fé Railway station to the University, in the southwestern part of the city. There is also a branch to Western avenue, on the western city limits and one out Eighth street to Westlake Park, the total mileage of track operated being 18 miles. The roadbed and rails are better than those of any transcontinental railroad. The cars, of which there are at present 22, are large and probably the finest in America. Sixteen more cars will shortly be added. The power house, on Georgia street, has at present a capacity of 500 horse power, which capacity is now being doubled. The cars run every seven minutes, and make very fast time.

The systems of street railway above described all operate within, or almost within, the city limits of Los Angeles. Three years ago an important suburban system of electric railway was constructed by two inde-



L. A. Eng. Co

A REMINDER OF 1887.

Photo. by Graham & Merrill.

fatigable street railroad men of this city, Gen. M. H. Sherman and E. P. Clark. This system, which extends from Altadena, at the foot of the Sierra Madre, back of Pasadena, 16 miles north from Los Angeles, to Santa Monica, on the Pacific ocean, 17 miles southwest of the city, links the Sierra with the sea, and is among the important suburban railway systems of the United States. The line from Altadena to Los Angeles is known as the Pasadena and Los Angeles Electric Railway, and the line from Los Angeles to Santa Monica as the Pasadena and Pacific Railway. The ownership of the two lines, formerly the same, is now distinct. C. W. Smith, long manager of the great Santa Fé Route, is President of the Pasadena and Los Angeles line, while E. P. Clark is President and Manager of the Pasadena and Pacific.

The wonderful growth of Pasadena during the last decade is strikingly shown by the fact that such a line as this was deemed practicable. Ten years before the road was built, a stage coach afforded sufficient accommodation for the travel between Los Angeles and the "Crown of the Valley." To day the electric line runs cars every ten minutes, until nearly midnight, with an enormous patronage; while this service is supplemented by three lines of steam railroad.

The Pasadena and Los Angeles Company commenced operating from Fourth street in Los Angeles to Colorado street in Pasadena on May 4th, 1895. In the fall of 1895 the line was extended from Colorado street to Altadena, with the necessary double track and turn outs. During 1896, two miles more of track were built in Pasadena, for local service. During the present year, there have been constructed three miles of double track in Los Angeles, and six miles of single track in Pasadena. The

latter rails are of 50 pounds weight. There are three and a half miles more of horse car lines in Pasadena. The total mileage of the company is 40 miles of electric railway, and three and one-half miles of horse car lines. The power houses and car houses are located in Pasadena, and have a capacity of 1000 horse power. The equipment consists of 22 large motor cars and four coaches, with 100 horse and trail cars.

The construction in the city of Los Angeles during 1897 was to obtain entrance into the center of the city, over the company's own tracks. Previously, the operation of the lines, for three miles, had been over the tracks of the local system in Los Angeles. The new line was opened for service Nov. 1st, 1897.

The Pasadena and Pacific railway, or Santa Monica line, was first put in operation as far as the northern city limits, via Elysian and Echo Parks, Nov. 1st, 1895. It consisted of four and one-half miles of single track, and was operated to that point until the first of April, 1896, when it was completed through as a single track, with turn outs, to Ocean avenue, in Santa Monica. During the summer, it was extended to South Santa Monica (3 miles); also one mile north, to the city limits on Third street, Santa Monica. July 1st, 1897, a double track line through the southwest part of Los Angeles via Hill and Sixteenth street, intersecting the old line, was completed and in operation.

A steam railroad, running from the end of Temple street, to Laurel Cañon, a distance of 7 miles, known as the Cahuenga Valley railroad, is part of this system, as is the Santa Monica and Soldiers' Home horse car line, consisting of the local lines in Santa Monica, and the horse car lines to the Soldiers' Home, in all seven miles of track. The electric lines are constructed with 50 and 56 pound rails. The total length of single track of the entire system is 71 miles. There are 21 large motor cars, 10 large coaches, 9 flat cars, 2 locomotives and 20 dump cars, with a fully equipped power house at Sherman, half way to Santa Monica, to handle the entire system up to a maximum of 1000 horse power. Oil is used for fuel.

The building of street railways in Los Angeles has fully kept up with the growth of the population, if, indeed, it has not forged ahead of it. Probably the building of new street railways in Los Angeles will not be so active during the next ten years, for the city has already a system of rapid transit probably unequalled by any other city of its size in the world. On the other hand, there is every probability that there will be a number of important suburban electric lines constructed from Los Angeles to various towns within a radius of 20 miles from the city. Already several plans for such roads have been formulated, and probably work upon several of them will be commenced during 1898. Among towns which have been selected for such proposed roads are Redondo, San Pedro, Whittier and San Gabriel. It has also been proposed to electrize the line of the Terminal steam railroad, from Los Angeles to Glendale.

THE AFRICAN OSTRICH IN CALIFORNIA.

UNDER new skies and new conditions, the great African bird has become very much at home, the width of the world from his native heath.

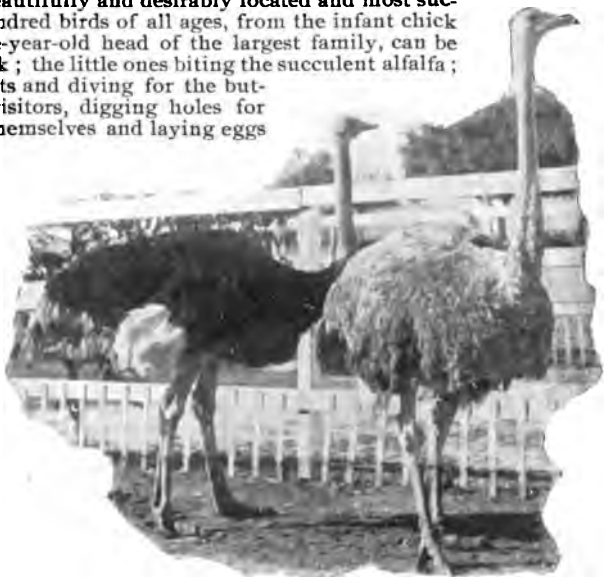
In early geologic times ostriches overran the continents of America, Asia and Africa; but now the latter contains the majority of all the specimens known to man. The great family of the Struthionidæ, of which there are twenty branches, is represented most nobly by this king of birds.

It has been known to civilized man since the days of the Cæsars; and the plebeian hosts of Rome gazed with interest upon these strange creatures of the plains of Africa just as the toiling masses do today upon the creature at the ordinary circus. The Egyptian Pharaohs highly prized the plumage of the ostrich for the ornamentation of fans, just as the Kafir potentates of the Cape do to this day. And the race is far from extinct; for every bird killed by the Hottentot, shot by the British tourist or destroyed from ambush by the watchful lion, a dozen are hatched for the new demands of commerce—chiefly to decorate the feminine contingent of civilized nations. Ostriches probably wandered around the River Jordan in the time of John the Baptist. Today, however, except a few farms in California, Australia and South America, the ostrich is confined to the southern part of Africa; and the trade, started first by the natives of the Cape, and more recently carried forward by British colonists, has multiplied exceedingly. In the last twenty years the industry has increased from \$500,000 annually to \$5,000,000.

The balmy climate of California suggested the feasibility of raising the great birds here, and the experiment has proved successful. The largest farm is that of Mr. Edwin Cawston of Norwalk, California, with upwards of 300 birds. These are the descendants of 50 birds brought over from the Cape in a sailing vessel some ten year ago, and thus was established a new and important industry in the Golden State.

In a valley near Pasadena, is another ostrich farm—a branch of the Norwalk farm; most beautifully and desirably located and most successful. About one hundred birds of all ages, from the infant chick to the full-grown nine-year-old head of the largest family, can be seen any day of the week; the little ones biting the succulent alfalfa; the older devouring beets and diving for the buttons and jewelry of visitors, digging holes for themselves and laying eggs for the benefit of the community. The ostrich egg weighs about three and a half pounds, and is suitable for food. Its shell is preserved, often decorated and sold for a souvenir to Eastern visitors—and a great curiosity it is.

The capture of a wild ostrich in Africa generally costs two horses. So watchful are the birds, and so rapid in their move-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. by Graham & Morrill.

"MAJOR AND MRS. MC KINLEY." *Boogie*
(South Pasadena Ostrich Farm.)

ments, that
surest way

pursuit by dogged persistence is found to be the
of capturing them—the horses engaged in the



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Sunbeam Photo. Co.

"JUMBO" AND FAMILY.

work are trained to run long without water, and carry with them five days' provisions—the hunter following the birds at a gentle trot for days. The creatures always circle, so that confederates going to right angles from the course pursued by the birds are pretty sure to catch them; a comparatively fresh horse, a rapid chase, a few kicks and the ostrich is caught, too weak to proceed further. Rapid domestication is gradually ending all necessity for this hunting; now the Soudanese camping around the land from place to place have herds of ostriches, which they turn out in the morning to return in the evening, just like ordinary domesticated fowl.

Ostriches are raised for feathers and for their young. Their procreative capacity is remarkable. In a wild state they regulate themselves to ten eggs semi-annually, but for the ostrich farmer they will lay enough to fill the nest and an incubator. One of the domesticated pairs in South Africa—we quote from a distinguished authority—yielded 188 eggs the first year, 113 the second year, and the first six months of the third year 97. Supposing the eggs of this pair to have been all fertile, and hatched at the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, the revenue to the proprietors (if all the chicks were sold at the present market price) would be, for the two years and a half, from one pair, \$7,960. The male and female alternate in the duty of keeping the eggs warm, setting upon



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

BABIES AT THE OSTRICH FARM.

Ph. to. by Best

them forty days, the hen by day and the male bird by night. At this period they may be called dangerous, because in protecting the nest from intruders they imagine everyone in the vicinity a breaker-up of household arrangements. At other times, however, the ostrich is docile and dumb, and will run away from small animals and boys.

There are great prospects for California as a producer of ostrich feathers. The great advantage of obtaining the feathers fresh from the birds is that the buyer thus obtains the natural curl which no damp can destroy. A very large assortment and display of ostrich feathers are on view, without charge, at the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena. To the Eastern visitor, however, the opportunity of seeing ostriches in

all stages of existence, is one that cannot be resisted. Not alone in California is this exotic bird flourishing; to South America and Australia flocks have been imported; and there, as in the Golden State, are doing remarkably well.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Sunbeam Photo. Co.

A TWO-LEGGED PONY.



A FLOCK AT THE PASADENA FARM.

OLIVE CULTURE.

BY GEORGE EAKINS.

"An olive orchard is a gold mine on the face of the earth."—Italian proverb.

IT is only within comparatively recent years that the true value of the olive in California has come to be appreciated. Trees planted a century ago had long suffered neglect. The beauty and profits of olive culture had not yet been demonstrated to the new colonists. Then came a change. Capital awoke to the fact that in this climate could be raised a fruit superior in size and flavor to the Italian importations. Care of the grand old trees—many of them a century old and still bearing—began to take the place of neglect; new olive plantations sprang up; the industry assumed a definite business aspect; until to-day the growth of the olive on the Pacific slope is of enough importance to cause the European producers grave apprehension.

Italy produces annually 70,000,000 gallons of olive oil; the market value of this oil in Italy is not less than \$120,000,000, and that means more money than the value of all the wheat exports of the United States in 1883, and twice the value of the wheat exports of 1888.

In Southern California there are lands enough, without interrupting other crops, to equal this output of olive oil, and if the colonists would set about olive planting with the zeal that has attended their orange and raisin planting, they could in twenty years produce as much olive oil as Italy. And they will.

The demand for pure olive oil is increasing, and the consumption of the California product will become greater when the American people are educated up to the fact that every bottle of alleged olive oil imported to this country is adulterated from 45 to 95 per cent.

France and Italy have no laws regulating the sale of "imitation olive oil," and the people of this country have long been imposed upon by the cotton-seed and lard brands of commerce.

Some time ago the Department of Agriculture at Washington made a test of sixty-six samples of imported "olive oil" with the following result: Found to be pure, none; one contained *no* olive oil; and not a single sample contained over four per cent of olive oil.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

DEL SUR OLIVE ORCHARD.

Pure olive oil and ripe olives pickled are most wholesome and palatable articles of food. Those whose chief experience of the olive is the large imported berry, pickled green and fit only to be used as a condiment, know little of the value of the ripe olive as food, nutritious as meat and always delicious. Often the Spanish and Italian peasants make a regular meal of a handful of dried olives and a piece of bread—and an excellent meal it is. For medicinal purposes pure olive oil is now found to be superior to cod-liver oil, being at the same time palatable and free from subsequent nauseating effects. To quote an eminent physician: "It reconstructs the tissues undergoing waste, and by



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co THE PERFECT CALIFORNIA BERRY.



Behre Photo. Eng. Co.

WILD OLIVES OF ANTELOPE VALLEY.

Photo. by Pierce.

its nutritious or food-like properties, sustains without unnatural stimulation, and repairs without disturbance to the vital forces."

Consul Hathaway states that lately an olive tree was carelessly destroyed in the vicinity of Nice, which had a positive record of five centuries, and measured 36 feet in circumference.

Prof. Aloï informs us that the production of the largest olive trees of Sicily sometimes reaches 264 gallons yearly; the trunk of one of those trees measured 26 feet and 4 inches in circumference at 5 feet, 9 inches from the ground.

Five hundred olive trees were planted at San Fernando Mission in California about the year 1800. There are now left 450. In 1881 the trees were severely pruned, the branches being entirely lopped off and made into firewood. They commenced bearing again the second year after being pruned, and the crop gradually increased so that it now amounts to upwards of eighteen tons annually. According to tradition,



Mausard, Collier Eng. Co.

A MODERN OLIVE-OIL MILL.



A YOUNG OLIVE ORCHARD.

gigantic olive trees yet seen around Tivoli were already old when Romulus traced with a plow the wall of Rome. Since then, mighty rulers, powerful empires, have arisen and disappeared. But the old olives, untouched by vandal invaders, respected by the hurricanes of thirty centuries, are there, covering nearly an acre of ground each, vigorous and productive as in the days of Christ.

The average life of the tree, however, is believed to be 250 years—which is long enough. Production increases until the age of 40 or 50 years. It remains then about the same from year to year, if properly managed, with a perceptible improvement in the oil.

The olive can be grown only in a small and favored portion of the globe; middle and Southern California, and (perhaps) part of Arizona, are the only points in the United States, so there will be no danger of over-production. Regarding the culture of the olive from the mercenary standpoint there is more to commend it to the investor than either the orange or prune. Trees are now growing in California that at eight years old produced 2000 gallons of olives to the acre. These will make 250 gallons of oil, which—at say \$3 per gallon, means an income of \$750 per acre. The net income from such a crop would be not less than \$500 per acre; and with good care in any event the crop is large and sure from year to year for a century.

It is a fruit that when made into oil can be kept till the market price is satisfactory. It can be kept ten years if desired, so that the producer is not at the mercy of the commission man. Ten dollars' worth of oil can be sent to market as cheaply as one dollar's worth of oranges.







"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 8, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JANUARY, 1898.

THE VAQUERO'S TRYST.

BY L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.



HAT heed the twenty leagues of way,
The rounded hills and shimmering plain,
That lie before San Bernabé
And Lola's eyes that call again !

Before the earliest flush of day
Into the saddle lightly spring,
And with the morning speed away
With gay hurrah and song and swing.

To breakfast with Bartolomé
A joyous dash of forty miles,
And then how near San Bernabé,
And that dear glance the way beguiles !

In all the throng of San Juan's day
That make the streets and plaza bright,
None other in San Bernabé
Has eyes that dull the stars at night.

Then scorn the twenty leagues of way
If Lola's eyes but call again,
And gallop to San Bernabé
O'er rounded hills and shimmering plain !

Redlands, Cal.

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LA CABANA.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



THE best thing, perhaps, an American can learn in all Europe is the art of living out of doors. In the long run it means more to life than any other art whatsoever. And of all Americans, we Californians, blessed with the finest out-door climate, have most to learn from these dwellers in a little less than Arctic regions; and we show a surprising inaptitude for the lesson. In the matter of houses and gardens there is a volume to be written, but even the seashore affords a paragraph.

A child—God be thanked!—is a child the world over. Given any sea, children and the abundant miracle of sand, and the precise event may be predicted with mathematical certainty. There is little the “grown-up” can add to the sum of the fullness of happiness which children will work out for themselves on their best of playgrounds. He can indeed add *himself*—and one is struck with his greater capacity for doing this thing in Europe. One little institution tends much to this—the *cabana*.

On a narrow strip of Mediterranean shore the *cabana* flourishes in all its glory. For a brief three months of summer this place is the Santa Monica of Florence, Pisa, and the neighboring cities. The rest of the year it enjoys a desertion unknown to our western beaches. In winter the long shore curves from breakwater to headland, only broken by piers stripped of their summer weight of buildings, and occasional *cabane* left for the stray foreigner, English or American, who finds the not too-genial Riviera yet more habitable than any other haven in the Italian winter.

But in the summer all these barren piers break into bloom of many-colored bath-houses, each with its flight of steps to the water under, and the beach is one gay ripple of flags and awnings.

The reign of the *cabana* is at its height.

And the *cabana*? Modest architecturally, as its name (Inglese, *cabin*), it is only a rudimentary structure of slender reeds, thatched roof and sides and one end, the other open to the beach. This exteriorly. Interiorly it is all things to all men—and especially to women!

Perhaps it occupies a space of ground fifteen by five feet. The inner end is thatched off, all but a door-space, with a matting portière. Inside, a wooden bench, a row of wooden pegs, an earthen bowl of seawater for sandy toes, and a matting rug above the floor of native sand—this is your dressing-room. Step beyond the portière and the thatched roof and walls with a wide-cut window, a board floor, a rude table and two or three rough chairs proclaim your sitting-room. A few feet more and your sitting-room becomes your loggia by the simple process of carrying on the roof and replacing the walls by a low railing. It is still yours—the gently designated limits say so—but drawing your chair

forward, you may talk across railings with your neighbors, and, still sun-sheltered, catch the fuller breeze. Yet six feet in front, a couple of poles support an awning stretched from your verandah roof. Under this the children may rear their houses and sink their wells, with happy toes in the sand, when the Italian sun—so fierce in summer, so dull in winter—beats down a thought too pitilessly.

Beyond this is the wide public shore and the changeful sea. Thus by gentle gradations you progress into public life, or contrariwise draw snail-like deeper into your shell.

The *cabane* are put up in little groups by different peasant proprietors (paying well for the privilege, be it noted) and flaunt each their owner's name, as "Bagno Amadeo," "Bagno Felice." They differ as the stars



Rehre Eng. Co.

CABANE ON THE ITALIAN COAST.

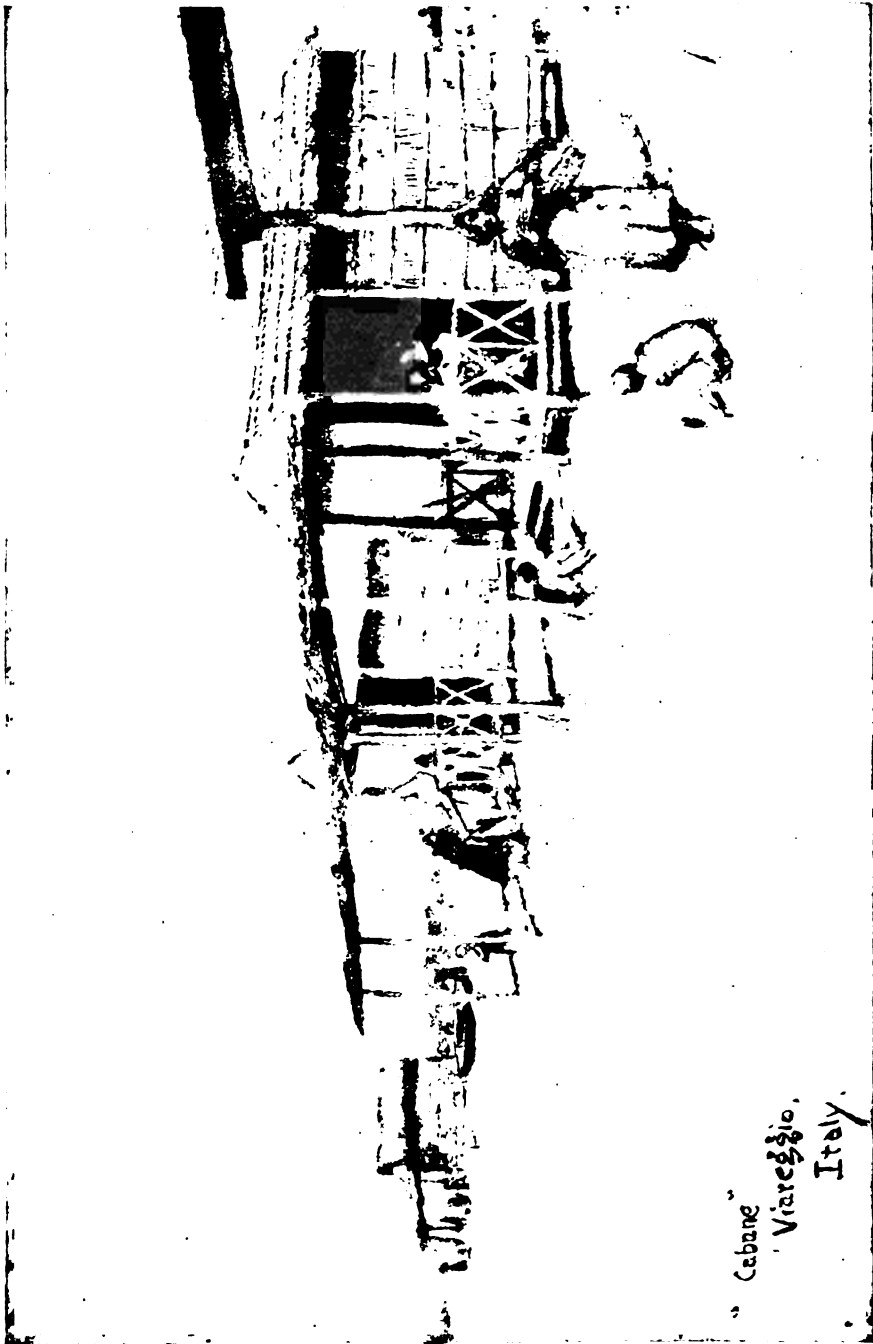
do in glory—a little more or less beauty of fresh paint, a broader awning, or an extra chair—but their substantial elements are the same.

A swarm of Amadei or Felici are in attendance, and the care of your bathing costume is included in your rental.

This varies from almost as few francs as you, an American, can bring yourself to offer, *out* of the season, to sixty, seventy, or eighty francs a month *in* the season. You may be as central and expensive, or as remote and cheap as you like.

Not much to describe, nor even to look at, though not lacking a certain picturesqueness, what the *cabana* means, what it stands for, is a large thing.

It means the difference between visiting the shore and living on it; it



"Cabane"
Viareggio,
Italy.

CABANE AT VIAREGGIO.

Rehse Eng. Co.

stands for home and the life of the home transplanted within the blessed influences of sun and sea.

No doubt it means a great many things beside, in "the season"—flirtations and scandals and Vanity Fair in permanence. Happily, the season is but a quarter of the year, the beach is long, and Fashion absolute; north of certain limits the Signori do not go, and the shores and waters—even the *cabane*—do.

There are many of us to whom the hotel corridor, the beach restaurant, the parasol, or even a chair back with an awning stuck in the sand, are but dreary comforts. To such the *cabana*, always out of doors, is yet the best of in-doors too.

To it you may—and you do—bring your mending-basket, your writing-tablet, your sketching-tools, books to read, food to eat, wine to drink, toys for the children and comforts for the invalid, who may have his couch here if he will. In and out of it run the children, doffing and donning garments in a fashion not always convenient on the public sands; and within its various degrees of withdrawal the hermit may find seclusion, and the gregarious joy.

What tired housemother but knows how many times just that lack of a place to put things in or on, of the comfort of a chair back and convenience of a table; of the permanent parasol, not held by hands, which leaves *her's* free; and not least, the sense of relaxation as to the children's care, clothing or conduct which comes with this semblance of home, makes the difference between its seeming worth while—or even possible—to drag one's self to the shore this morning. What though the baby must be fed, the stockings darned, the letter written! All can be done in the friendly *cabana's* shade; and a share of the children's fun thrown into the bargain.

Under the shadow of one's own tent-pole and awning one may lounge, loaf and smoke, go negligently attired, (even in a monastic bath-robe of white toweling, adding sun-bath to water-bath). One may make and mend: sleep and eat, talk or be silent; read one's newspaper or write one's poem, without that sense of transgressing public courtesy which most of us feel on the unpreempted beach.

It is curious what even five francs' worth of possession will do for a man's mind. But this is a large subject.

The only thing I can think of as ressemblingly charming in a public-private way, is the German beer-garden with its multiplied small tables, each the center of a sane, sweet, simple family life.

On the shore, however, is more of the domesticity which goes with the hint of home.

The last praise of the *cabana* will go to the heart of the housekeeper, tired of being ridden by things in the saddle: Here is a house which needs no keeping. You leave it at night without a thought. There is no door to lock, no window to close. You return to it in the morning without a spectre of duster or broom. Some Amadeo or Felice has swept it, and the sea and the wind, the sun by day and the stars by night, have blown upon it, and shone upon it, and loved it for the thought of home it held.

Why should we not transplant the *cabana* to a climate where it may thrive the whole round summer-year? Or is that climate, as so often seems, wasted upon the only people in the world incapable of making use of it?

Viareggio, Italy.

INDUSTRIOUS ORIOLES.

BY ADA LEGG ARMSTRONG.



AMONG the countless pleasures of our year in Santa Barbara — and "a year in Santa Barbara" is full of meaning — not the least was the watching of our feathered neighbors; particularly including a very worthy pair of "Bullock's Orioles."

They made their appearance the first week in April; and the morning of the 20th a young lady came rushing into my room with an unfinished nest she had taken from the Phoenix Canariensis palm, which grieved me greatly for I feared the birds would go elsewhere. To my joy I soon discovered them on the *Washingtonia filifera* (fan palm) working and fluttering at the long fibers hanging from the leaves and carrying them to the same tree where they had worked before. By another week they had completed the nest (though it was not so long by several inches as the first would have been), and soon four little white eggs with tiny brown spots were in the nest. I had tried for years to secure a set of oriole's eggs, but I had not the heart to take them from the patient birds, and waited eagerly for the young to hatch. In about three weeks I climbed up and there were three birds (one egg proved not fertile), and soon they donned their yellow coats. They are not like many birds who keep the grey color for the first season, and it was not long until they were full-fledged and gone from the home.

When I climbed up to cut the old nest down I found a few threads sewed through and through a leaf — the beginning of a nest — but as there were three linnets' nests on that side of the tree I presumed the orioles changed to the other side to live in peace.

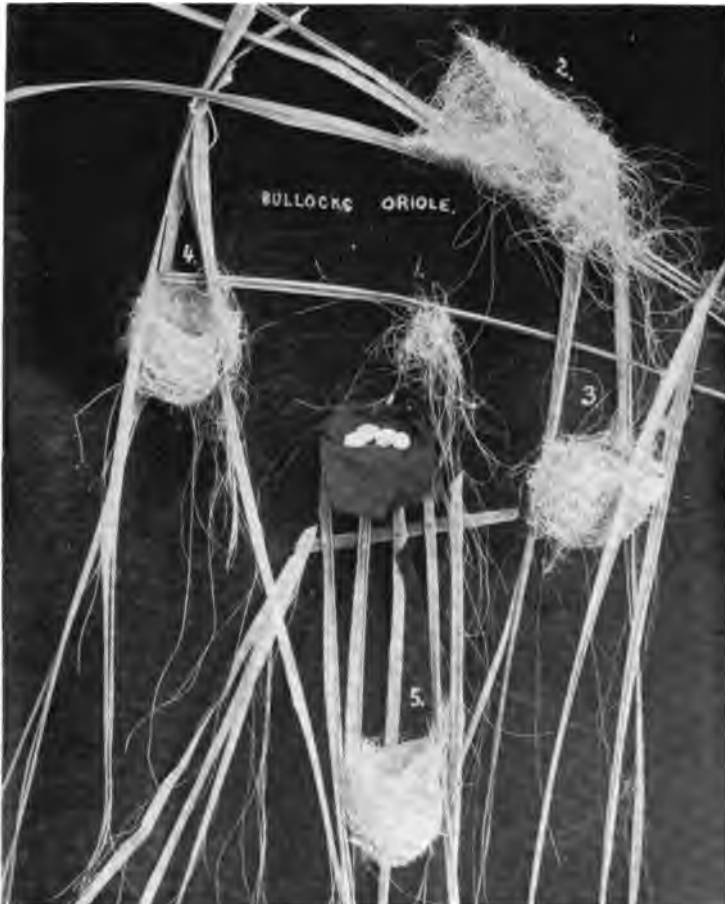
The parents still lingered in the yard; and to my great surprise about the 19th of June I found them building another nest near the same spot they had occupied before. By July 4th the nest was completed and four eggs were in it. I concluded as they had raised one brood I would take the nest with the set, which I found well advanced in incubation; but the mournful twitter of the birds made me sick at heart and I wished I had left the nest in the old palm. My spirits, however, were lightened on the morning of the 12th, when a little girl came in excitedly, saying "Did you know the orioles are building again?" Sure enough there it was — on the opposite side of the tree this time, as the linnets had vacated — a little basket similar to the last two. Soon the four eggs were counted, making the third set; but a Butcher bird, we fear, ate three of the birdlings before they were full fledged.

The orioles are unique carpenters. They do not ask any one to deliver building material, nor do they have the trouble of paying drayage, but go direct to the store-house furnished by our Father for his pets, and work industriously at the long fibres of the fan palm. At times I thought they would give up; but another tug, a flutter high in the air would sever the thread and away to the weaving. This process I was not allowed to see, for the leaves were dense and the birds would not work with me so near. The food I saw them gather was the honey from the purple passion-flowers which grew near.

The whole family remained until the last week in August; and though I miss them from among the green leaves I rejoice that they were with me during their summer visit and my heart goes with them to their winter home.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
 Do you ne'er think who made them — and who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?
 Whose household words are songs in merry keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught;
 Whose habitation in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven?"

Santa Barbara.



Rehre Eng. Co.

NESTS OF "BULLOCK'S ORIOLES."
 (Built by one pair in one season.)

Photo. by Rogers.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE MISSION DOLORIS.

Photo. by Idah. M. Strubridge

A NEGLECTED CORNER.

BY IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.

YOU may travel a day's journey from San Francisco whichever way you will and find no other spot so full of infinite charm. Though it lies almost within the heart of the big city, few people have ever been within the old church or its graveyard—unless it be some tourist, or a poet or a painter in sympathy with the quiet corners of the world, or some mourner who comes to the grave of a dear one, long dead.

Here in the old Mission Dolores graveyard none are being buried now; and though most of the stones, where the carving is at all legible, bear the date of years long past, yet some mark the graves of those but a decade dead.

Here, more than a century ago, were buried the early Mission Indians who died true believers in the faith to which they were guided by the gentle teachings of Father Palou in those dead and gone days. Good Father Palou! First pastor of the brown-walled, tile-roofed church with its graceful columns, and open belfry, where priest and peon and



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

soldier heard the silver bells ring out when San Francisco was born. The old Moorish building (its sun-dried bricks boarded over to guard against the vandal fingers of relic hunting tourists) is flanked now by the newer gothic temple of worship; and the place where dark heads bowed in prayer in the long ago is closed except on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Here, I say, in the yard of the old church were first buried the Mission Indians; and then the soldiers—Spanish and American—were laid away here; and then it came to be the general resting place for all those who sleep in consecrated ground. It is old—and so still! The din of the city traffic echoes so far away. As you close the little picket gate behind you, you shut away all metropolitan sounds—they do not seem to follow you into this peaceful place where you wander alone and at will among the tangled and neglected shrubbery. You find yourself all of a sudden far—so far—away from the rest of the world; the busy world that does not belong to this quiet corner of the city where once the old Franciscan Fathers walked in the days when they were hewing a way for civilization. How we forget them when

Illustrated from photos by the author.



C. M. Davis Eng Co

THE GRAVE OF CASEY.

we boast of our Western progress, these heroic souls who first came and made the rest possible and easy for us !

The wooden fencing about the graves is rotting and awry ; the iron is red with rust. On marble and granite, green moss is obliterating names and dates. Headstones are leaning slantwise, and the flagging underfoot is cracked and scattered. It is wet under the thick growth of grass and vines—moisture left the night before by the fogs that came over the tops of Twin Peaks from the sea, and that is being kissed from the leaves by the warm California sun shining through the wool-white clouds that float lazily across the turquoise sky ; but the sun rays never penetrate the thick woven mass of vines growing wild—climbing roses, and jasmine, white and yellow, and ivy that holds them together with its strong clasp.

The old churchyard is untended by man ; but Nature is lavish in her care, and has grown a wealth of glossy-leaved plants that run riot everywhere, hiding what time touches with decay. Such a wreathing and twining of tombstones with myrtle and ivy ! And how thick the wide-bladed grass grows ! Go where you will, they have choked the old gravelled walks, and hide the broken flagging. Castilian rose-

bushes grow as their own sweet fancy dictates—untrimmed, untrained, and beautiful in their fragrant pinkness. And so you go on, under tall, wide-branching pepper trees and cypresses that grow as Nature willed all trees should grow. You walk knee deep through rank lush grasses, and the tangle of unrestrained vines; only now and then finding a path trod down by feet on the way to the newer graves.

And the dead; how long they have been sleeping in the perfect peace of the neglected graveyard, while all about them are the busy living who forget!

You read names that mark epochs in California history; and names



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. GRAVE OF THE FIRST MEXICAN GOVERNOR.

that belong to far-away lands. Here is the grave of California's first Mexican governor:

Aqui yacen los restos
del Capitan
DON LUIS
ANTONIO ARGUELLO
Primer Gobernador del Alta California,
Bajo el Gobierno
Mejicano.

Nació en San Francisco el 21 de Junio, 1774,
y murió en el mismo lugar
el 27 de Marzo, 1830.

It is just at the side entrance of the church. Farther along is a brown stone monument, erected by the members of the famous fire company, to Casey who was hung by the Vigilantes—Casey who shot James King



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

IN MISSION DOLORES CHURCHYARD.

of William. The monument, adorned with firemen's helmets and bugles in stone, stands under the shadow of drooping pepper sprays, and is inscribed

SACRED
to the
Memory of
JAMES P. CASEY,
who
Departed this Life
May 23 1856
Aged 27 years.

May God forgive my
Persecutors.

Requiescat en pace.

Only a few feet away is a baby's grave—a babe of fifty years ago; and on the white marble of the headstone a live butterfly clings with slow opening and closing wings. It is as though this emblem of immor-

tality were the innocent soul come forth into the sunlight of this incomparable day unafraid of the shadows.

And one who sailed from over seas lies here. A wayfarer in a strange land, he laid down by these Pacific waters and has slept in the supreme quiet of this peaceful spot for a double score of years. It is the grave of the Chevalier:

I C I
repose
PIERRE ROMAIN de BOOM
Chevalier de l'ordre
DE LEOPOLD
NÉ EN BELGIQUE
dédé á San Francisco
le 3 Mars, 1857
Age de 44 ans.

The myrtle—a tangled mass of purple blossom and green leaf—has grown till it has filled the square wooden enclosure, stacking it railing high, hiding the mound completely.

How few San Franciscans know this corner of their city! You turn as you close the gate, and your eyes take a last lingering look over the rioting blossoms and vines that cling to the graves of those who "after life's fitful fever sleep well;" and as you turn away down Sixteenth street your inmost wish is that the city's progress may forever spare these landmarks of the little colony of holy men who built in the cause of Christian civilization.

Two of their old buildings are still standing near—one with its roof of tiles, the other (and the oldest house in the city) its tiling long replaced with a shingle roof. Little enough is left of these landmarks—let them be spared; protected from those who would encroach on the ground where the old Franciscan Fathers walked six score years ago.

Humboldt, Nev.

A VETERAN ON NEW MEXICO.



L. A. Eng. Co.

GEN. W. W. H. DAVIS.

A VERY typical American life, and one of particular interest to Southwesterners, has been that of Gen. W. W. H. Davis, one of the first American writers on New Mexico, and one of the early American officials of that romantic and historic territory. Now living quietly at Doylestown, Pa., he has earned rest by a long and useful career, of which the most stirring chapters were in New Mexico.

Gen. Davis was born in Pennsylvania, of Revolutionary ancestors; educated in the country schools there, and in the "Norwich (Vt.) University," founded in 1819 by Capt. Alden Partridge, formerly Supt. of West Point. On graduation thence he was appointed professor in the first Military academy established south of the Potomac—that at Portsmouth, Va. After two years there he went home, taught a country school, studied law—and in the Mexican war dropped these things for



Photo. by C. P. Lummie

THE RUINS OF PECOS.

L. A. Eng. Co.

the field, enlisting as a private in Cushing's Mass. Regiment, as he was then in the Harvard Law School. He served through the Mexican war, and came home a captain, resuming his legal studies.

In 1853 Prest. Pierce appointed him U. S. District Attorney for New Mexico. After that 3000-mile trip overland (the last 1000 of it by mule-wagon) he reached Santa Fé Nov. 26 of the same year, taking up his quarters in the old adobe palace. He lived four years in New Mexico, filling successively the offices of District Attorney, Attorney-General, Secretary of the Territory, Supt. of Public Buildings, Supt. of Indian affairs, and (for a year) acting Governor. Soon after arriving in the territory he took charge of the *Santa Fe Gazette*, the only newspaper in a thousand miles; and he edited it for over two years. It was printed in English and Spanish. As District Attorney he prosecuted the famous trial of the Indian officials of the pueblo of Nambé for executing a couple of witches. The "circuit" of this court was *one thousand miles horseback*; and he rode it in 1854.

Finding that there were no books in English fairly covering the history and characteristics of New Mexico, Gen. Davis began to gather material for writing some. *El Gringo*, the first popular book on New Mexico, was written in the old palace which afterward incubated *Ben Hur*, and was published by the Harpers in 1856. *The Spanish Conquest* Gen. Davis published in his own office thirteen years later, after his return to Doylestown. He was the first American to collect data for such historical work on the Southwest, gathering material from Mexico and Madrid, and utilizing many archives (since destroyed) of the territory itself. Probably the only copies left of some of these latter mss. are those preserved in his library.

He also visited some of the Pueblo villages, and in 1855 had an interesting view of the Navajos, in assisting to make a treaty with that large and savage tribe. The commissioners were met by about 2000 mounted braves, dressed in all their finery.

On a visit to "the States," in 1856, to be married, Gen. Davis experienced one of the Indian raids which made the Santa Fé Trail historic; but was fortunate enough to escape, along with his fellow passengers, among whom were two women and a little child.

Returning to Pennsylvania "for good" in 1857, Gen. Davis devoted himself to publishing a newspaper and writing books. He was the first man in Bucks county to volunteer in the war of the Rebellion. He raised a three-months' company; and later a full regiment and battery to serve three years. He went through the war with distinction, receiving several wounds—one of which took off all the fingers of his pen hand, so that seven of his books have been written with his left.

After the war, Gen. Davis returned to Doylestown, where he has ever since resided. It is a rather unusual record for an American, particularly one who has had these stirring experiences, to have worked under one roof for forty years, as this veteran has done in his Doylestown home. He continues his newspaper work; and beside the two New Mexico volumes has written and published eight books of local Pennsylvania and war chronicles; and is now engaged in two similar works.

El Gringo and *The Spanish Conquest* are now both rare works. In their day, American ethnology and archaeology were in their infancy; and since so many equipped specialists have made serious study of this fascinating field, historical science has very much changed the complexion of nearly all that passed for New Mexican history in the Fifties. But while not up to date as guides to the general reader, these two first books in English on so important a theme are still valued by students, and Gen. Davis is honored as the pioneer.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY

A NEW MEXICAN EPISODE IN 1748.



ONE hundred and fifty years ago, the pueblo of Pecos, New Mexico, was one of the most remarkable towns in America. The largest village (in population) of the Pueblo Indians, it was built in their ancient monumental style, the vast communal houses rising four and five stories. Bandelier's exhaustive researches and measurements of the ruins show that one of these houses was nearly 1200 feet in perimeter, with 585 rooms. Its history, since Alvarado and his captain the great Coronado visited it in 1540, has been full of romantic interest. Today, however, it is a crumbling ruin, abandoned for half a century by the last of the tribe. There is already an Indian legend of its destruction.* Only the massy adobe walls of the old church (founded by the Spanish missionaries about 1617) are still strong and erect; and thousands of tourists see them from the windows of trains on the Santa Fé route.

The following interesting chapter, never before published, is from documents still preserved in the archives at Santa Fé, and signed by the man who was Governor of New Mexico in 1748. It recounts not only an Indian fight of the old days, but refers to one of the most romantic and least known episodes in New Mexican history, when the French rovers down the Mississippi began to follow that wonderful route which was to become famous a century later as the Santa Fé Trail. The original Spanish is given, for the benefit of the student; and a critical translation for the general reader.

[TITLE PAGE.]

AÑO de 1748.

Testimonio a la Letra de los originales, certificazion, carta y consulta sobre lo acaesido en el Pueblo de Pecos, notizia del theniente de thaos, de hallarse en el Rio de la Gicarilla cien tiendas de Cumanches enemigos, y que á ellas llegaron treinta y tres Franceses que les vendieron estos á aquellos bastantes escopetas, y vna consulta á este asumpto y al de construir vn Presidio en el paraje que llaman la Gicarilla cuyos originales se remitieron por este Gobierno al superior del Excmo. Señor Virrey de esta Nueva España, como adentro se percive.

Certifico, y doy fee, Yo Fr. Lorenzo Antonio Estremera Predor. Appco. Jubilado, de la regular observancia de Nuestro S. P. S. franco, y secretario del R. P. comisario Delegado Fr. Juan Miguel Menchero: como testigo ocular, por hauerme hallado presente en la faczion, que se ofrecio, el dia veinte y vna de enero de este presente año de mill setezientos quarenta, y ocho acaesida en el Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de la Porciuncula de Pecos, contra los feroces enemigos Gentiles, nacion cumanches, que yntentaron ynbadir y asolar el dho Pueblo y sus naturales, como en otras ocasiones, lo han pretendido (segun tengo notizia), aunque no con tantas fuerzas como las que aora trujeron: y ciertamente lo hubieran conseguido, si el Señor Sargento maior Don Joachin Codallós, y Rabal. Governador y Capittan General de este Reyno de la Nueva Mexico con su acostumbrada promptitud, celo, buena conducta, conosida experiancia y buenos progresos que en el tiempo de su Gobierno ha logrado contra los Barbaros enemigos de la Fee; de que es publico, y notorio en todo este dho Reyno, no lo hubiera estorbado, como se vió patente, y lo, presente asisti como capellan. en compaña de Su Señoria á la mencionada faczion, la que fue en la manera siguiente—El dia Sauado veinte de dho mes, y año, como a las cinco de la tarde reculo dho Señor Governador carta del R. P. ministro de dho Pueblo Fr. Joseph Vrrquijo; la que dho Señor Governador mostro al R. P. Fr. Juan Miguel Menchero; quien me la enseño, en que la da notizia, estar mucha Gente de la Nacion Cumanche, en el paraje del palo flechado distante de dho Pueblo como dos leguas, y media, segun dijeron los dos Yndios que trujeron la carta: y que dhos enemigos Gentiles venian derechamente al dho Pueblo, como se vio, por lo que dho Señor Governador, aprompto con la mas exsata diligencia, y el tiempo de ora y media dio lugar catorze Presidiales, y quatro Vezinos, enbiando luego cinco soldados a la caualada á traer caualllos, á fin de que en llegando a la villa, con los demas que quedaron en ella, que heran como diez, y ocho; dejando de estos seis, en el cuerpo de Guardia con algunos Vezinos para el resguardo de dha villa, y siguiesen á dho Señor Governador para el expresado Pueblo, en cula compaña, con veneplacito, y

*Detailed in *The Man who Married the Moon*, by Chas. F. Lummis. The Century Co., N. Y.

[TITLE PAGE.]

YEAR OF 1748.

Testimony, to the letter of the originals; certification, letter and opinion upon the happenings in the Pueblo of Pecos; report of the lieutenant at Taos of finding on the Jicarilla river 100 lodges of hostile Cumanches, and of the arrival among them of 33 Frenchmen, selling them plenty of muskets; and an opinion on this matter and on that of making a garrison in the place called the Jicarilla. The originals whereof were sent by this Government to its superior, the Most Excellent Sir Viceroy of this New Spain [at the City of Mexico] as is seen within.

I, Fray Lorenzo Antonio Estremera, Apostolic Preacher, *Jubilado*,* of the regular ritual of Our Seraphic Father St. Francis, and secretary of the Reverend Father-Commissary Delegate Fray Juan Miguel Menchero, certify and give my faith, as an eyewitness. For I was present at the engagement which occurred the 27th of January of this present year of 1748. It happened in the Pueblo of Our Lady of Porciuncula of Pecos, against the savage Gentile foe, Cumanches, who attempted to invade and pillage said Pueblo and its people. They have made the same attempts on other occasions (I am told) though not with so large forces as they now brought. They would certainly have succeeded if the Sir Colonel Don Joaquin Codallos y Rabal, Governor and Captain-General of this Kingdom of the New Mexico, had not obstructed them with his wonted promptness, zeal, good management, known experience and the advancement he has made, during his incumbency, against the Barbarian foes of the Faith—as is public and notorious in all this said kingdom. This was plain to be seen. And I, on the spot, assisted as Chaplain, in company with His Lordship, at this engagement, which befell in the following manner:

On Saturday, the 20th of said month, at about 5 P.M., the said Sir Governor received a letter from the Rev. Father *ministro* [parish priest] of said Pueblo, Fray Joseph Urquijo; the which, the Sir Governor showed to the Rev. Father Fray Juan Miguel Menchero, who showed it to me. In it he gave warning that a large crowd of the Cumanche Nation were at the place of the arrow-tree (about two and a half leagues from said Pueblo, according to the two Indians who brought the letter), and that said Gentile enemies were coming straight upon the said Pueblo, as was evident. Wherefore, the said Sir Governor made ready with the greatest care and diligence, in an hour and a half, fourteen Soldiers of the Garrison [of Santa Fé] and four Settlers, soon sending five soldiers to the horse-herd to bring horses; so that arriving in town, with the others who remained there (who numbered about eighteen), and leaving six of these on guard with some Settlers for the protection of said town [Santa Fé] they might follow the said Sir Governor to the aforesaid Pueblo. In his company, by the permission and preference of the said Rev. Father Menchero, I went forth with the above soldiers and settlers, at about 7 of the evening. Marching all night, we arrived at 2 A.M. of the following day, Jan. 21st, at the said Pueblo of Pecos.† It was a hard march, the night being dark, the road bad and the snow deep. We found the Indians of Pecos in the deepest trouble, as was also their parish priest. In said Pueblo, the Sir Governor informed himself by what road the enemy were coming, and asked the Indians how many Cumanches there were. They replied that there were more than 130, all on horses, and that they were already within two leagues of the Pueblo. They were sure, however, that the Cumanches would not attack the Pueblo by night, on account of their experiences at other times. For the which the said Sir Governor provided; ordering the Indian officials [of the pueblo] that the women, old men

*One who has celebrated his jubilee—generally after 25 years' service.

†They marched about 27 miles, *via* Cañoncito.—Ed.

gusto de dho R. P. Menchero, sali, con los susodhos soldados, y vecinos como a las siete de la noche, caminando toda ella, y llegamos a las dos de la madrugada del día siguiente velaste, y vno, a dho Pueblo de Pecos, con mucho traualjo, por ser la noche oscura, mal camino, y mucha niebe; haviendo hallado a los naturales, de el en grandísimo conflicto; y con el mismo al dho R. P. ministro: en dho Pueblo se cercioro el Señor Gobernador por que camino venian los enemigos; y les pregunto a los Yndios, que numero seria, a lo que respondieron: Que serian mas de ciento, y treinta; todos acauallo, y que se hallarian ya como a dos leguas ymedietas a dho Pueblo; pero que tenian por seguro, que de noche, no hauan de dar al Pueblo por las experiencias que tienen de otras vezes; a lo qual providencio dho Señor Gobernador mandando a los oficiales Yndios, que las mugeres, bijos, y muchachos, estubiesen en las asoteas de sus casas bien atrancadas las puertas; y de dhos Viejos que pusieran doze en el comvento para que cuidasen al R. P. mifro, y los mosetones se apromptasen todos con sus armas de arco flechas, chimal, lanzas y macanas, porque no havia ningun cauallo en dho Pueblo; a causa de tenerlos en la sierra para que engordasen: Se juntaron como setenta mocetones ynciusos en estos, algunos Yndios Gentiles de la nacion Gicarillas; de los que viben de paz al abrigo de dho Pueblo, y a todos les previno dho Señor Gobernador (mediante ynterprete) el como se hauan de portar en la ocasion si se ofreciera de pelear; haciendoles presente que los Caualllos de dhos Presidiales estauan cansados por la mala noche que pasaron; y que no se desparramasen por parte alguna; antes si, bien vuidos, e yncorporados con dho Señor Gobernador y su Gente; y luego, tambien mando Su Señoria poner espías cercanas al Pueblo para que de qualquier ruido que oyesen, diesen aviso. Y toda la dha Gente quedo en arma el resto de la noche; y como a las ocho de la mañana, de dho día aviso vn Yndio ladino, que estaua en la torre de la Yglesia de atalaia que á prevención lo puso dho Señor Gobernador que ya benian los cumanches serca del comvento y que le parecia, heran muchos mas de ciento, todos en buenos caualllos; luego y sin la menor dilacion dispuso dho Señor Gobernador salir con los expresados soldados, vecinos, e Yndios, y yo en su compania, á corto trecho del comvento bien vuidos todos, con orden que no disparase ninguno hasta ver lo que ejecutaban los Gentiles enemigos; y que quando fuese tiempo oportuno mandaria disparar las escopetas. O lo que tubiese por mas conbeniente. Fuéronse acercando con grandísimo denuedo, y mucha audacia los enemigos, dando gritos para meter miedo; se llegaron a nosotros, como á tiro de pistola; lo que visto por dho Señor Gobernador con la buena orden, como lo tenia antes prevenido les salio al encuentro, con la poca Gente que tenia á fin de precauer la ynbacion que querian ejecutar en dho Pueblo, y me parecia que su numero seria de ciento, y quarenta, poco mas ó menos; reprodujo el orden dho Señor Gobernador en quanto a la vnion, y de que ninguno disparase sus armas, hasta que el enemigo nos acometiese, como con efecto acometieron con Barbaridad; y se les disparo a toca ropa algunos tiros, obrando tambien las lanzas; y los Yndios christianos, y Gicarillas con sus flechas en la forma que se dispuso por dho Señor Gobernador; de que quedaron de los enemigos algunos muertos, y otros heridos. Se retiraron a muy corta distancia de nuestro campo, haciendo escaramuzas con mucha agilidad; y los mas de los enemigos lleuaban cueras, chimalas, lanzas, arco y flechas, y algunos espadas y macanas, dho nuestro campo se mantubo, con el mismo orden, y vnion que antes y los enemigos que caieron muertos, y heridos se los lleuaron sus compañeros atrabezados en sus caualllos, que fueron algunos, porque los vide caer. Y de nuestra parte fueron los muertos onze Yndios viejos, y vn Gicarilla; de los que dho Señor Gobernador puso en el comvento para el resguardo de dho R. P. Ministro; quienes le dijeron á este que hiban ha uer la pelea y que luego voibian; y tambien salio herido vn vecino, y vn cauallo muerto de vn soldado; yñiero, que los doze Yndios muertos se extrabieron sin ser vistos de nostros, y les caieron dos mangas de cumanches, que a poco rato bimos que venian, a distancia de vn tiro de fusil, á juntarse con los antecedenentes; que entre todos, serian como trecientos, poco mas, ó menos. Luego, luego, mando el Señor Gobernador que poco, a poco nos fuesemos retirando para el comvento hechando los Yndios por delante, que ya de el estauamos muy serca, y en este tiempo, los enemigos que estauan parados observando los movimientos de nuestro campo, vieron venir, la cauallada, y Gente por el camino de la Villa a dho Pueblo para refuerzo de dho campo, que naturalmente por la distancia les parecia ser mucha el socorro, y entonces, se retiraron a vna loma distante como vn quarto de legua de dho Pueblo; y todo nuestro campo se metio en el, y comvento observando el paradero de los enemigos: los que a poco rato se fueron por el mismo paraje que entraron; asegurando, en Dios y por Dios (segun lo visto por mi) que la buena conducta, animo, y orden del Señor Gobernador, fue causa de que los Barbaros enemigos, no hubiesen acauado con todo el Pueblo en muertes, y cautiverios de sus naturales; pues su animo, conosidamente hera este; todos los Yndios le dieron mil gracias y abrazos a dho Señor Gobernador por hauerlos libertado; y tambien lo practico con muchas expreciones, dho R. P. ministro, quien le ofrecio encomendarlo a Dios mientras viva. Y para su consuelo, les dejó Su Señoria, vna esquadra de soldados; en medio de que me consta, que en otras partes tiene Su Señoria otras. Todo lo qual expresado, juro, *in verbo sacerdotis* ser cierto, sin que me lleue, pasion, ynteres, ni amistad. Y para que conste donde combenga doy por duplicado a la letra esta certificacion, firmada vna, y otra, de mi mano. En esta Villa de Santa Fee en veinte y ocho dias del mes de henero de mil setezientos quarenta y ocho años. Fr. Lorenzo Antonio Extremera Secretario.— Otro si certifico, que a los cadaberes de los Yndios Christianos que a la buelta se expresan; hizo dho Señor Gobernador se les diese, como se les dio sepultura sagrada en la Yglesia de dho Pueblo el mismo día que los enemigos Gentiles los mataron; y al siguiente día se les hizieron onrras, fha *Vi Supra*. Fr. Lorenzo Secretario.

and children should be [kept] upon the flat roofs of their houses, with the doors well fastened; that they should station 12 of the Old Men in the parsonage, to guard the priest; and that the young men should make themselves ready all with their weapons — bow, arrows, shields, lances and warclubs. For there was not a horse in the Pueblo, since all were being kept in the mountains to fatten [on pasture]. Some seventy young men gathered, including some Gentile* Indians of the Jicarilla tribe, of those who live in peace in the shelter of the Pueblo. To all these the Sir Governor gave directions (through an interpreter) how they must bear themselves if it came to a fight, reminding them that the horses of the Garrison soldiers were tired with the bad night they had passed, and that they must not scatter in any direction, but must be well united and incorporated with the Sir Governor and his people. Likewise His Lordship ordered sentinels put out, roundabout the Pueblo, to give warning of whatsoever sound they might hear.

Everybody remained under arms the rest of the night. At about 8 A.M., an Indian who spoke Spanish and for a safeguard had been placed in the tower of the Church by the Sir Governor as a lookout, gave warning that the Cumanches were coming and near the parsonage, and that to him there appeared to be many more than 100, all on good horses. Quickly, and without the slightest delay, the Sir Governor made a sally with the aforesaid soldiers, settlers and Indians and with me in his company, to a short distance from the parsonage; all well together, with orders that no one should fire until it should be seen what the Gentile foe were doing; and that when it should be the proper time he would give the word to discharge the muskets or to do what might seem best to him.

The enemy approached with the utmost unconcern and much audacity, uttering yells to scare us. They arrived within about pistol-shot of us. Which being seen by the Sir Governor, in good order (as he had beforehand arranged) he advanced to meet them with the few People he had, to prevent them from breaking into the Pueblo as they desired. It appeared to me that their number was 140, a little more or less. The Sir Governor repeated his order as to keeping together, and that no one should discharge his weapons until the enemy should attack us. As in fact they attacked ferociously. Some volleys were fired at them point blank, the lances also being employed; and the Christian Indians and Jicarillas shooting with their arrows, as arranged by the Sir Governor. Whereby some of the enemy were left dead, and others wounded. The Cumanches withdrew to a very short distance from our camp, skirmishing with great agility. Most of the enemy carried hides [of buffalo], shields, lances, bow and arrows; and some had swords and war-clubs. Our said position was maintained in the same order and closeness as before; and the enemies who had fallen dead or wounded were carried off by their companions across their horses. There were some such, for I saw them fall. On our side, the killed were eleven of the old [Pecos] Indians and one Jicarilla. They were of those whom the Sir Governor had stationed in the parsonage to guard the parish priest; but they told him [the priest] they were going out to see the fight and would return quickly. Likewise one settler came out wounded, and one soldier's horse was killed. I infer that the twelve [of our] Indians who were slain had gone astray without being seen by us, and that they were fallen upon by two wings of the Cumanches that we soon saw approaching, at a gunshot distance, to join the original body. All together there must have been about 300 of them, a little more or less.

Promptly the Sir Governor ordered that we should little by little fall back on the parsonage, to which were already very near, sending the Indians ahead. At this time the enemy, who were halted watching our

*Unconverted.

ta loca ropa is literally "at touching their clothing."

movements, saw coming along the road from the town [Santa Fé] to this Pueblo the horse-herd and people to reinforce our camp. Naturally, from the distance, the reinforcement appeared to the Cumanches to be large; and thereupon they withdrew to a hill distant about quarter of a league from the Pueblo. All our force entered the Pueblo and parsonage, watching the halting-place of the enemy; who, in a little while, departed by the very route by which they had come.

Assured, by God and in God (according to what I myself saw) that the tactics, courage and discipline of the Sir Governor were the cause that the Barbarous enemy had not finished off the Pueblo with the death and captivity of its natives (as their custom and purpose notoriously were to do), all the [Pecos] Indians gave the Sir Governor a thousand thanks and embraces for having preserved them. So, likewise, with many expressions of gratitude, did the Reverend parish priest, promising to commend him to God as long as he should live.

And for their consolation, His Lordship left them a squad of soldiers; and I am certain that His Lordship has other [squads] at other points.

All of which as set forth I swear, on the word of a priest, is true, neither passion, interest nor friendship swaying me. And that it may appear of record where convenient, I give in duplicate, down to the letter, this deposition, both signed by my hand. In this town of Santa Fé, on the 28th day of the month of January, 1748.

(Signed)

FRAY LORENZO ANTONIO ESTREMEIRA,

Secretary.

Likewise I certify that the corpses of the Christian Indians before* mentioned, were ordered by the Sir Governor to be given, and were given, holy burial in the Church of said Pueblo, the same day that the Gentile enemy killed them; and on the following day funeral honors were paid them. Date as above.

(Signed)

FRAY LORENZO,

Secretary.

*Literally, "at the turn" of the leaf.

[To be concluded.]

TAOSUL.*

BY B. F. SUTHERLAND.

By the Hole-in-the-rock,
Where the bones are white—
The tones of the dead Ute braves—
Where the trees are tall
A Ute brave hunts
In the Place-of-the-warriors'-graves.

The sage brush moves,
A Navajo creeps—
The coyote sneaks, and is still.
A puff of smoke
From behind the brush—
And one lies cold on the hill.

The gray wolk sneaks
In the dark of the sun—
The gray wolf eats, and is full.
The bones are white
By the Hole-in-the-rock.
And the maidens mourn Taosul

* Tow s60l.
Arriola, Colo.

OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

SKETCHED BY EYEWITNESSES.

III. THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.



THE effective (though not the first) discovery of gold in California, the great rush to the diggings, the hardships and the wonderful fortunes—these are among the things recorded for us by that genial, observant eyewitness, Rev. Walter Colton, the first American clergyman, judge and editor in California, from whose entertaining book of 50 years ago we have already quoted. The following typical paragraphs about the gold-rush are selected from his diary:

"Monday, May 20. Our town [Monterey] was startled out of its quiet dreams today, by the announcement that gold had been discovered on the American Fork. The men wondered and talked, and the women too; but neither believed.



SUTTER'S FORT IN 1849.

From Revere's 'Tour on Duty.'

"Monday, June 5. Another report reached us this morning from the American Fork. The rumor ran, that several workmen, while excavating for a mill-race, had thrown up little shining scales of a yellow ore, that proved to be gold; that an old Sonorian, who had spent his life in gold mines, pronounced it the genuine thing. Still the public incredulity remained.

"Tuesday, June 20. My messenger sent to the mines, has returned with specimens of the gold; he dismounted in a sea of upturned faces. As he drew forth the yellow lumps from his pockets and passed them around among the eager crowd, the doubts, which had lingered till now, fled. All admitted they were gold except one old man, who still persisted they were some Yankee invention, got up to reconcile the people to the change of flag. The excitement produced was intense; and many were soon busy in their hasty preparations for a departure for the mines. The family who had kept house for me caught the moving infection. Husband and wife were both packing up; the black-

smith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the mason his trowel, the farmer his sickle, the baker his loaf, and the tapster his bottle. All were off for the mines, some on horses, some on carts, some on crutches, and one went in a litter. An American woman, who had recently established a boarding house here, pulled up stakes, and was off before her lodgers had even time to pay their bills. Debtors ran, of course. I have only a community of women left, and a gang of prisoners, with here and there a soldier, who will give his captain the slip at the first chance.

"Saturday, July 15. The gold fever has reached every servant in Monterey; none are to be entrusted in their engagement beyond a week, and as for compulsion, it is like attempting to drive fish into a net with the ocean before them. Gen. Mason, Lieut. Lanman, and myself, form a mess; we have a house and all the culinary apparatus requisite; but our servants have run, one after another, till we are almost in despair; even Sambo, who we thought would stick by from laziness, for no other cause, ran last night; and this morning for the fortieth



MONTEREY IN 1849.

From Bevere's "Tour."

time, we had to take to the kitchen and cook our own breakfast. A general of the United States Army, the commander of a man-of-war, and the Alcalde of Monterey, in a smoking kitchen, grinding coffee, toasting a herring, and peeling onions! These gold mines are going to upset all the domestic arrangements of society, turning the head to the tail, and the tail to the head.

"Tuesday, July 18. Another bag of gold from the mines, and another spasm in the community. It was brought down by a sailor from Yuba river, and contains a hundred and thirty-six ounces. It is the most beautiful gold that has appeared in the market; it looks like the yellow scales of a dolphin, passing through his rainbow hues at death. My carpenters at work on the school-house, on seeing it, threw down their saws and planes, shouldered their picks, and are off for the Yuba. Three seamen ran from the Warren, forfeiting their four years' pay; and a whole platoon of soldiers from the fort left only their colors behind.

"Thursday, August 16. Four citizens of Monterey are just in from the gold mines on Feather River, where they worked in company with



From Colton's "Three Years in California."

THE ALCALDE AT THE DIGGINGS.

three others. They employed about thirty wild Indians, who are attached to the rancho owned by one of the party. They worked precisely seven weeks and three days, and have divided twenty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-four dollars — nearly eleven thousand dollars to each. Make a dot there, and let me introduce a man, well known to me, who has worked on the Yuba river sixty-four days, and brought back as the result of his individual labor, five thousand three hundred and fifty-six dollars. Make a dot there, and let me introduce a boy, fourteen years of age, who has worked on the Mokelumne fifty-four days, and brought back three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven dollars. Make another dot there, and let me introduce a woman, of Sonoranian birth, who has worked in the dry diggings forty-six days, and brought back two thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"The old as well as the young are coming over the mountains. I had an emigrant to dine with me today, who has recently arrived, and who is seventy-six years of age. His locks are as free of gray hairs as those of a child, and his eye still flashes with the fires of youth. He is among the volunteers, and you may see him every day on a spirited horse, with a rifle at his saddle-bow. He has four sons with Col. Frémont. They enlisted before they had time to unpack their saddles, and have with them the remnants of the biscuit and cheese which they brought from the United States."

NATIVE JUSTICE.

In view of the way the Californians were treated by the invading Americans, it is interesting to note what this American magistrate says of the two classes :

"No Californian grinds the face of the poor, or refuses an emigrant a participation in his lands. I have seen them dispose of miles for a consideration less than would be required by an American for as many acres. You are shut up to the shrewdness and sharpness of the Yankee on the one hand, and the liberality of the Californian on the other. Your choice lies between the two, and I have no hesitation in saying, give me the Californian. If he has a farm and I have none, he will divide with me; but who ever heard of a Yankee splitting up his farm to accommodate emigrants? Why, he will not divide with his own sons till death has divided him from both. Yankees are good when mountains are to be levelled, lakes drained and lightning converted into a vegetable manure; but as a landholder, deliver me from his map and maw. He wants not only all on this side of creation's verge, but a little that laps over the other."



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The Club has met its first disaster—and is not a whit disheartened thereby. It simply means a little more work to people who are not afraid of work. A storm unusual to California wrecked, last month, two-thirds of the roof the Club had just succeeded in putting upon the church of San Fernando Mission. will cost \$150 to repair the roof and insure it against similar catastrophes.

Every member of the Club now owes the annual dues for 1898. If all will promptly discharge this obligation, the repairs can yet be made in time to forestall damage by this winter's rains; and the Club can begin the very important work mapped out for it this year.

The San José people, now organizing to take up in the north a small part of the work the Landmarks Club originated two years ago, have unhappily insisted upon stealing the name of the original organization. This, against the protests of the Club and of the people of standing in the new organization. The San Francisco *Chronicle*, the San José *Mercury* and many other money patrons of the people who are at the head of the movement, urged the ill taste of the pirated name; and the discourtesy is wilful. The most serious aspect of the case—far more important than the confusion involved, or the notions of those who first cared to preserve the Missions—is this: Such enterprises need a certain delicacy of feeling, a certain sense of fitness; and successful work is dubious under auspices disregardful of the finest honesty. It can only be hoped that the northern missions will be conserved despite their guardians.

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Received from the Porter Land and Water Company, \$75.00.

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\$1 each: Ad. Petsch, Cauby Christensen, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. S. Kelley, San Fernando, Cal.; John Comfort Fillmore, Pomona College, Claremont, Cal.; Mrs. L. Studiford McChesney, Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney, Belstone, Devon, England



The most audacious and stupendous fraud ever incubated—and perhaps the most romantic—was the “Peralta Grant,” which came very near robbing the United States of more than twelve million acres of Arizona and New Mexico. A famous jurist has characterized it as “the greatest fraud ever attempted against a government in its own courts.” The poor petty-larcenists who are now trying to annex a few pitiful patches far down the Pacific, should feel cheap beside this single-handed man who aimed to annex to himself a domain nearly three times as big as the Hawaiian Islands.

One of the most striking episodes in American history is the career of this remarkable man, this prince of plotters and of forgers, James Addison Reavis. For quarter of a century and in many lands he has been working, with astounding cleverness, patience and audacity, fabricating evidence in a chain nearly two hundred years long, to substantiate his fraud. By perjured witnesses, forged documents interpolated even in ancient records, and countless other devices, he had built up an apparently invincible claim to a territory bigger than New Hampshire and Massachusetts put together.

An inside statement of this unparalleled (and almost successful) plot, has never been published. The February and March numbers of this magazine will first print the authentic story—written by one of the experts who ferreted out the well-covered tracks of the arch-swindler and finally brought him to justice. These two fascinating articles will be lavishly illustrated. A striking likeness of Reavis in his prison garb will be the first photograph of him ever published. His half-Indian wife, the “Baroness of Arizona,” to whom so many proud Americans bent in the claimant days; the beautiful twin boys who were so much a factor in the trial; facsimiles of some of the forged title deeds and archives, and reproductions of venerable oil paintings which did duty for Mrs. Reavis’s ancestors, the early Barons and Baronesses of Arizona—these and other interesting illustrations will add to the novelty and value of this startling true story.

Another “eminent archaeologist” has broken the obscurity which irked him. This time he is “Prof. Edwin Walters, at the head of a party of scientists” seeking pitfalls for themselves in the northeast corner of the Indian Territory. And he announces (in the only sort of monograph ever written by scientists of this class—the newspapers) that “a prehistoric battle was fought here, in which from 60,000 to 100,000 warriors perished.”

ANOTHER
NEWSPAPER
“SCIENTIST.”

As there never was an occasion in the history, or the pre-history, of America whereupon 60,000 aborigines were within 50 miles of one another, or 10,000 of them met; as an engagement of this elegant mortality, between Indians, would mean opposing armies twice as large as ever faced one another on any battlefield on earth; and as the Indian Territory never contained, in the old days, so many Indians all told, men, women and children—it is clear that most of the slaughter has been done by this newspaper Samson. And with the same old weapon.

BULLIES
AND

COWARDS.

Steal Hawaii? Of course! It is weak and cannot help itself. Steal Cuba? Why not? Spain is old and infirm. What is the use of freedom and human rights and a republic, if you can't rob whenever it's safe? All that the Fathers meant when they founded this nation was that we should get our fair share of the swag. Washington and Lincoln and every other spiritless scrub between—they were against territorial sneakthievery and entangling alliances. But our real Americans, like Senator Morgan (an owner of human slaves, until the old-fogy North broke his "divine institution") and Senator Lodge (whose mental processes are in his mouth) and our patriotic newspapers—they show us how out of date we are.

Amen! The Lion would like to remain American as long as he can keep up with the new fashions, so he will advocate national stealing. But as felidæ cannot be curs, he would rather rob someone his size. Let us celebrate our renunciation of Washington and Lincoln by stealing England. And let us put Morgan, Lodge and the newspapers in the front rank—tied, as that is the only fashion in which they could be kept in sight of the danger they are so ready to invoke for others.

WINNING

ITS

WAY.

For three years the LAND OF SUNSHINE has worked quietly, persistently, consistently, toward a certain goal—to be the representative magazine of the Far West, particularly of California and the Southwest. Already, early in its eighth volume, it has won. Though it began without capital, it is today self-supporting and is out of debt. It has a sworn circulation larger than that of any other magazine west of Chicago. Keeping self-respect, it has earned the respect of the respected. It has an honorable standing in court. It has just passed the turning point; and from now on will take longer steps forward. This year of 1898 the magazine will be twice as well worth reading; and in a very short time it will announce substantial attractions no other magazine in the West has ever been able to offer.

HARK,

FROM THE

TOMB!

At this day no one would violate the quiet turf above Prof. Wm. Libbey, of Princeton, if he would respect his own long home. Even fatuousness should end with the grave.

The final proofs of his incompetency were too crushing even for him. He has borne the rather boisterous mirth of the newspapers, the contemptuous pity of scholars—because there was no answer. But the ruling passion is strong in death, and he pipes from underground one little note to make honorable men even sorrier than they were before. In *Science*, November 26, he pretends that *he built* the monument whose photograph added such humor to his downfall.

Indeed! Will he kindly tell a dejected world, then, where is the monument he did *not* build, but found and described in so many witty articles—before the Avenger came?

The map, p. 232 of this magazine for November shows the location of the only "cairn-like monument" (these were Libbey's original words; he is not frank enough to quote himself correctly now) on the mesa. It is the one Libbey now claims he built. It has no reference to his

ascent, descent or interim. Will he explain why he built it just there? Was he so hard pressed to kill time in his two hours on the main mesa that he had to build monuments, instead of finding the things which in 41 days were to brand him forever?

Did this candid professor also carve the prehistoric toe-holes of the ancient trail? If not, why not? Why stop half-way? Is it not a fact, hidden only by the notorious modesty of him, that Prof. Libbey built the Enchanted Mesa *in toto*? Nay—did he not create New Mexico?

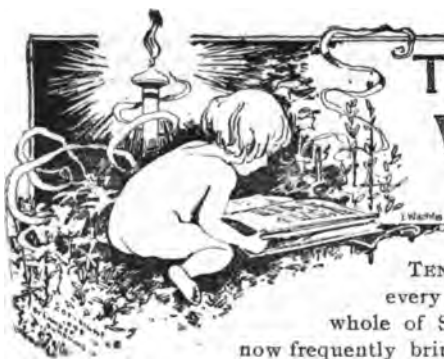
The Lion is sorry. He would rather have thought of Prof. Libbey as an honest ignoramus.

It is not probable that a working majority of the people of the United States are fools. The Lion does not imagine that many serious Americans believe the fake "war-news from Cuba"—written by lazy and mendacious cowards in New York and Key West for coin, and contradicting themselves and one another every other day. It is a proved fact that less than half a dozen of these alleged "war correspondents" have seen the war at all. A few get as far as Habana and fill themselves with the curbstone gossip of *laborantes*. That is as much as Richard Harding Davis's "war-correspondence" came to. Neither he nor his less talented peers knew anything of the language, the people or the truth. None of them cared very seriously to learn. Imagine a Frenchman, who could not speak a word of English, reporting our civil war—when, you will remember, Lincoln and Sherman were called "Butchers" by much more respectable rebels than the Cuban *laborante*.

Suffering there is in all wars; but there are no more atrocities in this war than in our Great Rebellion. All the stories of Amazons and Cuban machete-charges are lies pure and simple. There has not been one real battle. There has been no wanton starvation, no wholesale rape. Doubtless there are intelligent Americans who thoughtlessly swallow these absurd lies; but they do small credit to their common sense. The Spaniards no more abuse women than we do—and, by the way, wife-beating and infanticide are unknown crimes in Spain and her colonies, while ravishment is rarer than in many parts of the United States. The Spaniards have been feeding the women and children of Cuba—and every student knows that these charities are longer and better organized in Spanish countries than in Saxon ones. They have not butchered hospitals. And they have found it as hard to get a fight out of the runaway insurgents as we did with a handful of Apaches who were also fighting for freedom. The Cuban generals are not of Cuban birth; the Cuban government skulks safely in New York.

A book every American would do well to read is Geo. Bronson Rea's *Facts and Fakes about Cuba*. Rea (a correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*) was with Maceo and Gomez in the bushwhacking they call "war;" he and Scovel (of the *N. Y. World*) are the only correspondents who were. His story, despite its newspaper English, is earnest, honest and conclusive. He proves what has been long known to the specialist. He convicts the "newspaper correspondents" of faking their war-news from the safe retreats of Manhattan and Florida—convicts them and beyond appeal. His book* should be a service to patriotism. It proves anew the folly of basing our foreign policy on the ignorance and mendacity of yellow journals. Common-sense, justice, and the simple realization that other peoples are also human, would be a much safer foundation.

* Published by Geo. Munroe's Sons, N. Y.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

TEN times as many books are printed every year, now, as were printed in the whole of Shakspeare's century. One book now frequently brings its writer five times as much as Shakspeare ever got from all his works. So it is clear that literature is progressing. H'm!

"ARS

RECTE

VIVENDI."

The Art of Living Decently sometimes seems to have belonged with certain other arts, in Wendell Phillips's famous category. Seldom nowadays practiced in fullness, it is not quite a lost art, however, so long as the immutable few maintain its traditions so staunchly, and can so eloquently teach them. Certainly such an American as George William Curtis was qualified to address his countrymen upon that gentle art. A little closeted, indeed, a little urban hemmed from the physical largenesses of life, he was a peculiarly sound influence nevertheless along the line of clean thought. He was one of those,

"Who wore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

The little essays in this volume are very pertinent milestones on the road of right living. Their plane is noble, their appeal clear, sympathetic and well balanced; and few books of the day are better worth reading by thoughtful Americans. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.25.

BRAVO,

MASTER

KYLARK!

John Bennett has for several years been trying his wings with fanciful stories and rhymes, very cleverly illustrated by himself; now he bursts out at last with a book which was worth the waiting. *Master Skylark* is a story of Shakspeare's time, and many historic figures walk its delightful pages; but its great charm is in its story and the way it is told, not in the adventitious luster of great names. "Nick Attwood" and little "Cicely," and the strangely lovable-rascally "Master-Player," and hard old "Simon Attwood"—these are characters who are no puppets as we read. There is little touch of a 'prentice hand in the way they are made to live and move and win our feeling, and sometimes draw the very tears to our eyes where they so seldom rise with our up-to-date reading. Mr Bennett's pictures of old England in the 16th century, sympathetic and convincing, stand for no small labor of an Ohio boy. His English is very unusually good—sound and poetic at once—though it will be even stronger when chastened as the years chasten even poets. But it is all a book to warm the heart, a book every boy and girl should read—and be better for reading—a first book of very high promise. The Lion has too often to scold incompetent and careless interlopers; but in the presence of honest, ardent and uplifting work like this he cares nothing for flaws now and then but would take off his hat (if beasts were so stupid as to wear such things), and wish godspeed to every generous boy who mixes patience and heart with unquestionable brains. The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

A very handsome, very readable, very positive and very clever book is *The Personal Equation*, by Harry Thurston Peck, a professor in Columbia College. It is the sort of work that many men of many minds will find equally easy to read and to quarrel with. The conservative will discover in it many rude shocks; the most coolly scientific, some smiles—for Prof. Peck is not always so safe on his new ground as in knocking out old footings from under other people. He departs from many fables, and finds some excellent truths—along with some conclusions neither so true nor so excellent. But through all he is an active essayist—rather an athletic one, for style—evidently desirous to be just; and as unhesitating as taxes. It is a comfortable thing to be sure of one's brain as of the law of gravitation. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.50.

FROM
THE
CHAR

Elia W. Peattie, whose book of strong Northwestern stories, *A Mountain Woman*, made a merited hit, is out with a new volume of tales in a very different vein. *Pippins and Cheese* is the title, needfully explained as "Being the relation of how a number of persons ate a number of dinners at various times and places." Upon this rather slight thread of a plan are strung nine beads of varying excellence. "Dinner for Two," "The Price of a Dinner," and "A Diminuendo" are particularly good stories, well told; and none of the others are dull. The book is in the admirable taste of Way & Williams. Chicago. \$1.25.

MORE
GOOD
STORIES.

The Vice of Fools, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, is a sketchy but amusing story of life in the national capital. The beautiful daughter of a very decent Secretary of War is victim of the "Vice"—her pride. She half falls in love with a person who courts her for her father's influence; and to punish the fellow, gets him a fat appointment and marries an old man just as she discovers that she adores an adorable young one. A very composite President—with the features of Lincoln, the record of Grant and the chronology of Cleveland—certain official and semi-official circles in Washington, and the great strike in Chicago are all part of Mr. Taylor's canvas. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

A STORY
OF THE
CAPITAL.

The Teacup Club, by Eliza Armstrong, is confidently recommended for a dose of sulks. It is one of the chronicles of ladies, by a lady, which gentlemen also will enjoy—possibly even more than the vicarious heroines. People without a sense of humor might object to the discussions of this profound club; and certainly the sarcasm is laid on thickly enough. But after all, it is for fun, and very funny it is to both sides of the house. In dress the book lives up to the high reputation of its publishers for taste. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.25.

IN THE
HOUSE OF
HER FRIEND.

"Bohemia" has come to be an unwelcome taste in the mouth of Bohemians. From its old estate of romance it has fallen to be the rallying of people who fancy the whole of Bohemia is to drink beer in a bad atmosphere and talk cant. Once it belonged to writers who were poor; now to poor writers. Once the author was crowded into Bohemia by careless society; now he is crowded out by unable campfollowers of his vogue. San Francisco, rather oddly, seems to be the only city which has kept the name clean.

A
FALSE
ALARM.

But the prejudice with which successful writers now view the name would be unjust in the case of *Phyllis in Bohemia*, which does not take its environment seriously. On the contrary it is a sweet and taking story, light but not trivial. L. H. Bickford and K. S. Powell are the authors; and Orson Lowell has illustrated the very attractive-looking book. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.35.

TRUTHFUL *The Enchanted Burro*; "Stories of New Mexico and South America," by Chas. F. Lummis, has just been issued in the **FRONTIER** handsomest style of a firm in repute for good taste. The **STORIES.** author is a particular friend of the Lion; and the Lion does not believe in making his friends unassociable by praising them to their face. The fifteen stories are just stories. But the illuminated cover by Lyendecker and 15 full page illustrations by C. A. Corwin are interesting anyhow, whether one cares for Mr. Lummis's reading matter or not. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.50.

MRS. *Eat Not thy Heart*, by "Julien Gordon;" is decidedly interesting. There are said to be five or six people in the United **CRUGER'S** States who are ashamed of their status and would like to be of a "set" "above" their own. But the clerks at \$50 a month who must **LATEST.** "live as well" as their employers; the lazy who must pose for as wise as the learned; the incompetents who assume by divine right of freedom to be as good as anybody else if not a little better, without any of the trouble of securing wisdom, character or even yellow dress—why, these are so few that Mrs. Cruger seems a little unkind to make a type of them. But her plot is sufficiently convincing; her drawing is sure if sketchy; and her satire enjoyable as ever. Up to the catastrophe, "Beth" is an unusually vital character. So, for that matter, are "Lola" and her husband, and young "Oakes," and several other characters, well drawn; though none of them are so memorable as the woman who ate her heart. Altogether it is easier to read Mrs. Cruger's book to a finish than to turn it down for a more convenient season. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

A PLUCKY Sam T. Clover, the clever managing editor of the Chicago **BOY'S** *Post*, has written a stirring boy's book, *Paul Travers*, which **STORY.** recounts the many serious adventures of a plucky American lad who went around the world on not much except his own "nerve" and hardiness. The story is said to be largely reminiscent; and is of the sort that the average American boy will devour with quickening pulse. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.25.

ROMANCE Back to the time of the cave-men in England, a few hundred **OF THE** centuries ago, when European geography was raw, and before **FIRST FAMILIES.** the glacial age had planed it off, Stanley Waterloo reverts to frame his *Story of Ab*. This is coming down pretty nearly to first principles, and it may very well be that Mr. Waterloo antedates any other story-writer. At any rate, he has the distinct advantage that none of Ab's neighbors can rise up to accuse him of false local color. It would not, perhaps, be wise to take all the author's science at its face value; but on the whole, science fares very reasonably at his hands. He has drawn a good and interesting picture of primitive man; and has founded himself successfully upon the most scientific of facts—that even at the start, Man was human. Aside from the novel setting and atmosphere of primeval society, Mr. Waterloo interests us deeply in his cave people and their fortunes, and particularly in Ab, who makes a very good hero as he stands. There are some stirring episodes—particularly the hunting for vast beasts that roamed the earth then, and the defense of the "Fire Valley." The book is out of the ordinary and will be widely read. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.50.

A unique and interesting *California Chinese Calendar for 1898* has been drawn by Solly Walter, and is attractively published by A. M. Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco. Chinese babies, highbinders, peddlers, coolies, merchants, actors and other types, are cleverly depicted; and each sheet bears the name of the month in Chinese characters. 50 cents; special edition \$1.25.

THE PARKS OF LOS ANGELES.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



REALLY, it might be expected that a city which has been almost a park from its cradle should have some of the finest parks in the world. Los Angeles stands in one of the garden spots of creation, upon soil that from its very center rolls away in almost every direction in the finest of garden and orchard land. Settlement was started by a gift from Mexico of the Los Angeles river, rising from a great underground reservoir, fed by the watershed of great mountains. Through four generations it has proved itself as reliable as



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

IN CENTRAL PARK.

Photo by Pierce.

Niagara. At the lowest stage ever known it furnishes water enough to irrigate fully 30,000 acres of farming land; and today the population of over 100,000 on the four square leagues of the city limits, with the most lavish waste, can use but little over half of it.

From a similar source a large supply is brought by a private company under heavy pressure instead of the open aqueducts used by the city for irrigating water. This furnishes enough for domestic use as well as for lawn and garden irrigation to those who prefer smaller quantities under pressure to the large heads of water delivered by the city.

Consequently Los Angeles from its earliest days was arrayed in green, both winter and summer, to an extent probably unseen outside of Cali-





fornia, and rare even here. The dooryards and gardens of the poorest people are as green as those of the rich in most other cities, while most of the places of the well-to-do differ from parks only in size—and often but little in that. On the water stored in the ground from the winter rains as much can be grown in summer without irrigation as in most of the Eastern States on their summer rainfall; so that evergreen trees of great size line many of the older streets without any irrigation, and in a few years miles of broad avenues will be arcades of green the year round. This combination of sunshine, fertile soil and water steadily extends the green area and intensifies its brilliant results without producing a trace of malaria even in those older quarters where one would expect to find it. Roses, geraniums, heliotropes and a hundred climbing vines embower the porches, while towering lilies, callas, pansies, and a thousand bright creations line the walks, leaving the sunlit air as pure as that of the mountains whose snows supply the source of nearly all this wealth.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

IN ECHO PARK.

Photo by Best & Co

The city now has eight parks covering nearly 4000 acres. The oldest is the old Mexican Plaza, the smallest of all; but one that has seen more strange sights than any other park in our country. Though business is moving away from it in the rapid growth of the city, it is still kept in fine order; and its old palms, magnolias and rubber trees, its banks of flowers and smoothly shaven lawns are a joy to the eye.

The next oldest is Central or Sixth street Park, covering only about eight acres near what is fast becoming the center of business. This is a mass of shade nearly all the year, the new deciduous trees being dormant but a few weeks in midwinter, while flowers of many kinds are always in bloom and the brightness of the grass never fades.

Westlake Park, in one of the finest residence sections, is scarcely a dozen years old but is one of the most perfect parks to be found any-

where. Lying like an amphitheatre by a lake of some 12 acres, with trees, shrubs, beds of flowers and lawns rising in tier upon tier around it, its thirty five acres are a center of attraction and on holidays are thronged as few parks of its size ever are elsewhere.



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HOLLENBECK PARK IN 1890.

Photo. by Pierce.

(See later view on page 97.)

Prospect Park, on the eastern side, covers only a city block but commands a marvelous view of ocean, mountain, plain and valley, and is kept in the highest state of cultivation. Here too is a little lake with water lilies and other attractions.



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CONSERVATORIES IN EASTSIDE PARK.

Photo. by Tresslar.



Photo by J. H. Kiviat

IN WESTLAKE PARK.

J. H. Kiviat, Prop. Co.



WESTLAKE PARK IN NOVEMBER, 1890.

Eastlake of fifty-six acres and Hollenbeck Park of twenty-six, also on the east side, are as charming as Westlake, with lakes and all kinds of trees and shrubbery, and are ablaze with flowers most of the year. St. James, a smaller park on the southwest, is more of a private park, though open to the public nearly all the time. Echo Park, another tract of thirty-two acres, west of the business part, has the conditions for a very pretty park, and is now kept up like the rest, which are all in the highest state of cultivation. In all these are found nearly all the strange exotics from so many other countries that find a welcome soil in Southern California; trees, shrubs and flowers of a thousand kinds rivaling their relatives in their native land. Sunset Park is a new one



WESTLAKE PARK, IN DECEMBER, 1897.



Graham & Morrill, Photo.

WESTLAKE PARK, 1897, LOOKING IN SAME DIRECTION AS IN VIEW TOP OF PRECEDING PAGE.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

of eleven acres on the western side of the city but not yet improved.

Elysian Park, containing some five hundred and fifty acres, is an alternation of rolling hills and high valleys rising over five hundred feet above the city. Its improvement has begun, but it will have winding drives, with varied views that but one other park in the land can equal. On the one hand the mighty ocean shimmers beyond broad and fertile plains, and on the other the wildest and most rugged of mountains rise to over 7000 feet. At their base lies the highest development of the soil with the most remarkable settlement to be found on earth, the creation of the last twenty-five years, possible only in California and possible here only because of certain rare conditions of attraction for the wealthy. The higher parts of this park will probably not be irrigated; but the deep, rich soil produces so well with the rainfall alone that it will yet be covered with a host of trees and vines that will cast perpetual shade.

The park of all parks, and destined





Photo by Turnbull

A CORNER IN HOLLENBECK PARK.

© M. Davis Eng. Co.

to be probably the most remarkable in the Union when finished, is Griffith Park, a recent gift to the city. It includes over 3000 acres, of which over 500 are fine soil, with more than enough water for its perfect irrigation from an ancient canal. The rest is a typical California mountain rising to about 1800 feet above the sea, and over 1000 above the highest parts of the city. From lower slope to crown it is robed in the dark evergreen of the native vegetation. Cañons seam its sides in which nearly all the native flowers, shrubs and trees of the coast range still bloom in the pride of life almost within the hum of the growing city.

Here are groves of live-oak beneath which many a grizzly has dozed away the summer noon, and deep jungles of chaparral in which cattle as wild as the bear escaped for life the branding iron. The eagle yet nests in the ancient sycamores, and the deer still drinks at the spring of his fathers. Leagues of winding drive will show but the half of it,



Photo. by Pierce

THE PLAZA. (FIRST PARK IN LOS ANGELES.) C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

while several varieties of climate will puzzle the stranger still more. On the north side he can find dense shades in summer and on the south the cool breezes of the sea; or in winter he may find the warmer sun on the south with the softer land-breath on the north.

Around its feet will be many acres of cultivated garden and lawns, but art will suddenly stop and California assert itself. The manzanita will welcome one with its bright arms, and the wild gooseberry hang out its crimson bugles; while the wild lilac overpowers the air with the rich breath of its lavender bloom, and the clustered lilies of the towering yucca overtop the snowy panicles of the cercocarpus. Here the dark evergreen of the laurel's fragrant leaves will shine as brightly as in the olden time. At Christmas tide the red berries will glisten in the living green of the heteromeles, from the sumac the mocking bird will bubble forth his joy and the thrush tell his love from the somber-hued adenostoma, while the little hare of the hills has his home of rocks fringed with the abiding red of the mimulus, and the fox makes his lair in the deep tangle of purple nightshades festooned with the carmine of the trailing vetch. For it is a park where Nature will ever reign, still welcoming acquaintance but allowing little of the familiarity that seeks to improve upon those serious moods most loved by those who know her best.



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FREMONT ENTRANCE, PLINIAN PARK

Photo. by Graham & Merrill.

THE SUTRO BATHS, SAN FRANCISCO.

BY ELLA M. SEXTON

WITH the quiet waters of the bay lapping two shores of San Francisco's peninsula, and the Pacific beating in magnificent surf against the western coast, one might fancy that salt-water bathing would be a constant delight to San Franciscans. Yet only the small boys who dive and splash under the wharves at the city front and a few desultory bathers at North Beach disturb the sparkling waves, and the sandy beaches and little coves are deserted.

"It is too cold," we say, with a shiver, though the temperature of the ocean here never falls below 55°. Yet with the outside air only ten degrees or so warmer, the bather soon becomes chilled. So to Santa Cruz or farther south the people of San Francisco go for sea-bathing, though even there it is none too warm even in the warm "Black Stream," as the Japanese call the dark-blue waters that pour out of the China Sea and flow along California's coast in a mighty current a thousand miles wide. Across this stream blow the westerly trade-winds keeping our coast-climate, be it winter or summer, at about the same temperature.

Let two or three hot days come, however, and people flock to the ocean, and the long beach stretching south from Sutro Heights is lined with waders; but a strong under-tow renders bathing dangerous here.

But San Francisco is able to enjoy sea bathing in comfort and safety now that we have the magnificent Sutro Baths. These are north of the beach and above the rocky bluffs where the new Cliff House, a many-towered and balconied building replaces the old landmark destroyed by fire in 1894. For over thirty-five years, strangers have come to this spot to view the Pacific and the noisy colony of seals basking on the rocks below, and it is famous the world over.

Close by, are the largest baths in the world and the most perfectly appointed on the continent.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.



IN THE SUTRO BATH,
 Steam and smoke of large swimming tank and several smaller ones

Twelve years ago work was begun for this great building, which has cost nearly a million dollars. To Adolph Sutro (whose name will ever be honored in this city, enriched by his many and munificent gifts) is due the inception and successful realization of the idea.

Perhaps the best view of the structure is gained looking westward over a blue, blue sea flecked with white-caps and stretching to a limitless blue sky beyond, while sharp against the blue stands out the long building crowned with twin gilded domes. There is a foreign air about it all, heightened by the temple-like effect of the entrance adorned with statues and gorgeous with many-colored lights from the stained glass windows. Broad flights of terraced steps bordered with fan-palms and greenhouse plants descend to a long promenade towards the elevator-shaft, and broad staircases to the tanks below.

Over a million cubic yards of rock, sand and clay were excavated for the building, and this mass of debris was utilized for breakwaters. The



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE GRAND PROMENADE.

main building, a lofty structure principally of glass and iron, is 500 feet long by 250 wide. Over this arches the roof, more than two acres in area and seventy feet above the ground. It is supported by six hundred tons of iron in a maze of girders and columns, and glazed with 100,000 square feet of glass.

There are six tanks in all; the largest being L-shaped, 275 feet long, 150 feet wide and nine and a half deep. The five others are seventy-five by fifty feet each and graduated in depth of water from two to six feet. The smaller tanks are heated by live steam introduced directly into the water, thereby raising the temperature from ten to twenty degrees in a few minutes. For the concrete walls and floors of the tanks 10,000 barrels of cement were used, and they hold considerably over a million gallons.

The very crest of the waves breaking against a bluff twenty feet high falls into a catch-basin to fill the tanks. Such is the force of the wave-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

MR. SUTRO.

power that the tanks can all be filled by a good sea in an hour, while the pumping-engine must work five to accomplish the same result. An hour will also empty the baths through a pipe whose outlet is far below low-water. Toboggan-slides, flying-trapezes, spring-boards, etc., furnish fun for the bathers, 1600 of whom can be accommodated with dressing-rooms at one time.

Seats for spectators are arranged in amphitheater form, and 3500 may sit while as many more may stand or walk in the promenade above. The whole building will contain twenty-five thousand persons without over-crowding. There are shower-baths convenient to all the dressing-rooms, and piping enough for an ordinary town.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE NEW CLIFF HOUSE.



"THE FIRST BARON OF ARIZONA."
Don Miguel Nemecio, at 20 years. (An ancestor begotten by Rowis.)

From an old painting.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



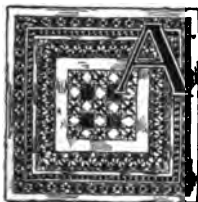
VOL. 8, No. 3.

LOS ANGELES

FEBRUARY, 1898.

THE PRINCE OF IMPOSTORS.

BY WILL M. TIPTON.



LITTLE more than a year ago, a tall, slender, erect and white-haired man stepped from a carriage at the front door of the New Mexico penitentiary, and in the company of a U. S. deputy marshal walked rapidly up the steps and into the superintendent's office. Thirty minutes later, with shorn head and shaven face, his keen blue eyes nervously taking in every detail of his new surroundings, clad in the ignominious garb of a felon, he passed through the steel-barred portal of the cell-house. The heavy doors clanged behind him as his step echoed on the stone floor; the curtain was rung down on the last act of a criminal drama extending over a quarter of a century, and James Addison Reavis had become convict 964.

This was no common criminal. The law has seldom encountered so formidable a foe. Brainy, persistent and of tireless patience, he dealt in fraud not on the ordinary plan but by millions; and it is well within the record to call him the prince of claimants—and of swindlers. Even great forgeries are usually limited to the uttering of a few checks or the fabrication of a will or deed. But the gigantic plan of this Napoleonic gentleman involved not only the acquirement of title in twelve and a half million acres by forgery; he also invented the property, the royal *cédulas*, the wills, the probate proceedings, and a long line of noble ancestry. He brought into existence a grantee and descendants for three generations; carried them with all a novelist's skill through the vicissitudes of life across the changes of a century and a half; and came near securing the solemn confirmation, by government, of a principality that never existed to the alleged heirs of persons who never lived.

In all the annals of crime there is no parallel. This monstrous edifice of forgery, perjury and subornation was the work of one man. No plan was ever more ingeniously devised; none ever carried out with greater patience, industry, skill and effrontery.

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Reavis did not deal in small things. His dreams were of millions; and his invention and his unscrupulousness were in proportion. He seems to have been spurred, rather than daunted, by the knowledge that, if his claim succeeded, thousands of settlers would be despoiled of their homes; that innumerable land-titles would be clouded for years; that the development of a Territory would be retarded for a generation; and that the government would be robbed of an empire.

It was his life work. Crude in the beginning, his conception grew not only greater but more perfect with time and circumstance. Rebuffs but whetted his appetite. His keen mind learned from every well-founded criticism, and turned it to the advantage of his plan. No labor was too great for this remarkable man, no detail too insignificant. He enlisted attorneys of national reputation; famous financiers lent him the sinews of war; the archives of Spain and Mexico were polluted to authenticate his claim, and the records of the Church were perverted to give it respectability.

Profound in his knowledge of men as in his invention of means; baiting his hook with the lure of easy wealth, and catching fish no one would have expected; fattening upon his enormous expectations; flaunting in the face of the aristocracy of Mexico and Madrid—and with as many and as distinguished, and perhaps more willing, victims in this country—the arch-plotter carried it off with a consistently high hand for years.

And then—the end! The wonderful fabrication of his most rare ingenuity went down before the forceful simplicity of truth. All the forgeries, all the convenient witnesses, all the startling skill of the prime conspirator, could not save him; and from half-regal splendor he came swiftly and inevitably to the stripes and cell of a convict.

Born in Henry county, Missouri, Reavis served for a time in the Con-



"THE 1ST BARON AT 70 YEARS."
One of the manufactured ancestors



LA BARONIA DE ARIZONA OR "PERALTA GRANT"
SITUATED IN THE TERRITORIES OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO

THE MODEST EXTENT OF REAVIS'S CLAIM.

12,500,000 acres in New Mexico and Arizona; more land than New Hampshire and Massachusetts put together.

federate army, entering at the age of eighteen. Subsequently he was about a year in Brazil. He returned to the United States about 1865, and became the conductor of a street-car in the city of St. Louis. Afterward he was a merchant's clerk, and traveling salesman for a number of commercial houses. Having saved his earnings he invested them in real estate, and finally abandoning his employment gave all his attention to dealing in realty.

While thus engaged he made the acquaintance of George M. Willing, jr., who claimed to own an immense property in Arizona. Willing in-



JAMES ADDISON REAVIS.

Copyright 1896 by L. of S. Pub. Co.

In the penitentiary at Santa Fé.

[Made especially for this magazine. The first photograph of the famous claimant ever published.]

roduced him to one W. W. Gitt, who had been connected with some very questionable transactions growing out of claims based upon old Spanish grants in the city of St. Louis. Making some arrangement with Willing, who had presented for his inspection some Spanish documents, Reavis agreed to assist in investigating and perfecting the title under which Willing claimed. The first document presented for Reavis's inspection purported to be a grant, made in the year 1748, by

the king of Spain to Don Miguel de Peralta de la Córdoba, for a tract of land embracing three hundred square Spanish leagues, or a little more than 1,300,000 acres. This was the beginning of the notorious Peralta grant, which, in the course of a few years, under the benignant influence of the climate of Arizona and the skill of the great necromancer Reavis, grew to the mastodonic proportions of nearly 12,500,000 acres. The second document was a deed made in 1864, by Miguel Peralta of San Diego county, California, to Willing, by which the latter became sole owner of the property.

Willing and Reavis finally decided to go to

Arizona to investigate the title and take steps to have it recognized by



"THE FIRST BARON AT 100 YEARS."

the United States. Willing went direct to Prescott, in 1875 or 1876, and there died the night after his arrival, under circumstances that gave rise to the suspicion that he had been poisoned. Reavis went by way of San Francisco, to get possession of a deed which Willing had executed in blank years before to get himself out of trouble; and arrived at Prescott after Willing's death, where he represented himself to be a correspondent for the *Examiner*. He obtained from a gentleman who had taken charge of Willing's effects, a gunny-sack containing various articles belonging to the deceased, among which were the grant and deed above mentioned. He claims



"THE THIRD BARONESS OF ARIZONA."

"Da. Soñia Loreto Micaela de Peraltareavis, née Masó y Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba." Alias, Reavis's half-breed wife.



Mausard-Collier Eng Co

REAVIS'S TWIN SONS.

Photo. by Curran, Santa Fe.

These beautiful little boys were a feature of the trial of Reavis, and made great sympathy for his claim.

that it was his intention to return these to Mrs. Willing.

Armed with these weapons, Reavis continued to work upon the case until 1883, when he filed with the United States Surveyor General for Arizona a petition, asking the ap-



MRS. REAVIS AND THE "BARONY."

(The arch conspirator even "found" an old map of the Peralta grant carved on a rock near the center of this mysterious domain; and had it and the "Third Baroness" photographed in conjunction.)



ANOTHER CUSTOM-MADE ANCESTOR.

Da Sofia Laura Micaela, at 25 (Died aged 30, giving birth to twins, the "Third Baroness" and her brother.) The manufactured mother of Mrs. Reavis.

proval of the Peralta grant under the Act of Congress of July 22, 1854; presenting in support of his claim the original grant, and certain mesne conveyances showing him to be the owner by purchase. The details of this feature of the case are not pertinent to this article. It is enough to remark that unfavorable report was finally

made upon the claim by Surveyor General Royal A. Johnson, to whom much credit is due for having investigated the alleged grant under many disadvantages, and in the face of strong opposition in high official quarters. Mr. Johnson in his report branded the grant and mesne conveyances as forgeries. This report was not made until 1889, and from 1883 up to that time Reavis had not been idle. He had raised himself from comparative poverty to opulence. The public announcement of his claim had caused great consternation among the people of Arizona. Thousands of settlers upon the public domain, who had initiated titles under the homestead, preemption and mining laws, found themselves suddenly confronted with this stupendous claim. They realized that if his title to the grant was valid the government could not give them titles to their homes and properties. It was evident that if Reavis's



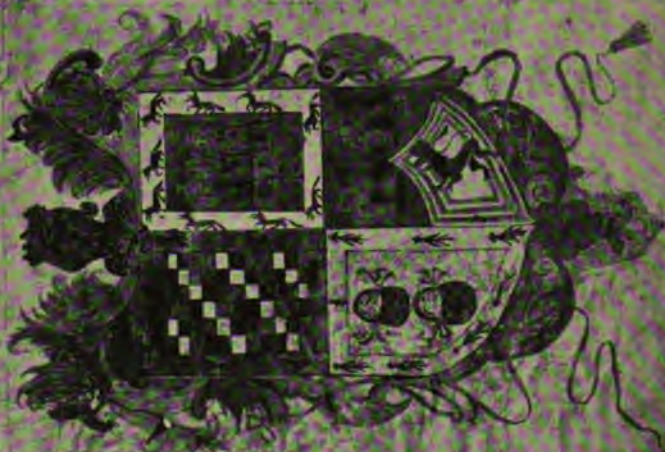
"DA. JUANA LAURA YBARRA,
Second Baroness, at 20 years."

pretensions could be sustained by proof, the land had belonged to him and his predecessors in interest from the middle of the last century. Many hastened to make terms with him and purchased quit-claim deeds. From these unfortunates he reaped a rich harvest. Not satisfied with this easy method of robbery, he formed three corporations, each called the Casa Grande Land and Improvement Company, and organized respectively under the laws of New Jersey, Wyoming and Arizona. From these three companies he realized \$65,000. The Southern Pacific railway paid him \$50,000 for right of way through his alleged grant. The Silver King mining company gave him \$25,000 for a release of his claim on their

mines. From various sources he received sums from a few hundred dollars to several items of as much as \$15,000. The total amount of his extortions probably will never be known. Persons familiar with his business and capable of forming correct judgment as to his operations estimate that he accumulated not less than \$300,000 from his various enterprises in connection with the grant. He enlisted the moral and financial aid of gentlemen of national reputation.* He lived for

*Mr. Tipton "names no names," but it is notorious that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Henry M. Porter (of the American Bank Note Co.), Fd. Stokes (of Jim Fiske and Josie Mansfield fame), Andrew Squire (of Cleveland, O.), John W. Mackey (the San Francisco millionaire), Chas. Crocker (of the Southern Pacific Railway), and many other equally "big fish" were buncoed by Reavis into believing in his claim, and into putting up large sums of money to help him carry it through. It is also generally believed that Roscoe Conklin was equally imposed upon by the arch-conspirator. Reavis's translations were made by Rufus C. Hopkins of San Francisco, who passed as an expert, but who was egregiously misled by Reavis's Spanish—which such higher experts as Mr. Tipton and Mr. Mallet-Prevost detected at once and proved to be not only fraudulent but impossible. If the time shall come when an inside history of the ramifications of this remarkable story can be told—the details of the unintentional as well as the wilful abettors of the fraud—it will make quite as interesting reading as the main plot.—Ed.

EL REY.
 Por quanto en
 Patencion a los mé-
 ritos y servicios prest-
 ados del Señor Visi-
 ador Real el Sill Miguel
 Silva de Peralta de la
 Orden de Bay Garcia de
 Carrillo de las Huercas
 Agente de legos y otros
 de Cadiz nombrado por Real
 Cédula y Apoderado dello



several years in regal style at one of the best hotels in New York city. He traveled with a retinue of servants, drove the most elegant equipages, and spent his money with a lavish hand. He had visited the city of Guadalajara, Mexico, in 1881; he went again in 1883. In 1886 he went to Spain on business connected with his grant, and remained there a year; the expenses of his trip, to the amount of \$500 per month, being paid by a well known California millionaire. While in Spain, Reavis went before the *Chargé d' Affaires* of the American legation at Madrid, and made formal, public declaration of the fact that a woman, who up to that time had accompanied him on the trip as his ward, was in fact his wife, by virtue of a contract of marriage entered into with her in 1882. Upon his return to the United States, having sailed up to that time to induce Surveyor General Johnson to make a favorable report upon his claim, he changed his plan of operations before that officer and amended his petition, claiming the grant not by purchase but on the ground that his wife was the great grand-daughter of the original grantee, and the only surviving heir to the property. He had met his wife, as he subsequently claimed, on a railroad train near Sacramento, Cal., about 1877 or 1878, was attracted by her appearance, made her acquaintance, and learned from her that she was the heir to the immense property the title of which he had been investigating for years. It will be observed, according to his own statement, that knowing her to be the heir, he married her in 1882, subsequently filed his claim before the Surveyor General of Arizona, claiming the property by purchase, without mentioning her existence, and concealing the fact that she was his wife until 1886. In 1884 he took out a marriage license to marry a young lady in Southern California, two years after the time he alleges he had executed the marriage contract with his wife. When on the stand he was asked to explain this last episode, and did so by saying "It was a bluff." The truth undoubtedly is that in 1884 he was still unmarried, and never thought of marrying the woman who accompanied him to Spain as his ward in 1886, until he had given up all hope of obtaining a favorable report on the grant from Surveyor General Johnson; and suspecting that Johnson would declare the deeds through which he deraigned title to be forgeries, he determined to find an heir to the property, and then made the marriage contract with his so-called ward, and dated it back to 1882, subsequently proving his wife to be the only surviving heir to the property, by methods which will be hereafter explained.

Temporarily checked in his scheme by the unfavorable report of Surveyor General Johnson, he continued to labor for the accomplishment of his purpose, with that untiring zeal which has ever marked his career; and taking advantage of the information derived from Mr. Johnson's report, immediately began to repair, as he supposed, those defects in his title, which for the first time were called to his attention by the labors of that incorruptible and painstaking officer..

About 1890, Reavis, then styling himself James Addison Peraltareavis, filed a suit against the United States in the court of claims at Washington, for the injury done him by the illegal disposition on the part of the government of lands within his grant. He modestly estimated the damage inflicted upon him at ten million dollars. Depositions were taken in California on Reavis's behalf, and he subsequently filed them as a part of his case before the Court of Private Land Claims.

On March 3, 1891, the Congress of the United States established the Court of Private Land Claims, with a view to the final settlement of Spanish and Mexican grants in the Southwest.

Reavis in the meantime had unceasingly toiled to perfect the details of his remarkable undertaking, and in pursuance of his design again visited Guadalajara in 1892. He soon appeared upon the scene with the Peralta grant in a new garb, and with evidences of its validity which at first sight appeared absolutely conclusive of the issue.

In February, 1893, he filed his petition in the Court of Private Land Claims, asking the confirmation of the grant to himself and wife. But the grant was then quite a different thing from what it had been in 1883. His claim was substantially this: that Reavis's wife, Doña Sofia Loreto Micaela de Peralta y Masó neé Masó y Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba, was the great-grand-daughter of the deceased Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Córdoba y Garcia de Carrillo de las Falces, a Spaniard of noble birth, and of many titles and offices, among others being Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Redlands, Baron of Arizona, Gentleman of the King's Chamber with privileged entrance, Captain of Dragoons, Aid-de-Camp and Ensign of the Royal House, Knight of the Military Orders of the Golden Fleece, of St. Mary of Montesa, and of the Royal and Distinguished Order of Charles III, and of the Insignia and Fellowship of the Royal College of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

That this gentleman of many honors was appointed by Philip V, in 1742, a royal inspector, and came to the kingdom of New Spain (now Mexico) to investigate under secret instructions certain grievances affecting the royal revenues; that so highly satisfactory were the labors performed by him in this capacity that in compliance with decrees of Philip V in 1744, and Ferdinand VI in 1748, the immense property to which Reavis and his wife lay claim had been granted him; that possession of the tract had been delivered in 1758, and that the proceedings in this regard and the action of his predecessors had been confirmed in 1778 by Charles III.

That the so-called Baron of Arizona married a lady whose name was nearly as long as that of her distinguished husband; that the fruit of this union was an only son named Jesus Miguel. He was the 2nd Baron of Arizona. His father by a codicil to his will, executed at Guadalajara, Mexico, in 1788, devised to the child the immense estate given him by the king, and known as the Barony of Arizona. In 1824 the 1st Baron died at the age of over 116 years, and his will being admitted to probate, the property passed to his son Jesus Miguel, who in 1822 had been married to a lady of Guadalajara. Ten years after their marriage a daughter was born to them, who, about 1860, married a gentleman named Don José Ramon Carmen Masó y Castillo, of Cadiz, Spain, who was usually known as José Masó. In March, 1862, Masó with his wife and mother, and accompanied by his father-in-law, the 2nd Baron, and by an American friend, John A. Treadway, was at the Bandini ranch at Agua Mansa, near San Bernardino, Cal., on his way to San Francisco.

Mrs. Masó here gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. The infants were baptised at the old church of San Salvador, the god-parents being the maternal grandfather and paternal grandmother, and Louis Roubidoux and his wife Flavia Castillo. The mother and the boy twin died a few days after the birth. The records of the old church, now in the custody of the parish priest at San Bernardino, contain entries of the baptism and burial. The survivors of the party continued their journey to San Francisco, where they remained some months, taking their meals at a restaurant kept by one Andres Sandoval. Here they made the acquaintance of various persons who subsequently testified to facts connected with their sojourn in the city.

In July, 1862, Doña Carmelita Masó, the mother of José Masó, accompanied by a nurse named Tomasa, taking with her the infant girl, went with James A. Treadway, Masó's friend, to Sherwood Valley, in Mendocino county.

Masó soon sailed for Spain to obtain from the Spanish government certain moneys owing to him and his father-in-law. The latter, some six months later, followed him to Spain, having first made a will in San Francisco, which he acknowledged before a notary named Thibault, to which, after his arrival in Spain, he added a codicil. By both the will

que xico ves coxir a cora mi Real Cedula, por
la qual es manido, que en todo obedezcades, y acatades
al que representa la mia, y cumplades todo lo que de
su parte os ordenare, y le deis el favor, y
asida al referido mi Virreyn Real, como a persona
que representa la mia, y haviere menester para
executar lo que se le mandare en que os mis in-
terucciones prevenidas se executen, y las otras cosas
ordenado como buenos y leales vassallos, q' demas
se q' en hacello asi cumplades con lo que debierdes,
deis obligados, metiendo por bien servido, y por contra

and codicil he left to his infant grandchild all his property. He and Masó both died in that country within a few years after their arrival.

John A. Treadway, who was acting as the guardian of the little girl, left Sherwood Valley about 1864 or 1865, going to Sacramento, where he was said to have died. The grandmother of the child died about 1867. A year or so later the nurse Tomasa died, and the little girl was left in the charge of Alfred E. Sherwood, to whose house Treadway had brought her as a babe in 1862. In 1869 Sherwood gave her to John W. Snowball of Knight's Landing, as he was unable to give her educational advantages. Snowball took her into his family as a nurse-girl and reared her with his own children. About 1876 she went to live with a Mrs. Bradshaw, with whom she remained but a short time, subsequently going to live with the family of J. D. Laughenor, who afterward moved to Woodland. In 1879 or 1880 she went to the family of John D. Stevens, where she remained until December, 1882, when she went to San Francisco. Then she entered into the marriage relation with Reavis under the contract before mentioned.

Such was the claim made by Reavis and his wife before the Land Court at Santa Fé. It was not lacking in evidence to support it. The indefatigable Reavis presented to the Court a certified copy of the contents of four books found in the archives of the *Ayuntamiento* of Guadalajara, bearing the proper attestation of the custodian and other officials, and ending with that of the United States Minister in the City of Mexico. This copy* contained the Royal Cédulas from 1742 to 1778, conferring upon the 1st Baron of Arizona the title to the Peralta grant. It contained elaborate proceedings showing the genealogy of that nobleman, and tracing back his family for centuries. It had also the proceedings in probate of his will, the evidence of his death, and many other interesting and vitally important matters. Certified copies of the will of the 2nd Baron, from the notarial records of the city of Madrid, Spain, were also filed; as were exemplifications of the record of the baptism of the Masó twins, and the burial of Masó's wife and the male child.

The documentary evidence was complete. There was nothing lacking but parol proof to complete the chain and establish the claim of Reavis's wife as the only surviving heir of the Baron of Arizona by fixing her identity as the girl twin born at Agua Mansa in 1862. This was soon supplied.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

*See page 114.

"PAINTED CUP."*

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

I think that Nature in her wide care-taking
Forgot this little wildling of the West,
And left her tiny heart all hurt and aching
To have no lovely blossom like the rest.

I think from very potency of yearning,
Out of the throbbing fervor of desire
Was wrought the boon for which her soul was burning—
Her very leaves burst into scarlet fire.

Redlands, Cal.

*The Castilleja, a California wildflower.

A SHETLAND RANCH.

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.



THE children's idol and the burro's most formidable rival is the Shetland pony. It is beautiful and quiet, as the burro is grotesque and noisy. Each is safe, strong, gentle and patient, enduring without resentment the pulling and hauling to which children's pets are subject. Wild mustard will satisfy the "Sheltie," thistles and cacti will pamper the burro.

The raising of Shetlanders is only an incident—but a most interesting one—of the Dos Pueblos grain and stock rancho, sixteen miles up the coast from Santa Barbara, on the historic Den home-



"ZIP."



Mansard-Collier Eng. Co.

SHETLANDS AT DOS PUEBLOS.



Massey-Hollier Eng. Co

DOS PUEBLOS RANCHO AND CAÑON.

Photos. by Res.



stead. Its 1400 acres of uplands and lowlands, sloping from the mountains to the sea, is only a small part of the original grant to Nicolas A. Den, in April, 1842, which comprises over 15,535 acres. This was the hiding place of the notorious Ned McGowan when he fled from the vigilantes. The old stone hut which he built in the cañon and occupied for many months, is still there, though sadly dilapidated.

The old adobe mansion of Dos Pueblos rancho has been thoroughly repaired and beautified, while its historical features have been preserved. The timber for its odd little dormer windows and all the rest of its peculiar architecture, was brought around the Horn a half century ago. The grounds and patio have been planted to lawn, shrubbery, fruit, flowers, shade trees and fountain. The quaint old house sleeps amid the restful environment of everlasting hills, a survival of that departed day of pastoral conditions. It crowns a gentle eminence facing the isle-decked channel but a half mile distant, skirted by orchards of olive and orange, down to the sycamore-fringed waters of the Dos Pueblos cañon on the left and an oak-dotted meadow to the right. The Santa Ynez lifts its majestic, serrate crest for a background. Dos Pueblos, by the way, derives its name from the two Indian villages, which in prehistoric times stood on either side of the cañon where it meets the sea. The people of these two towns spoke different languages and were of unlike appearance.

A beginning in the raising of Shetlands was made here ten years ago with the stallion "Zip" and five brood mares imported from Scotland in '86. The majordomo of the rancho is especially attached to the ponies, breaking and training them himself. He carries them about when they are young colts, and the mothers seem to understand that he is to be appealed to in times of trouble. One of the colts was killed recently by a stray shot from some unseen hunter. No one knew of it until the mother by persistent pantomime persuaded the majordomo to follow her from the corral to the field where the little wounded creature lay huddled in a heap by the fence.

The origin of the Shetlander seems obscure. He is supposed to be evolved from his barren environment, being found wild on the Shetland Islands, whence he was brought to the mainland about 1850, and is there successfully used in the mines. There is no absolute record of his discovery upon the Islands, where he is reared without shelter upon the sparsest of pasture in a climate none too friendly. The Norse settlers have been accused of his introduction, as the resemblance to the Iceland pony is strongly marked. An English writer says that "the limit of height fixed by the Stud-book Society, is at forty-two inches, but it is recorded that many Shetlanders have been bred thirty inches and some below." Among the twenty-five ponies at Dos Pueblos there are many below the standard. "Zip," the stallion, is thirty-eight and a half inches, seven years old, and his average weight is four hundred pounds. He is broken to harness, goes up and down stairs and leaps to porches as high as himself. Many of his progeny are less than thirty-six inches in height, and it is hoped by a systematic course of inbreeding to overcome the tendency of all California products to increased size. "Alice" and "Maud" are a pair of four-year old matched blacks, less than thirty-six inches high. Maud drinks from the faucet like a schoolboy. "Buster" is a five-year-old, ten hands high, and carries a 220-pound rider with ease. "Ojo Blanco" is a dark brown trick pony, thirty-six inches in height, three years old, with one white eye. His tail touches the ground, and he bids for petting like a young puppy—standing on his hind legs and putting up his hoof for a shake. These little fellows are never shod or sheltered, are broken at one year and attain their full growth at four years. Their term of life averages twenty-five years. The colts are maltese in color when foaled, and shaggy like water dogs, with eyes like fawns. They are as gentle as kittens to handle, but

great fighters among themselves. Tough and hardy, they thrive on what would be starvation rates for other horses. A band of eight have been pastured for the past year in a narrow strip of mustard a half-mile long by two and three hundred yards wide. These diminutive specimens of the horse are very symmetrical, wide between the eyes, with small heads and limbs that are slender and tapering. They have smooth coats in summer and heavier in winter, but do not exhibit the shagreen common to this type in colder countries; for which our mild climate is probably responsible. They are altogether the most irresistible and alluring "beauties" in the shape of horse-flesh to be found.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

THE CAMELS IN ARIZONA.

BY CHARLOT M. HALL.

MR. Tinsley's article in this magazine some months ago* did not exhaust the story of the camels on the deserts of the Colorado. The animals were brought to Arizona, as he states, and used here; and an uncertain but considerable number of their descendants are known to inhabit the wilder deserts and foothills today.

Shipped from Alexandria, Egypt, these camels were brought to the United States mainly to carry mail and dispatches on the government route from San Antonio, Texas, to Los Angeles.

They were accompanied by a number of Oriental drivers, of whom Greek George and Hijolly became well known in the early days of Arizona. George was assassinated in New Mexico, but Hijolly is still one of the most interesting characters to be met in the Southwest.

After the camel-packing was discontinued he became an army "packer" and scout, later took to prospecting, and now lives at Tucson.

The camels were landed at Galveston in 1857 and '58 and were in use off and on until the beginning of the civil war, when the southern overland mail route was abandoned. From the first, however, the "ship of the desert" had proved a failure in the Southwest. The broad, cushioned foot so well adapted for travel on sandy plains was too tender to stand the rocky trails of Arizona. The camels soon became footsore; nor did they show any special endurance of thirst or hardship. Only experienced men could pack and handle them, and they frightened horses and mules, showed ungovernable temper, and were voted a general nuisance.

Their use was given up and they were kept for a time at the military posts along the line; and finally turned loose, some in Texas, some in Arizona, to wander at will.

Hijolly says the soldiers and post-employés were afraid of them and let many of them escape purposely; and it is told that one vicious old brute routed the entire force of a little post and retired victorious to the freedom of the desert. The Indians regarded the ungainly beasts with superstitious awe and avoided their neighborhood.

From time to time bands of camels were seen between Tucson and Florence; but no one tried to use them until 1877. In that year a party of Frenchmen gathered up between twenty and thirty, broke them to pack, and took them up to Nevada with the intention of packing wood and ore into Virginia City.

Here again the "cradle of Arabia" proved a failure. The country was rough and rocky and the camels soon became footsore, and also suffered from the change of climate. They were presently brought back to Arizona and part of them turned loose near Florence. A pile of

*March, 1897.

weather-beaten camel saddles at North Gila Bend still exists as evidence of the unsuccessful venture.

Some of the camels were taken to Mexico for use on the Sonora deserts, but while on the way one of them died of *thirst* on the Tule desert! The rest were turned loose by their disgusted owners and a pile of bleached bones beside the old "Camino del Diablo" is all that tells of this third attempt to utilize the camel in America.

A band of several head are known to wander between the Granite Wash mountains and the Colorado river, and a fine specimen was killed in the Haqua Hala foot-hills near Harrisburg a few years ago. This lone camel watered at a spring on the trail and was finally ambushed by an irate prospector whose stock he had stampeded. The skeleton lies not far from the present freight road.

Wierd tales are told of a red camel seen by prospectors lost on the desert; and a gray one, still wearing a weather-worn saddle, plays a prominent part in desert superstitions.

Prescott, A. T.

NEAR THE CARRARAS.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

The violets of mountains! Such they seem;
Pale purple dreams within a purple dream;
Faint, fading noonday blossoms; or again,
Wet violets after rain,
Blooming above the stone pine's lofty stem
Whose forest is but greensward unto them;
And the Ligurian sea breaks here alone
To feed the roots of the eternal stone.

A few years past I thought our earth had not
On her broad breast (that breast so thickly sown
With graves of hearts) a more memorial spot,
Remembering how these purple waters bore
The Prince of Song and laid him on the shore
With sob of wave and the slow breakers' moan.
I deemed the marbles—white when Angelo came
Seeking his prisoned Titans—caught the flame
Out of that Heart of hearts laid at their feet,
And blossomed into all these purples sweet,
To be his deathless chaplet evermore.

God is our witness—if a God there be—
How he hath fashioned us all mystery.
Not less today is Shelley's song to me,
But Life, the Poem, is more than poesy.
Far have I fared, much seen with these eyes' sight;
The white Alps flashing back their awful light,—
Soft shadow of the Apennines' piney light,
And skiey needle of the Dolomite.
How little of itself the eye can see!
How less than nothing all these things can be!
For I have learned, unto each human heart
How greater than the whole its own small part,
Its little human portion, though that be
Sorrow or joy, passion or misery.
Have I not learned? who look with longing eyes
Across two worlds to where their summits rise—
The Mother Mountains* of the golden West;
Earth's highest heights, dearest and loveliest,—
The Mother Mountains, in whose shadows deep
No poet, but a mother, fell asleep.

*The Sierra Madre.

OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

SKETCHED BY EYEWITNESSES.

IV. "GRIZZLY ADAMS" AND HIS BEARS.



FOURTY years ago, among all the notable characters that overran California in the days of gold, none were more original or more interesting than that mighty hunter James Capen Adams, better known as "Grizzly Adams." He was without doubt the only man who ever tamed the grizzly bear; and he and his terrific pets, "Lady Washington" and "Ben Franklin," made a record none of our theatrical tamers of wild beasts have ever rivalled. These gigantic bears, each heavier than a fattened steer, were not merely circus-tamed, so that a man could go into the same cage with them and come out alive. They lived in the open with their master and shared his life as a hunter; they slept and tramped with him as if they had been dogs; they even carried packs for him as faithfully as mules could have done; and "Grizzly Adams" and his grizzly chums were famous the length and breadth of

the Golden State.

One of the first English books written in California about something else than gold-mines was an account of the strange adventures of this eccentric trapper. In 1860 a young man now known as Hon. Theodore H. Hittell, the historian of California, published with Towne & Bacon, San Francisco, "The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter, of California." The book was illustrated by Nahl, then the foremost artist on the Coast; and had a very wide circulation. It has been out of print now for many years, and a perfect copy is hard to get—for the narrative was one that people read and re-read till the book fell to pieces. After all these years, Mr. Hittell plans to issue a new edition; and if he does so he will find his audience greatly increased and no less interested.

Adams was a Yankee, born in Medway, Mass., in 1807, and bred to shoemaking. But he was built for something more adventurous than pegging; and on coming of age he turned trapper of wild animals for a menagerie, capturing panthers, wolves, wildcats and other beasts in the forests of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Entering a tiger's cage in the menagerie, he was horribly wounded by the brute; and was disabled for many years.

Then he went among the Indians of New England, learning their life and being kindly treated by them; and later drifting westward, as hunters did in those days, he came at last to California.

In 1853, already a veteran hunter in the Sierra Nevada of California, Adams made arrangements with his brother William, a successful gold-miner, to collect wild animals—William furnishing the funds and

James doing the work. With one white companion and two Indians he travelled to eastern Washington, and there began the live-trapping which made him so famous. "Lady Washington," his famous she-grizzly, was captured as a year-old cub in this first expedition.

The book—really an autobiography of Adams, though penned by Mr. Hittell—is full of interesting descriptions of the wild life of this notable hunter, his many perilous encounters with savage beasts, and the ingenious methods by which he trapped so many of them alive and



Drawn by Nahl.

From Hittell's *Life of Adams*.

ADAMS AND HIS GRIZZLY BEAR, BEN FRANKLIN.

shipped them to menageries and zoölogical gardens. Nothing could seem farther from the civilized life of today than the broad freedom of this Yankee rover amid the high Sierras of California, Washington and Oregon; avoiding settlements, dwelling in the wilderness with no other mates than a white "pardner," his faithful Indians, and his bears, and absolutely dependent upon his rifle, his knife and his native wit for a livelihood.

Adams and his bears hunted together, sharing the toil and dangers. More than once the shaggy pets saved his life in a hand-to-hand struggle with savage beasts of their own kind. "Lady Washington" not only learned to "pack"—carrying 200 pounds on a rude saddle—but even to haul a sledge on the snow. One year, Adams and his beasts trudged clear over to Colorado on a hunting trip; and up and down the Coast Sierra their wanderings extended from Washington to Tejon. When the great brutes got footsore in their long marches on the sandy plains, Adams made them moccasins; and throughout he treated them with real affection.

After years of this adventurous life, Adams finally settled down in San Francisco, where he founded the "Pacific Museum"—a sort of menagerie of great fame in its day. Here he had his pets "Lady Washington" and "Ben Franklin;" his 1500-pound Samson, the largest grizzly ever captured alive and full-grown, and many other animals. Later, I believe, he went East to visit his boyhood home, and died there.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY. A NEW MEXICAN EPISODE IN 1748.

(CONCLUDED.)

The remaining documents, and their translations, as to the Indian fight at Taos, N. M., in 1748, are as follows :

THE LETTER OF THE PARISH PRIEST.

Sir Governor and Captain General—My Lord: I report to Your Lordship how this day and date seven Cumanches entered this Pueblo; among them the Captain Panfito. They tell me they have come in quest of tobacco; that their village is composed of a hundred lodges, pitched on the Jicarilla river, where they are tanning [buffalo] hides, so as to come in and barter as soon as the snow shall decrease in the mountains. This is what they tell me. There is nothing else to report to Your Lordship, whom our Lord Guard for many years. Taos, Feb. 27, 1748. I kiss the Hand of Your Lordship. Your humble servant.

[Signed] ANTONIO DURAN DE ARMIJO.

Since the above was written, one Cumanche of the seven who have come, has related to me in the house of Alonzito that 33 Frenchmen have come to their village and sold them plenty of muskets in exchange for mules; that as soon as this trade was made, the Frenchmen departed for their own country,* and that only two remain in the village to come in with the Cumanches when they come hither to barter.

*Canada.

THE OPINION OF THE GOVERNOR.

Most Excellent Sir : By the testimony subjoined, which is from the original letter containing it, which the sovereignty of Your Excellency will please to see, it appears at forty leagues distance, more or less (according to some settlers) from the Pueblo of St. Jerome of Taos, there are pitched a hundred lodges of the hostile Gentiles, of the Cumanche Nation ; and that seven of these Indians arrived at the above-mentioned Pueblo [Taos], with the news that 33 Frenchmen were, some days before, on the said Jicarilla river where are the aforesaid 100 lodges ; which Frenchmen sold to the aforesaid Cumanches plenty of muskets in exchange for mules. And soon as this barter was effected, said Frenchmen departed for their own country, only two of them remaining in the Village of the Cumanches to come in with them to trade in the Pueblo of Taos ; as these hostile savages have done on other occasions. And since it is to be feared that if these Frenchmen insinuate themselves into this Kingdom they may cause some uprising—as was attempted by a Frenchman named Luis Maria, who with eight of his own nation entered this Kingdom in the former year of 1742, coming, by the same route of the Jicarilla to the Pueblo of Taos and for it was shot in the public square in this capital Town of Santa Fé, in virtue of sentence by the superior Government of this New Spain ; and in the said year seven of these nine Frenchmen returned to their country by a different route from that by which they came here ; and it is very natural that, remaining several months in this Kingdom, they should learn the “lay of the land” and its circumstances. One of them, named Juan de Alari, has remained in this said town, is married and has children, comporting himself honorably as a man of substance.

Likewise I give account to Your Excellency that in the month of June, of the year 1744, a Frenchman named Santiago Veló* penetrated this Kingdom and arrived at the Pueblo of Our Lady of the Porciuncula of Pecos. As soon as I received the news, I detached the Sergeant and two soldiers to bring him to me in this Town [Santa Fé], where I took his declaration. And without the knowledge of any person I forwarded that declaration to the Most Excellent Sir Count of Fuenclara, Your Excellency's predecessor [as Viceroy of Mexico] along with the judicial procedures duly had thereon. Of this Frenchman's whereabouts I have had no further information, save what was given me by the Captain of the Royal Garrison at El Paso on the River of the North [Rio Grande], whose receipt I hold, acknowledging having sent him to the Governor of New Biscay.

Most Excellent Sir : By the zeal which assists me in the service of Their Majesties [the king and queen of Spain], and for the tranquility, peace and well-being of the poor dwellers in this said Kingdom [let me say]. Noting that it is wholly surrounded by various nations of hostile savages, who harass it ; and particularly how numerous and warlike are the Cumanches, whose regular entrances to this Kingdom are by way of the Jicarilla river—and that on these two occasions the French have likewise penetrated by the same route, this last time joining the Gentle Cumanches on the aforesaid Jicarilla river—there is reason to fear some conspiracy. This would be irreparable, by the slight Military forces that are in this said Kingdom for its defense. Particularly as the said Gentle Cumanches now find themselves with firearms, which the French have sold them, as hereinbefore set forth. I remind Your Excellency's high comprehension that in the bygone year 1720, when Don Antonio Valverde was Governor of this Kingdom he ordered, under superior mandate of His Lordship the then Viceroy of this New Spain, that a force of soldiers, Settlers and Indians should go to reconnoiter where the French were located. But the French ambushed our said

*Coming from what is now Illinois.

Señor Gobernador y Capitan General.—Mui Señor mio, participo á V. S. como oy día de la fecha entraron á este Pueblo siete cumanches entre ellos el capitan paupito los que me disen han venido á buscar tausco, que su rancheria se compone de cien tiendas las que se hallan paradas en el Rio de la Gicarilla haciendo cueros para entrar de resgate así que vaje la niebe en la sierra, esto es lo que me disen no si otra cosa que participar á V. S. a quien Nro Señor Gue ma. as. Thaos y febrero 27 de 1748 aa.—B. I. M. de V. S. su mas seguro servidor Antonio Dvran de Armijo.

Despues de escripta esta ha contado va Cumanche de los siete que vinieron en casa de Alonso que llegaron a su Rancheria treinta y tres franceses y que les vendieron bastantes escopetas por mulas y que luego que hizieron cambio se fueron para su tierra que solo dos estan en su Rancheria para entrar aqui con ellos quando entren de Resgate.

Excmo. Señor. Por el testimonio adjunto, que lo es del original de la carta de su contenido, que se sirva la soberania de V. Exca. mandar ver, parese el que a distancia del Pueblo de San Gerónimo de los Thaos en el Rio de la Gicarilla quarenta leguas poco mas, ó menos (segun disen algunos vecinos) se hallan cien tiendas paradas de los enemigos Gentiles Nacion Cumanches, y que siete de estos llegaron al mencionado Pueblo dando la noticia de que treinta y tres franceses estuvieron algunos dias antes en dho Rio de la Gicarilla, en donde se hallan las mencionadas, cien tiendas, los quales franceses les vendieron a los susodhos cumanches bastantes escopetas por Mulas, y Luego que hizieron cambio, se fueron dhos franceses para su tierra, haviendose quedado dos de estos en la Rancheria de los Cumanches para entrar con ellos á hazer su resgate en el Pueblo de Thaos, como lo han practicado dho Gentiles enemigos en otras ocasiones: Y porque es de temer, que ynternandose dhos franceses en este Reyno, puedan causar alguna sublebazion, como la que yntento vn frances nombrado Luis Maria, que con ocho de su misma nacion entro á este dho Reyno por el susodho paraje de la Gicarilla, al Pueblo de Thaos el año pasado de mil setecientos quarenta y dos, y por ello fue apeloado en la plaza publica de esta capital Villa de Santa Fee, en virtud de sentençia del superior Gobierno de esta Nueva España, y el dho año se volbieron siete de los expresados nueve franceses para su tierra por otra via de la que entraron, y es mui natural que con el motivo de haver morado en este dho Reyno algunos meses, se hiziesen cargo del terreno de el, y sus circunstancias, haviendose quedado vno de los susodhos nombrado Juan de Alari en esta dha Villa, el que se halla casado, y con hijos, procediendo honrradamente como ombre de bien. Tambien doy quenta á V. Exca. como por el mes de Junio del año pasado de setecientos quarenta y quatro, ynterno á este dho Reyno vn frances, llamado Santiago Veló, que vino a dar al Pueblo de nuestra Señora de la Prociuncula de Pecos, y luego que tube la noticia destaqué al sargento y dos soldados para que me lo trujesen á esta Villa, en donde le receui su declarazion, y sin que conosimiento de persona alguna remití a la sala al Excmo. Señor Conde de Fuenclara antecesor de V. Exca. con las diligencias Judiciales, que en orden a ello se actuaron, de culo frances, no he tenido mas razon de su paradero, que la que me dio el Capitan del Real Presidio del Paso del Rio del Norte, de quien tengo receiui, en el que asiente haverlo remitido a el Gobernador de la Nueva Vizcaya—Señor Excmo. por el celo que me asiste al servicio de ambas Magestades, y a la tranquilidad, sosiego y bienestar de los pobres moradores de este dho Reyno, y haciendome cargo de que todo el está circunbalado de varias naciones de enemigos Gentiles, que lo obstilizan, y en especial la numerosa y vellosa de los cumanches, siendo sus regulares entradas á este dho Reyno por el paraje del Rio de la Gicarilla, y por este tambien en las dos ocasiones que han ynternado los franceses, y haviendose juntado en esta vitima con los Gentiles Cumanches en el susodho Rio de la Gicarilla, es de recelar alguna confederazion, que sera yrrreparable por las pocas fuerzas que ay Militares en este dho Reyno para su defensa, maiormente hallandose dhos Gentiles Cumanches con armas de fuego que les vendieron los franceses, como va referido: poniendo en la alta compreençion de V. Exca. que el año pasado de setecientos y viente, Governando este dho Reyno Don Antonio Valverde dispuso este por superior mandato del Excmo. Señor que entonzes Governaba esta Nueva España el que fuese vn campo de soldados, Vecinos, e Yndios á rreconoser donde se hallaban situados los franceses, yestos dieron de emboscada sobre dho campo, y mataron mas de treinta, entre soldados, Vecinos e Yndios, y algunos heridos, que llegaron á esta dicha Villa; por cuja Razon, y otras muchas, que omito por no cansar la atenzion de V. Exca. tengo por mui combeniente, y presiso, que la Grandeza de V. Exca. mande construir vn Presidio con la Dotasion de cinquenta soldados montados, yncluso vn Capitan y cauos subalternos, en el paraje que llaman la Gicarilla, distante de dho Pueblo de Thaos veinte leguas, cuyo sitio es mui comodo, así de tierras como de Aguas, pastos, y maderas, en el que en tiempos pasados estauan situados los Yndios nacion Gicarillos, que heran muchos y tenían casas, jacales, y otras chozas, de donde los Gentiles Cumanches los despojaron, y mataron a los mas de ellos, y los pocos que quedaron de dhos Gicarillas, se han abrigado y mantenido de paz ymmediatos a los Pueblos de Thaos, y Pecos, con sus familias, y dho sitio de la Gicarilla es la garganta para la contenzion de la mencionada numerosa nacion de Cumanches, y de los franceses, si yntentasen hacer alguna entrada a este dho Reyno. Ytten participo á V. Exca. el acaesimiento en el Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de la Prociuncula de Pecos, el día veinte y vno de enero proxime pasado, culo yntegro hecho consta de la Certifizazion adjunta del R. P. Fr. Lorenzo Antonio Estremera como testigo ocular de todo, a la que me remitio en cuja Vista, la Grandeza de V. Exca. se ha de servir aprovar lo ejecutado por mi en la mencionada faczion ó mandar lo que fuere del maior agrado de V. Exca.; que es lo que me parese sobretodo lo que lleuo expresado, representar á V. Exca. por combeniente, como es de mi obligazion, para que la soberania de V. Exca. determine con su gran Justifkazion lo que fuere servido, que sera como siempre lo mejor; Villa de Santa Fee de la Nueva Mexico y Marzo quatro de mil setecientos quarenta y ocho años. Don Joachin Codallos y Rabal.

Concuerda este traslado con la certificacion, carta y consulta, que Yo el sargento maior Don Joachin Codallos y Rabal Governador y Capitan General de este Reyno de la Nueva Mexico, he remitido al Superior Gobierno de esta Nueva España, y al verio sacar correjir y conseratar fueron testigos Sevastian de Apodaca, Lucas Miguel de Mola y Domingo Valdes, y para que conste lo firme en esta Villa de Santa Fee y Marzo seis de mil setecientos quarenta y ocho años actuando con los testigos de mi asistencia á falta de escriuano publico ó Real que no lo ay en este Reyno. Doy fee.

En testimo. de verdad, lo signé con mi firma acostumbrada.

Joachin Codallos y Rabal

L. Felipe Jacobo De Vnanue *Thomass* *Miguel de Alire*

(To. Felipe Jacobo De Vnanue)

(JOACHIN CODALLOS Y RABAL,
To. Miguel de Alire.)

force and killed more than thirty* of them, soldiers, Settlers and Indians, besides wounding several who reached this said Town. For which reason, and many others which I omit, that I may not weary Your Excellency's attention, I deem it very fitting and necessary that Your Excellency's Greatness order the establishment of a Garrison with the Endowment of fifty mounted soldiers, including Captain and sub-altern officers, at the point called the Jicarilla, distant from the said Pueblo of Taos twenty leagues. This location is very convenient, as to lands, water, pasturage and timber. Here were located, in times past, the Indians of the Jicarilla nation [a branch of the Apaches], who were numerous and had houses, palisade-huts and other shelters. Thence the Gentile Cumanches despoiled them, killing most of them; and the few that remained of said Jicarillas have sheltered and maintained themselves in peace near by the Pueblos of Taos and Pecos, with their families. Said site of the Jicarilla is the pass [or defile; literally "throat"] for shutting off the aforesaid populous nation of Cumanches—and the French, if they tried to make any entrance to this said Kingdom.

Furthermore, I notify Your Excellency of the happenings in the Pueblo of our Lady of the Porciuncula of Pecos, on the 21st of January last past. Which whole affair is established by the accompanying Deposition of the Rev. Father Fray Lorenzo Antonio Estremera, an eye-witness of it all, the which I forward. In view of which, Your Excellency will please approve the action taken by me in said engagement, or give such orders as shall be in Your Excellency's pleasure. This is how it has seemed to me; especially, as I have said, to represent to Your Ex-

*In fact 43; only 7 escaped. This disastrous affair was, of course, the expedition of Don Pedro de Villazur, then Lieutenant-Governor of New Mexico—whose mystery was first unraveled by Bandelier. Villazur himself perished in the massacre; and so did that strange character "Juan de Archibeque," a Frenchman who helped to murder the great La Balle, fled to New Mexico, became a good citizen, and at last met his fate thus.

cellency its expediency. This is my duty, that the sovereign will of Your Excellency may determine, with your great equity, as shall seem best to you, which will be, as always, the best way.

Town of Santa Fé, New Mexico, March 4, 1748.

DON JOAQUIN CODALLOS y RABAL.

This copy agrees with the original deposition, letter and opinion which I, the Colonel Don Joaquin Codallos y Rabal, Governor and Captain-General of this Kingdom of New Mexico, have forwarded to the Superior Government of this New Spain. The witnesses who saw it drawn, corrected and compared were Sebastian de Apodaca, Lucas Miguel de Moia, and Domingo Valdes; and that it be certain, I have signed it in this Town of Santa Fé, March 6, 1748; acting as actuary with the witnesses of my staff, for want of a notary-public or Royal notary—whereof there is not one in this Kingdom. I pledge my faith.

In witness of the truth I have signed it with my accustomed signature.

[Signed] JOAQUIN CODALLOS y RABAL.

Witness, FELIPE JACOBO UNANUE.

Witness, MIGUEL de ALIRE.



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The roof of the old church at San Fernando is replaced, and so solidly that it is believed to be proof against any repetition of the disaster. The directors of the Club took the responsibility of pushing the work, and have been so fortunate as to complete it before any rains came to play havoc with the exposed walls. Now the work is done and the piper is to pay. This undertaking leaves the Club about \$150 in debt, which should be raised at once, that other important work may be undertaken.

All memberships are now due—\$1 for the year 1898. If all old members will pay their dues promptly, the Club will be out of debt and well-sinewed to begin operations in a new quarter.

The March number of the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* will contain a lot of illustrations showing the magnitude and the thoroughness of the work done by the Club in the two years it has been alive. Meantime the directors hope that a public which has enabled the Club to do so much already—saving each year all the principal buildings of an important Mission—will generously provide the money to make as good a record for 1898—or better.

Previously acknowledged, \$3914.31.

New contributions—H. Jevne, Los Angeles, \$25; Dr. Morgan Willcox Ayres, Upper Montclair, N. J., \$23; Col. Harrison Gray Otis, Los Angeles, \$20; J. R. Newberry, Los Angeles, \$15; Geo. L. Fleitz, Detroit, Mich., \$5; Los Angeles National Bank, \$5; Southern California Savings Bank, \$5; Farmers and Merchants Bank, \$5; F. M. Coulter, \$5.

Through Mrs. J. G. Mossin:—Joseph Bayer, \$2.50, Mrs. Joseph Bayer, \$2.50, Miss Gertrude M. Grant, \$2, Miss Ruth Childs, \$2, all Los Angeles; \$1 each, Mrs. Flora Golsh, Colton, Cal.; Mrs. Andrew Glassell, Miss Virginia Glassell, Tropico, Cal.; Miss Cecilia Kays, Mrs. Juan Murrietta, Hon. Stephen M. White, Mrs. Stephen M. White, Master William White, Hortense Josephine White, Estelle Marie White, Gerald Griffin White, Mrs. Muchmore, L. A. Grant, Mrs. L. A. Grant, Anna C. Grant, Beeman Hendee, Marie Mullen, Genevieve Mullen, J. G. Mossin, Mrs. J. G. Mossin, all Los Angeles.

E. G. Hamersly, Henry Troth, Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. Schilling, Kansas City, Mo.; B. F. Gardner, Los Angeles.



The West is today the most American portion of America. It is human, and it can make mistakes even in finance. But it is younger, stronger, more generous, more independent and more hopeful; it cares more for America and less for other lands; it is more willing to learn and more given to think than any other quarter of the United States. If it has fewer people, they have more elbow-room apiece; if it has less years, it depends less on the traditions that come with age and more on thinking for itself. It is better educated than the East; for it has learned as many books and more horizon. And it means more for the nation; as in any family or any community the young and strong and fearless count for more with the future than the doddering greybeards do. Age is honorable—chiefly because it was once young.

A PROPHET
AND HIS
"HONOR."

That Christian warrior, Gen. Lew. Wallace, (who is willing heaven should receive credit for having inspired him to write *Ben Hur*) is not a haughty man, despite his associations. He does not care how many common people hear his mind in motion.

If the Associated Press has wires up Yonder—and it were impious and treasonable to dream that heaven would or earth could get along without the intellectual and moral aid of the American newspaper—the morning of Dec. 17 must have joyed the shades of Washington and his peers. They must have felt that they did not live in vain.

Gen. Wallace not only writes novels by Revelation. The mantle of Elijah has been promoted to his shoulders. "Mark my words!" cries the Hoosier Seer. "Japan needs a thrashing. We can thrash her. Therefore we shall thrash her." He would also like to steal Hawaii, and to expel from Congress one man, not yet daft, who reminded the world-eaters that we haven't powder enough to fire our salutes, much less to bombard all creation. Fancy Lincoln trying to rival such an American!

Gen. Wallace is older than he once was, though very likely no wiser; but he looks still able to thrash some crippled street beggar or superannuated apple-woman. Very likely there are small newsboys whom he could give what they "need" in the way of a beating. Let him set a good American example and "lick" somebody—first making sure, of course, that it is somebody he *can* "lick." Clearly, it would be as unpatriotic to try to thrash anyone that was a little too big for him, as to neglect thrashing anyone that was small enough or lame enough.

Gen. Lew. has kindled myriads of Chautauqua intellects; but he is more useful in some other quarters as evidence of the leisure and ingenuity the Almighty had to spare when He was making samples.

Half a century ago a few American missionaries knocked at the doors of Hawaii, bringing to these poor heathen the Gospel of Love. The Hawaiians have their faults, but they are generous and hospitable. They opened to the Heralds of the White Christ.

A PRETTY
PAGE OF
HISTORY.

The Christian payment of this heathen kindness is that in 50 years the Hawaiians have been robbed of their government, the sons of missionaries are fat with—er—acquired—lands and wealth and power; the islands reek with vile civilized disease; and the nation above all the world builded in the name of freedom is preparing to steal what little the poor entertainers have been able to keep. If only Wendell Phillips were alive! He was one man who could and would have found the right words for such a case.

So far as the Lion's limited vision will reach, the worst logic of our American pension list is that the Jingoers are not on it. Henry Cabot Lodge and Senator Morgan and Gen. Lew. Wallace and their sort are ruining their voices howling for wars they would let other people fight. Disability of the mouth is a serious thing for the sort of statesmen we raise now. No one could blow out their brains, for obvious reasons; but as they are willing to shed their talk for their country they ought to be reimbursed. Money talks. That's all *they* do. Pay them for their patriotism. And it wouldn't take much.

PENSION
THE
JINGOES.

Yes, indeed! Let us "succeed" Senator White. A party name is so much more important than brains and experience! We can afford the time it takes a man to learn the ropes and win standing. White has better filled his place than it was ever filled before—we all admit that. Therefore let us kick him out and trust an unproved man. It is so much more important to have a Republican Senator than a good Senator. It is more American. The Lion is a Republican; Senator White is a Democrat. That settles it. The American who would let an honorable record stand between him and the party name (in the mouth of the ward boss) isn't up to date.

POLITICS
AND
PATRIOTISM.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce—an organization of the 1000 leading business men in an educated and progressive American population of 103,000—opposes Hawaiian annexation for several sound business reasons and for the good American reason that this republic should not countenance the disfranchisement of 97,000 natives by 3000 foreigners. As the *Argonaut* justly says, it is refreshing to find Americans with some regard for their country's honor as well as for their own pockets.

SOUND
AMERICAN
SENSE.

The most imbecile argument ever advanced by any articulate creature is the refrain of some who know nothing about California except that it is inveigling their fellow-citizens—that a decent climate "must be monotonous."

FROST-
BITTEN
MINDS.

The only monotonous thing in this world is trouble. Taxes and slush and corns and pneumonia and what some people are pleased to term their intellects—these are monotonous. But no one ever got tired of a comfortable salary and yearned to starve for a change. Outside Bloomingdale, no one, even in the East, asks his friends to kick him now and then, to add piquancy to their usual harmonious intercourse. The Lion has not heard of any Eastern lover who desires his sweetheart to run away with Jones, that she may be dearer by contrast when she repents and comes back. We may be "unable to stand prosperity"—but all of us are willing to try.

Nay, friends and fellow-graduates from hostile weather, the only monotonous thing about California is the regularity and multitudinousness wherewith it convinces the Easterner who looks upon it that it is an

incomparably pleasanter place to live in than the place where he was born. And that isn't so monotonous to California as it is to the East; where the towns have grown 50% while Los Angeles, for instance, was growing 900%.

THE
CIVIL
SERVICE.

In poor, misgoverned England a politician would as soon dare cut his throat as attack the civil service. The Blasted Briton may be no great "hustler" for coin; he may be addicted to landgrabbing and other sins which arouse our virtuous indignation; but he is neither slow enough nor dishonest enough to think or pretend that there is one code of morals for public business and another for private business. The monarchy that rules him hasn't power to ram general corruption in the public service down his throat.

Is the ward boss any better than the queen, that he should be stronger? Is there an American business man alive who would allow anyone to run his store or his office on the spoils system? Is it much of an American who finds his pocket more important than patriotism—his store holier than his country?

One of the best things we have done in our history has been the up-building, within a dozen years, of a civil service—which means merely that we will be as honest in governing ourselves as in running our shops. It means that our public employes shall be men who know their business. One of the most dangerous symptoms in our experiment is that this law of good morals, good sense and good citizenship can be seriously menaced. It is attacked by all the scrubs, and by many who pass for respectable. The Lion has no notion that so stupendous a folly as theirs can ever again win in the United States; but the very fact of so extensive and important an attack is enough to show us that the republic is not yet where we can go to sleep and let it take care of itself.

FOOD
FOR
THOUGHT.

Decent people may not know everything, but they know what is decent. No amount of newspapers can muddle the fact that the Cuban leaders are murdering envoys and bragging about it. A flag of truce was never disregarded in civilized warfare. It was never done by Spaniards in their 350 years of American conquest. It was almost never done by Indians. People who kill a messenger of peace are below any savages known. Nor will decent Americans forget another thing. The Cuban "government" hides in New York; the Cuban generals are not Cubans but hired foreigners—hired by the Junta. These skulkers and these Hessians do not intend that the people of Cuba, nor even the small part of them who are fighting for Cuba, shall have any choice. They might choose something that would leave the Hessian generals and the cowardly Junta out of a job. And we are coolly asked to believe that this despotism of imported half-breed desperados, runaway politicians and unscrupulous speculators is making a fight for Cuban liberty! Spanish government has not been blameless in the island; but it is heaven itself compared to the fate of the common people of Cuba if they fell into the power of their present dictators. The assassination of the envoys will recall thousands of Americans to common-sense about Cuba.

About as comfortable a half hour as a bedeviled American can put in, once in a while, these demagogue days, is to pick up and read again poor Bunner's "The Zadoc Pine Labor Union."

Now what has Prof. H. T. Peck done? The *Critic* remarks that his nimble tracks are again visible across the pages of the *Bookman*, and urges him to call that peppery monthly the *Jester*—"because it certainly is not a literary journal." If the *Critic* and the *Bookman* are going to begin shooting-up one another's heels, no one ought to be weary this winter, even in New York.



The best thing about the average new book of the day is that the reviewer can swap it at a second-hand stall for a dog-eared volume printed when people did not write unless they had to—and when they wrote something we cannot finish with one reading. Who (except its author) has read an 1897 book twice?

Yone Noguchi, the little Japanese dreamer, who did not need to be long in California before he found an inspiration, has issued another slender volume of his remarkable verse. This time Charles Warren Stoddard contributes an introduction of praise as tropical as his own South Seas, and the great Keith furnishes a strikingly Keith-like illustration. *The Voice of the Valley* is a remarkable Oriental exaltation *re* the Yo Semite. The verse shows in form and feeling a deep saturation of Whitman; but it is not safe to conclude hastily that it is a mere imitation. In these unmarshaled stanzas there is enough Yone Noguchi to make the performance of this young Oriental in the least Oriental of tongues really surprising and of no ordinary promise. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. 75 cents. Parker, Los Angeles.

One wishes there were more writing of such stories as the seven which fill Octave Thanet's *A Book of True Lovers* so full at once of humanity and literary skill. From this author we always expect vital work; and we always get it. These are truly love-stories, and not of the ordinary run, either—but many-sided and deep with unharried tenderness and quiet strength and gentle humor. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.25.

Twenty-one stories and sketches of Acadian life and love in Louisiana, by the author of *Bayou Folk*, part the plump covers of Kate Chopin's *A Night in Acadie* most refreshingly. Here are good human stories, full of delicate feeling and vital if simple interest, in an atmosphere evidently true. A few of the numbers are slight, even for sketches, but all are graceful; and the longer stories are of those that come to the heart. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.25.

A good story, well planned and generally well told, is Kate M. Cleary's *Like a Gallant Lady*. If stories upon the West never fell below this standard we should be very well off; for Mrs. Cleary is one of those who know what they are talking about. The maddening sordidness of average life as it is lived on the Nebraska prairies—the typical Plains conditions where the very illimitableness of the horizon seems to narrow humanity unspeakably—is depicted vividly, and frames, in Mrs. Cleary's canvas, the two types so characteristic of that environment; the general average, whom the plains

break down, the superior few like "Jardine" and "Ivera" who will not be broken—but migrate. "Mrs. McLelland" is badly overdrawn—too funny to be artistic—and there are traces of like over-color elsewhere. But the story is a good story, and a welcome one; and there is the right ring in Mrs. Cleary's attitude toward Nebraska—

"From a woman whom the West
Harbored bride, and slave and guest,
Has been kind to—has been cruel—
And has given worst—and best!"

Way & Williams. Chicago. \$1.25.

A GIRL'S

POINT

OF VIEW.

A good deal of modern feminine common-sense is embalmed in Lillian Bell's *From a Girl's Point of View*, in amber of rather unusual clarity. If the author does not take herself and her texts too seriously, neither is she flippant. A light style perhaps best carries her intuitive and somewhat experienced verdicts on raw male persons under 35, "Woman's Rights in Love," "Men as Lovers" (a poor apology for what they might be, as she shows), tiresome men of many sorts, and "the New Woman." It is easy and not unprofitable reading. Harper & Bros., N. Y. \$1.25.

GOOD

VERSE

ABUSED.

On the Heights, by Lucien Harwood Foote, is a book of verse California need not be ashamed of. It is much above the present average Eastern output, in expression and insight, and has many bits of local color particularly interesting to Californians. The book is exquisitely printed and execrably proofread by the Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y., an establishment most noted for the quality of its paper. The typographical blunders in it are almost incredible in number and excuselessness; and Gen. Foote's verse really deserved better things. For sale by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$2.

NAPOLEON'S

LAST

LEGS.

Six hundred pages now, and in this country, make a rather formidable-looking novel; and many who pick up Chas. Benham's *The Fourth Napoleon* will find it too long. It is the missing heir come to his own—or to what isn't his own, by Republican ideas—even more easily than the Third and Little did. The Fourth is reminiscent of the Third, but many degrees degenerate. Indeed, it is hard to remember a character so unsparingly carried out to the last development of cowardice, indecision and currihness. The story gathers some force as it goes; and in its climax is sometimes strong. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

LIGHT

BUT

GOOD.

Clyde Fitch, from whom we have heard pleasantly before, renews his claim upon us with a new volume no less fetching. *The Smart Set* is a daintily-dressed collection of "correspondence and conversations" between those at whom its title points. The selfishness and shallowness of that self-fooled little world find judicious exploitation—but withal it is not forgotten that there is humanity even there; and Mr. Fitch handles the touch of nature as well as he does the finger of quiet ridicule. H. S. Stone & Co. Chicago. \$1.

STRAY

LEAVES.

An unregenerate person, who has been reading some of Geo. W. Cable's own brilliancies as a reviewer, remarks that "Mr. Cable cannot hope to escape being called—by those who insist on comparisons—the E. P. Roe of Louisiana."

The Right Side of the Car is a beautifully dressed book of 59 pages by John Uri Lloyd; with several illustrations, and a nobly exaggerated Mt. Tacoma for frontispiece. The content is a delicate, emotional sketch which would be sure to please the Cincinnati Woman's Club, where it was cradled. Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston, \$1.00.



Women's Clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico are invited to correspond with the editor of this department, Mrs. WILLIS LORE MOORE, 1416 Laguna St., Santa Barbara, Cal.

California has not yet formed a State federation of women's clubs, perhaps because in so large a State the undertaking seems a difficult one. The Parliament of Southern California and the Congress in the northern part of the State serves somewhat the purpose of federation, although the touch established is not so close nor the organization so complete as in State federation.

A number of clubs have individual membership in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and through them no doubt the State federation idea will gain a foothold. Already plans have been discussed for forming two California federations, one in the north, one in the south, with a general meeting once a year.

Organized in 1891, The Friday Morning Club, of Los Angeles, has now a membership of over three hundred, comprising many of the most cultured and talented women in the city. A DEAN
AMONG
WOMAN'S CLUBS.

In addition to the presentation of a wide range of subjects, through papers by its members, the Friday Morning Club enriches its programmes with talks or lectures by noted visitors. Thus Jane Addams has addressed the club upon her life work, social settlements; Susan B. Anthony has talked upon her favorite theme; Bob Burdette has lent his wit and humor—and so on. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, the mother of the club and its president *emeritus*, is still a valuable counselor and guide, and her able papers have graced the programmes from year to year. The present president, Mrs. Joseph Sartori, is a young woman of social tact and business ability. Under her chairmanship a stock company has been formed for the erection of a club home. The building, which is to be located near the center of the city, will cost, with the site, about \$20,000. It is hoped to make it a general home for women's organizations.

Although essentially conservative, and not, as a club, openly espousing any especial causes, the members of the Friday Morning Club are always found among the leaders in all altruistic and progressive movements. Incorporated, belonging to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and unlimited in membership, the Friday Morning Club, living up to its motto, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity," is an organization of which any city might feel proud.

One of the most remarkable clubs in the West is the Santa Fé's Woman's Board of Trade of Santa Fé, N. M. In 1892 the Santa Fé County World's Fair Committee had constructed, as an exhibit for the Woman's Building, a \$3,000 filigree silver table enriched with precious stones, gold, copper and other mineral products of that country; to be sold and the proceeds devoted to founding a public library. After the Columbian Exposition the association was continued, SANTA FE'S
UNIQUE
CLUB.

and has developed into one of the great social and municipal forces or Santa Fé.

Mrs. Cora L. Bartlett, "Lady Commissioner for New Mexico" at the Columbian Exposition, was the first president as well as chief founder of this club. She is a woman of rare ability and enthusiasm, and has rendered important services not only to Santa Fé but to the whole Territory.

Mrs. Ida Bacon Rivenburg, the present president, is also well known for her attainments. To the untiring energy and ability of these two women the phenomenal achievements of the Woman's Board of Trade are largely due.

With but thirty active members, working in a city where the Mexican element largely predominates, this organization has founded a public library, remodeled and beautified the plaza (expending some \$2,600 on the work), donated a library to the Territorial Institute for Deaf Mutes, besides caring for the poor and instituting numerous municipal reforms. The humanitarian department has done a noble work in decreasing cruelty to dumb brutes. Authorized to purchase all hopelessly disabled animals, this committee has had some curious experiences. Not long since, Mrs. Prince, the chairman, purchased from a peon at a fair price an overburdened and sadly crippled beast. Early next morning the street before her home was filled with men leading burros in various stages of decrepitude—all for sale.

In order to maintain its many altruistic works the Woman's Board of Trade has, in addition to the usual bazaars and exhibitions, instituted a series of excursions to more or less remote Indian pueblos to witness the native dances; it maintains a "floating exchange," by means of which, without the expense of definite headquarters, women's work is interchanged; it has upon occasion formed itself into a catering corps, notably when the Territorial Legislature banqueted the Legislature of Colorado, at which time this club of thirty women provided sumptuously for over 800 guests.

This progressive organization early in its life joined the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Membership is unlimited. The departments represented are: finance, library, visiting and relief, intelligence, improvement, industrial, house and repair, woman's exchange, prevention of cruelty to animals, and reception.

THE
WOMAN'S
PARLIAMENT.

The Woman's Parliament of Southern California, organized in 1892, has exercised a wide influence upon the intellectual life of women in the southern counties. Mrs. Elmira J. Stephens, of Los Angeles, the first president, now president *emeritus*, is known all over the State for extraordinary executive ability and as the most indefatigable worker for charitable objects. She was succeeded in office by Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin, a woman of wide experience along educational lines.

Meeting semi-annually, at different points in Southern California, the Parliament has brought to light much hidden talent, and has served as an inspiration to the formation of local clubs. Subjects covering the entire field of woman's activity, from domestic economy and sanitation to the highest literary work, have been presented and discussed. Secretaries are appointed in each of the seven southern counties to assist in securing programmes and in promoting interest in the Parliament. An association of individuals meeting for the free discussion of all questions, the Parliament has always kept itself non-sectarian and non-political.

Dr. Belle Reynolds, elected to the presidency at the last session, has strong character and high attainments. She it was who, during the late war, defended the transports laden with wounded soldiers, receiving for her bravery the title of Major.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



L. A. Eng. Co.

A WINTER CORNER AT SANTA ANA.

Photo. by Mueller
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IN THE SUTRO BATHS, SAN FRANCISCO.

G. M. Davis Eng. Co.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. **LICK OBSERVATORY, MT. HAMILTON.**
Near San José.

Photo. by Taber.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. **PARK OF THE VENDOME HOTEL.**
San José.

Photo. by Taber



Photo by H.H. Peadar, 1901.

THE AMERICAN CLUB, PASADENA TOURNAMENT ON ROSES.

A TOURNAMENT OF ROSES.

On the first of January a procession of flowers moved slowly along into the heart of Pasadena; passing over streets which had been cut through the orange groves and vineyards of the original settlers of twenty years before. In the procession was a huge float filled with little children, who seemed like cupids floating on a sea of flowers. In the center of the float were piled flowers of all kinds, which rose in a tower, from which the white and pink tipped petals of roses and orange blossoms fell—the snowflakes of this New Year's day. The procession was beautiful and interesting from almost every standpoint; but this float caught my fancy from the fact that playing about the flowers, and following the children undisturbed by the cheering crowds, were two



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Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

humming birds, which flew from flower to flower as though it was a part of the entertainment, as it certainly was. And as the sun glistened and flashed from their bronze breasts it told the complete story of Southern California on New Year's day.

The Tournament of Roses originated in the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena. The first suggestion was published some ten years ago in one of the Los Angeles papers calling for a celebration in honor of the ripening of the orange, and the result was the Tournament of Roses, which, while under the auspices of this club, attracted the attention of the entire country. From these tournaments in which the old Spanish games were revived, the various towns and cities of California obtained the suggestions which resulted in "Floral days" all over the State. New Year's is the worst possible time for a Tournament of Roses, but for ten or more years Pasadena has made an exhibition that has delighted the

strangers within her gates and given a vast amount of pleasure to those who live here. This year the day was particularly unpropitious. A heavy frost had robbed the rose bushes of their finest blossoms, and even in the Land of Roses these beautiful flowers were at a premium. In spite of this, Pasadena made a gallant display, and the strangers who gazed at the passing show, probably never before saw so many flowers in the open air on New Year's day.

The day opened with blue skies, a soft tropical wind, the air filled with the song of birds; and no one would have suspected that it was January first. The line of march was up Colorado street to Orange Grove avenue, and when the white-cloaked rider, who acted as an advance guard, moved on, he was followed by a throng of riders, carriages, floats, decorated with a wealth of flowers and verdure, that aroused the enthusiasm of the lookers on. It is needless to describe each individual display — the office of the newspapers — but the picture as a noble whole



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THE MAY POLE.

Photo. by Parks.

was unique and beautiful, telling a wonderful story of the climate and possibilities of life in California in midwinter. There were floats filled with laughing, bare-headed children, surrounded by the strange blossoms of the eucalyptus; even the outriders being in green to carry out the color schemes. Another float was a medley of roses. There a carriage was smothered in calla lilies; another had for its decoration the red holly-like berries of the pepper tree, whose rich lace-like leaves added grace and beauty to the picture. A private carriage was decorated with red lily-like Poinsettias, against a background of green. Still another was covered with the rich lavender tints of the heliotrope. There were four-in-hands loaded with beautiful women, who seemed to be sitting on a mass of bloom; tandems whose harness was covered with smilax and carnations; and traps which fairly blazed with color. Then came the bicycles singly, in pairs and platoons; all decorated with flowers. Many carried little girls, themselves covered with flowers and wearing garlands upon their heads — a bright and beautiful picture of summer on



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Photo. by Parks.

THE THROOP POLYTECHNIC AND STREET PARADE.

wheels, scattering blossoms along the streets and byways on a winter day. The floral features of the procession did not comprise all the attractions. There was a gallant showing of mounted troops from Los Angeles, and columns and files of various clubs and organizations who went through marvelous maneuvers as they went along. There were columns of black-plumed knights, a political club of renown in white-and-yellow, a working man's organization, telling of the liberty of man and the dignity of labor. Perhaps the feature which aroused the most enthusiasm, was a coach loaded with the pioneers of Pasadena—the men who laid the foundation for one of the most remarkable towns in any State—a community that has given health and happiness to thousands of Eastern people.

It would be impossible in the limits of this paper to describe this pageant—nor is it necessary. It was a picture of flowers, framed in a setting of orange groves, to be considered as a unit, and as such it was a novel sight to the hundreds of strangers who filled the semi-tropic city. People in the East are familiar with the features of the average carnival; but a day given up to flowers, a rose day, when these beautiful emblems of the California winter are showered about in profusion, is something which is long remembered, and which is well worth coming to California to see.





PLEASURE RESORTS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY.



Drawn by J. B. McArthur.

IN THE ARROYO SECO.

ONE of the chief attractions of this section to visitors lies in the number of picturesque and interesting resorts within a day's drive of Los Angeles city. There is an infinite variety between the pine-clad Sierra Madre range, sometimes snow-capped in winter, and the ocean, where a dip may often be indulged in with comfort at midwinter. Good roads lead in all directions from the city, and easy trails have been built into the nearer mountain ranges.

A favorite way of making a trip from Los Angeles to one of these resorts is for a party to charter a tally-ho coach, many of which are kept for the accommodation of visitors in Los Angeles. Bicycle riders are independent of other means of locomotion. One of the favorite bicycle trips from Los Angeles is to Santa Monica, over which course there is an annual race, in which many

bicyclists compete. Preparations are now being made to construct a bicycle track from Pasadena to Los Angeles. Good pedestrians often make up a party, and start out early in the morning, returning at dusk, with active appetites and a glow of health which more



A CACTUS HEDGE.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

REDONDO BEACH AND HOTEL.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.



AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

AT SANTA MONICA.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

than compensates them for the slight fatigue they may have undergone. For those who prefer an easier mode of locomotion, there are railroads, steam and electric, leading in almost every direction from Los Angeles to the most noteworthy points of interest.

Residents of Los Angeles county are particularly fortunate in being located within easy distance of the ocean. In addition it has this great advantage, that the beauties of the beach may be enjoyed to perfection every month of the year. Even at midwinter, when the beaches on the Atlantic coast are deserted, numerous visitors may be seen at the Los Angeles county resorts on a Sunday or holiday, enjoying a dip in the surf, or gathering ocean treasures.

Not only is the winter climate beyond all comparison with that of the Eastern coast at the same time of year, but the summer is also far more pleasant. The steady breeze which blows from the ocean tempers the



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Photo. by Maude.

THE VALLEY, ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE AND THE OBSERVATORY
FROM THE MT. LOWE RY.

heat that may be felt inland, making the climate equable and as nearly perfect as possible.

The leading seaside resorts of Los Angeles are Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos Beach, San Pedro, Terminal Island, and Santa Catalina Island. Santa Monica, which is reached in less than an hour by two lines of steam railroad and an electric road, is the best known and most popular seaside resort of the county. It is a well improved, progressive little town, with beautiful homes, fine beach and many attractions for summer visitors.

The most attractive route for a drive to Santa Monica is along the foothills of the Cahuenga valley, a frostless section of land, between Los Angeles and the ocean, where lemons, winter vegetables and other

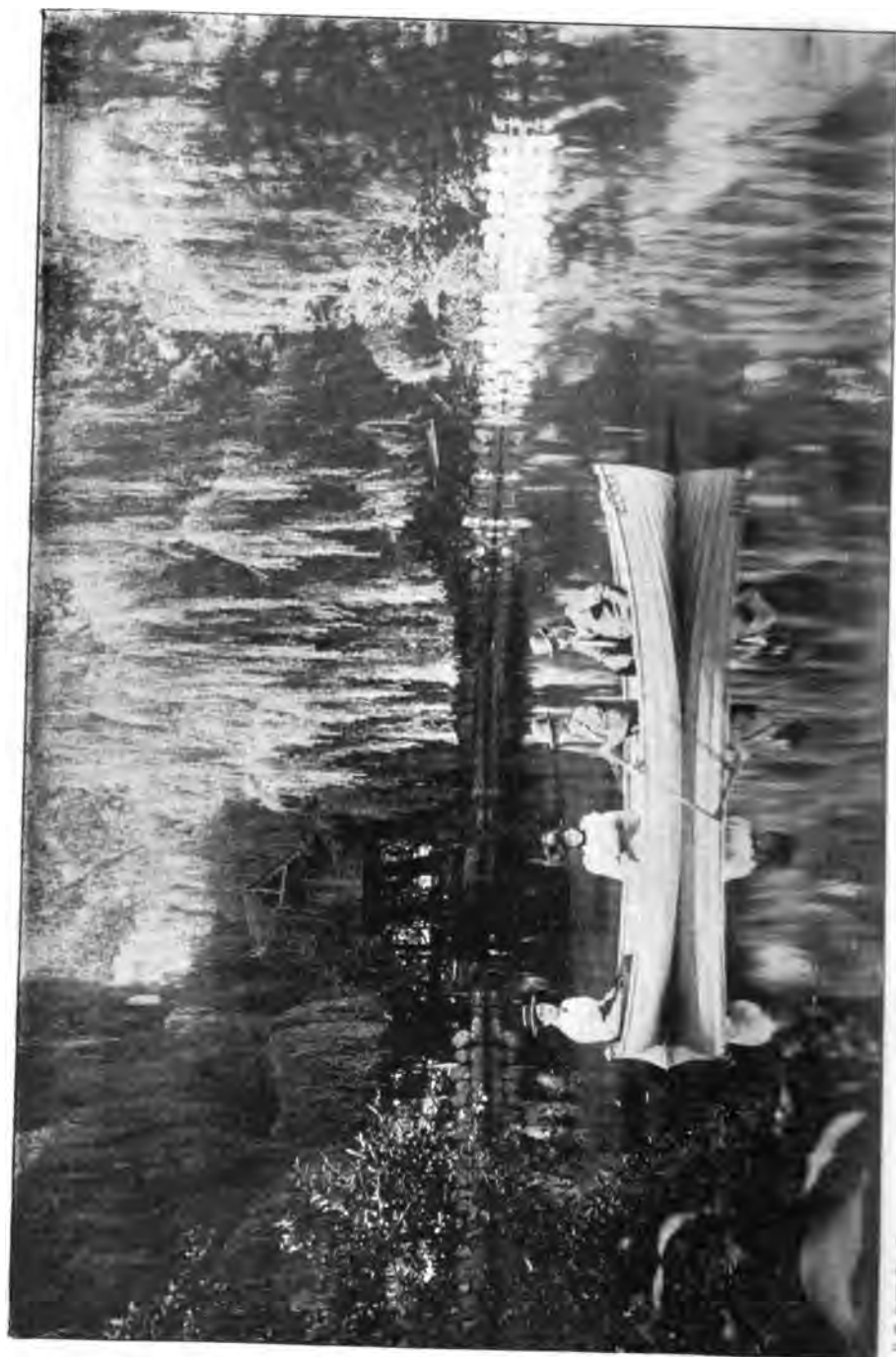


Photo by Hill, Portland

ON HALLOWIN'S RACE



LOOKING LANDWARD AT TERMINAL ISLAND.



LOOKING SEAWARD, TERMINAL ISLAND.



BOATING AT TERMINAL ISLAND.

tender crops are raised. Running up into the hills are several picturesque cañons, the best known of which are Laurel cañon, Sepulveda cañon and Coldwater cañon. Three miles this side of Santa Monica is the branch Soldiers' Home, with a thousand inmates.

Redondo has a large hotel ; a wharf, from which fine fishing is to be had ; a swimming bath, pebble beach, and a nursery, where there are five acres of carnations.

San Pedro is more of a shipping port than a seaside resort. The view from the high bluff is most picturesque. Point Fermin lighthouse is about three miles from town. Across the bay from San Pedro is Terminal Island, a narrow spit of land, which, during the past season, has become very popular with Los Angeles people, many of whom have



C. M. Davis Eng. Co

SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

built neat cottages. This place has the advantage of the ocean on one side and the still water of the bay on the other.

Long Beach, a few miles east of San Pedro, is a quiet family resort, with one of the finest stretches of hard, level beach on the coast, and a pleasure wharf 1600 feet in length. Alamitos Beach, adjoining Long Beach, has a high, breezy location on a bluff.

Santa Catalina is a picturesque, mountainous island, about 30 miles in length and twenty miles from the mainland. The water here is remarkably calm and clear, so that marine growths may be seen at a depth of fifty feet or more. There is fine still-water bathing, fish in immense quantity, stage riding, goat hunting, and other attractions. A comfortable hotel furnishes accommodations to visitors, and a good band plays during the summer season. The island is conducted as an "up-to-date"

winter, as well as summer resort, a steamship making daily trips from San Pedro.

One of the favorite inland resorts for visitors in this section is Santa Anita, the ranch of E. J. Baldwin, in San Gabriel Valley, sixteen miles from the city, where there is a lake surrounded by beautiful grounds, a large winery, and stables containing some noted race horses. The trip to Baldwin's is usually made by way of Alhambra, and Sierra Madre Villa, a beautiful suburb of Pasadena, returning by way of the old Mission of San Gabriel, still in a good state of preservation.

A shorter trip from Los Angeles is that up the picturesque Arroyo Seco to Pasadena, and on to Altadena, at the foot of Mount Lowe, where are slopes covered in spring with the yellow poppy, the State flower, to which the unromantic name of *eschscholtzia* has been given.

Yet another trip which may be made in half a day from Los Angeles,



C. M. Davis Eng Co

ABOVE THE CLOUDS, WILSON'S PEAK.

Photo by Maude.

is by way of Glendale, a pretty suburban town about six miles north of Los Angeles, through the Verdugo hills and Eagle Rock Valley, a picturesque glen entirely shut in by low mountains, to Crescenta Cañada, a sloping mesa at the foot of the Sierra Madre, where are some beautiful homes. The return is usually made by way of Devil's Gate and Pasadena.

All things considered there are few localities which offer such attractions to the mountain climber as does this. Making headquarters in the city, a dozen or more interesting mountain trips can be made with facility, each of them taking an entirely new section of country, with different scenery and surroundings, and none of them occupying necessarily more than three days, while several of the most attractive can be made within twenty-four hours.

Another great advantage which the mountain climber has in Los Angeles county is the favorable nature of the climate, which enables



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

him to dispense altogether with any anxiety in regard to the weather. During the summer months he knows that the weather will be uniformly fine, and it is at that time of year that the climate on the mountain ranges is at its best, the hot air from the valleys being tempered by a steady breeze during the day.



SIERRA MADRE VILLA.
Surrounded by orange groves and mountains.

The Sierra Madre, or Mother Mountain, the foothills of which are about ten miles from Los Angeles city, is a most picturesque and interesting range, which no tourist should fail to explore.

The two most popular peaks in the Sierra Madre range are Mount Wilson and Mount Lowe. The former is reached by a comfortable trail, either on foot or on horseback. Near the summit is a picturesque camp where good accommodations are furnished to visitors. The crest of the mountain is a park-like tract, shaded by giant junipers and pines, from which the visitor looks across a tremendous gorge into the heart of the range.

Mount Lowe is reached by railroad and a combination of cable and electric cars, the latter forming an interesting and ingenious system of mountain railway, which extends to Alpine Tavern, at a height of



Wausard-Collier Eng Co.

MARENGO AVENUE, PASADENA.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

about 5000 feet. Here is a home-like mountain hotel, constructed of logs. Half way up is Echo Mountain House, a modern hotel in every respect, and an observatory. A wonderful view of the San Gabriel Valley, with Los Angeles and the ocean in the distance, is obtained. Some Los Angeles business men remain for several weeks in summer on the mountain, coming to town every morning.

These are but a few of the outings within easy reach of the city, but typical of the rest. Even in the city parks there are picturesque drives and rambles in great variety; and in every direction outside, a ride of any sort is delightful and interesting.

During the spring and summer months many people find much enjoyment in making up a party with a comfortable covered wagon and camping out, driving from place to place as fancy dictates, sleeping either in the wagon or in the open air, under the stars.



Mauscard-Collier Eng. Co.

LEONTINE FALLS—RUBIO CANYON.

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THE HOTEL OF THE FOREST.

FOUR hours' ride southward from the hurley-burley of San Francisco brings one to a spot so entirely different that the transition almost partakes of enchantment. In fact it is wholly unlike any other point of interest in California. Even the tourist who winters in Southern California and travels northward in the spring will find no sameness at El Monte.

In Southern California it is June the year round; at El Monte it is spring all winter. In the South it is the abundant sunshine which appeals to one. Even the palms, with wide extended fingers, seem to stretch their arms in wanton enjoyment of ever clear skies. At El Monte the key is more subdued. Above the broad spreading oaks and the towering pines there is sunshine, but beneath them there is shadow



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

A GLIMPSE OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

Photo. by Taber.

made richer by the patches of warm, yellow light which filters through. In the South the odor of orange blossoms and heliotrope is carried by breezes that are tempered by the warm Japanese ocean current. But here is the scent of pine needles, while the adjacent snow-covered mountains lend a keenness to the air which is at once pleasant and invigorating. At the Arcadia or Coronado old ocean pounds rhythmically under one's very window, while at the Hotel del Monte the ocean's murmur comes softly from Monterey's historic bay — indeed the very atmosphere of repose and quiet pervades the place.

Although drives and walks extend everywhere, fortunately no change has been allowed in the natural features of the park, for no human skill could duplicate Nature's imposing majesty, which here must ever relegate to the background the inviting verandas, the music, the art, the glittering halls and the interesting system of the great hotel.

As one enters this lawn-carpeted forest, he is amazed and awed. Instinctively Bryant's famous lines, "The groves were God's first temples," come to mind, and despite the charms of the famous hostelry beyond, he is inclined to linger reverently among the stately pines or beneath the ivy-grown and moss-festooned oaks.



Photo by Taber.

AT EL MONTIC.

Mammoth & Co. Eng. Co.

THE GARDEN OF LOS ANGELES.

MANY people in search of homesites already improved with bearing fruit trees, have wondered why Vernon had not been absorbed as a suburban residence section earlier in the history of Los Angeles.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. J. S. MACKENZIE'S RANCH RESIDENCE. Garden City Photo Co.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

RESIDENCE OF J. GIBBS.

Photo. by Maude.



O. M. Davis Eng. Co.

RESIDENCE OF S. D. PALLETT.*

Photo. by Manda.

When Los Angeles was still very young the Vernon district was practically the garden of Los Angeles, supplying the demand for small fruits, vegetables, oranges and other fruits at prices which made the pioneer growers wealthy. Later on these older settlers became so at-



O. M. Davis Eng. Co.

W. E. CHAMBERS'S RANCH HOUSE.*

Photo by Manda

* Photographed Jan. 10th, 1898.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

tached to their orchards and beautiful homes as to positively decline to divide these orchards and gardens into town lots. This forced the city's progress to less desirable sections and kept the beautiful Vernon garden from being "cut up." So the trees became year after year more productive, yielding their owners good incomes. The homes, amid the orchards and gardens of small fruits, shrubs and flowers, in tropical profusion, are a delight to all. The streets are lined with stately shade trees, which, together with the orchards, make one vast garden, miles in extent. But in the face of all this there came, a few years ago, so pronounced a demand for homes in this favored section as to break down all disinclination and to open the way for smaller homesites. These



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Photo. by Trealar.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

J. V. AKKEY HALL.

Photo. by Trealar.

smaller holdings retain all the trees, small fruits, etc., making lovely places upon which hundreds of excellent homes have been and are being built.

Naturally business houses followed the building of homes, until a lively business center at the intersection of Central and Vernon avenue



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

JAS. C. LEWIS, GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
And P. O. Sub-Station 7.



MOORE & DRAPER,
Corner Compton and Vernon Avenues.

Photo. by Manda

supplies the local demand. On annexation to the city, important improvements, such as grading Central avenue its entire length to the Santa Fé station of the Redondo and Santa Monica branches at the south line of the city, were carried to completion, cement curbing and sidewalks; electric lights and rapid electric car service followed. Water from private wells or the city mains provides an abundant supply for all needs. The entire section is under the city zanja, with ample supply for irrigation purposes. The soil is the richest of sandy loam, and slopes gently to the south and west, just enough to delight the user of zanja water. This natural drainage and the porous nature of the soil prevents muddy streets and standing water, leaving the roads in perfect condition after the hardest rains. As to the productiveness of the soil, a visit to the orchards of the Messrs. Gibbs, Pallett, Chambers, Mackenzie and others will convince at sight.

The people are of the right class, intelligent, cultured and progressive, hence school, church and social facilities are of high order. "Like begets like," so it is but natural that the same class of people constantly seek homes in this locality so favored by nature and improvements. Ere long Vernon will outgrow the older but less favored suburbs of the Angel City.



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AND THE SOUTHWEST**

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It Covers the Earth.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE has a larger certified circulation than any Pacific coast monthly. With the exception of one daily, it has the largest certified circulation of any Southern California publication. The majority of its circulation is in and adjacent to Los Angeles.

Yet it has more readers among the cream of the people throughout Arizona and New Mexico than have all California publications combined, and reaches regularly the free reading-room tables of 500 Eastern public libraries, none of which have less than a thousand readers. It is in all California libraries, news stands, hotels, and overland and local trains. It is in twenty-five London libraries, and has readers in Italy, Germany, Russia, France, Australia and Japan, and other foreign countries. Add to this the fact that it is sent broadcast by local readers, and it is patent that it covers more of the earth (for the size of its editions) than any known publication.

After looking it over, the business man does not consign it to the wastebasket, but takes it home. At the home it is not used within twenty-four hours to start fires, but for weeks occupies a conspicuous place on the sitting-room table. It lasts long enough to be seen from cover to cover, again and again, by each member of the household, by their visitors, and by their Eastern friends, to whom they take pride in eventually sending it. It therefore effectively reaches two fields, while it charges the advertiser but for one.

A Consumption Cure Scientifically Tested.

In the January columns of this magazine reference was made to a new discovery for the cure of consumption which was attracting wide attention among scientific and medical men.

Among the cases under treatment the sputa of the following one was submitted, both before and after treatment, to the famous expert and analytical chemist, W. N. Sherman, M. D. Concerning the first submitted, his report was as follows:

W. WHITTINGTON, M. D.
Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter and remittance. Specimen of sputa in same mail. I have made an examination of same, and find in it the Tubercle Bacilli in abundance. You need have no hesitancy under the circumstances, of making a Positive Diagnosis.

Yours fraternally,
W. N. SHERMAN, M. D.

Just three months later, the father of this afflicted young man, believing his son was well, from the improvement, etc., by the direction of Dr. Whittington, forwarded to Dr. Sherman sputa for examination, as per the following communication:

REEDLEY, Fresno Co., Cal.

DR. WHITTINGTON,
Dear Sir:—We sent sputa to Dr. Sherman and received answer last evening. It's immense! Jim has one bottle left yet, don't send any more until you hear from us. Of course you may guess how we all feel. I have written Sherman an answer and given him a statement of his former analysis, and asked him to take another look at both. Send me an exact copy of first examination. I enclose the last examination.

Yours truly,
J. FAIRWEATHER.

The following is the expert's report concerning the second examination:

J. W. FAIRWEATHER.
Reedley, Cal.
Dear Sir:—I have made a careful microscopical analysis of the specimen of sputa sent me, and am unable to find any Tubercle Bacilli in it. If there is any good reason to suspect tuberculosis, it might be well to have another analysis of the sputa in a month or two.

Yours very truly,
W. N. SHERMAN, M. D. F. R. M.
Microscopical Expert.

Afflicted persons who are interested in the foregoing and desire to further investigate the matter can do so either by letter or a personal visit to Dr. W. Whittington, of the Belfils Medical Co., Rooms 2, 3, 4, 5; 517 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago.



L. A. Eng '00

Photo by C. F. L.

"CALIFORNIA WINTER'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 8, No. 4.

LOS ANGELES

MARCH, 1898.

THE PRINCE OF IMPOSTORS.

BY WILL M. TIPTON.

[CONCLUDED.]



IN May, 1893, a few months after filing his petition, Reavis caused to be taken at Los Angeles and San Francisco the depositions of witnesses who proved every fact material to the question of his wife's identity. Upon the conclusion of the taking of depositions at San Francisco, so strong was the case that Reavis's principal counsel, a lawyer of national reputation, said that it was already made, and that it could not be more nearly perfect. As evidence of his confidence in its impregnable character he returned to the East without going to Los Angeles, and the testimony in the latter city was taken by Reavis himself. He produced the party who attended Mrs. Masó at the birth of the twins; he brought forward the man who had prepared the grave and helped to bury the mother and her boy baby; he found Andres Sandoval, at whose restaurant the survivors of the party had taken their meals in San Francisco; he had other witnesses who had met and known them there, who knew when the grandmother had taken the girl baby and had gone away to Sherwood Valley with John A. Treadway. Every detail of the residence of Masó and his father-in-law in San Francisco was proved by persons who had been their intimates while there. Their sailing for Spain, the departure of Treadway for Sherwood Valley, the death of Masó's mother, that of the nurse, the life of the little girl in the families of Sherwood and Snowball, and her subsequent movements from place to place up to the time she became the common-law wife of Reavis, all was proved by the sworn testimony of witnesses. Every important fact in her career, from the moment of her birth for a period of over twenty years, was established by the statements of persons who were submitted to the crucial test of cross-examination at the hands of a most able lawyer. The situation was astounding. It appeared to a layman that the United States must of necessity confess judgment in



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MATT. G. REYNOLDS.

U. S. Attorney for the Court of Private Land Claims,
who prosecuted Reavis.

favor of Reavis for a property covering the best part of Arizona and a goodly portion of New Mexico. For Reavis had made his own calculations, and in reducing the Spanish measurements, mentioned in the grant, to English acres, estimated the area at 12,467,456. It was of rectangular form, more than 236 miles from east to west, and nearly 79 miles from north to south. Its western boundary was miles west of Phoenix, Arizona, and the eastern boundary reached to the suburbs of Silver City, New Mexico. It was an empire in itself. More than 19,000 square miles! More than twice the area of New Hampshire! Nearly thrice that of Massachusetts, and almost five times as great as that of Connecticut!

In the face of such a showing, fortunate indeed were the citizens of Arizona, and fortunate was the United States in having its interests in the hands of Mr. Matt. G. Reynolds, the United States attorney for the Court of Private Land Claims. Mr. Reynolds is a graduate of Annapolis; he served in the navy for a number of years after his graduation, and then resigned to study law. Neither as a naval officer nor as a lawyer had he learned to be easily frightened. He set to work with a will to prepare the government's side of the case for trial. No clue was allowed to escape investigation. His assistants were sent to



Thos. C. Fuller, N C

Joseph R. Reed, Iowa,

Wm. W. Murray, Tenn

Wilbur F. Stone, Colo.

Chief Justice

Henry C. Sluss, Kan.

U. S. COURT OF PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS.

una cosa ficuereis sea muy de mi Real voluntad. Fecha ^{de 24}
 el Buen Retiro a treinta y nueve ~~de~~ Enero
 mil setecientos y quarenta y dos.
 Yo el Rey. S.

 Por mandado del Rey nro. S.
 Fernando Riviringer

 Ha Ciudad de Guadalupe en la villa de la ciudad que V. M. ha
 hecho y fundado de la Nueva España en la persona de **Don**
de Arizón y donador de la que le di el favor, y a los
 que hubiere menester para la execucion de lo tocante al presente



Mausard-Collier Eng Co

SEVERO MALLET-PREVOST.

Associate Counsel with Mr. Reynolds.

every point offering any prospect of information as to the truth of Reavis's allegations and proofs. The country was searched from San Francisco to New York. Mexico and Spain were visited, and the results were as great as had been the consternation at the apparently impregnable character of Reavis's monumental fabrication.

Mr. Severo Mallet-Prevost of New York, since Secretary of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, who was employed by the Attorney-General of the United States as special counsel to assist Mr. Reynolds, made a tour of investigation in California and Mexico, and two trips to Spain. He discovered that the will of the second Baron of Arizona, as found in the notarial records in Madrid, was a forgery. He obtained from the proper custodians of the records of the orders of the Golden Fleece, Montesa and Charles III, certificates showing that no such person as Don Miguel Nemécio Silva de Peralta had ever been a member of those orders. He discovered that Reavis while in Spain in 1886, engaged in the delectable

occupation of spending the money furnished by his California millionaire patron, had been detected in the act of attempting to introduce into the archives of the Indies in the city of Seville, forged papers relating to the Peralta grant; that he had fled from Spain before his arrest could be effected; that proceedings were had in accordance with the Spanish laws to determine the validity of the documents referred to, and that they had been declared by experts to be spurious; and that Reavis stood branded upon the criminal records of the Spanish monarchy as a fugitive from justice.

Before going to Mexico Mr. Mallett-Prevost carefully examined the certified copy of the Guadalajara records filed by Reavis as the basis of his claim. The first thing that attracted attention was that the language used in some of the *cédulas* was not good Spanish. There were also some historical inconsistencies. The commandant general of the Internal Provinces of New Spain was referred to in the *cédula* of 1742. Now, those provinces did not become a political subdivision of the vice-royalty until thirty-four years after that date; and there was no such officer as their commandant general until after the issuance of the decree of August 22, 1776. In another of the decrees, dated in 1758, reference was made to the *juicio de conciliación*, which was a proceeding unknown to the Spanish law until the adoption of the Constitution of 1812. These slight blunders excited suspicion as to the genuineness of the documents in Guadalajara.



L. A. HUGHES.

Le Signe

John V. Smith

Las a. 1800
E. 1800



L. A. Eng. Co.

LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK OF CÉDULAS.

The forged autograph of the Royal Notary Urbano Antonio Ballesteros. (See page 167.)

When these were finally subjected to a critical examination, it was demonstrated that the suspicions aroused by perusal of the certified copy were not without foundation.

But before this examination was made Reavis having learned of the intention of Mr. Reynolds to send a Spanish and graphological expert to Guadalajara for the purpose of studying the originals, at once wrote to Don Manuel Cordero, the secretary of the *ayuntamiento* in that city, urging him not to permit the representatives of the government to see the documents. A copy of his letter is in the possession of the government. Some of the arguments urged upon Mr. Cordero were as amus-

ing as they were characteristic of Reavis. Mr. Cordero, of course, paid no attention to them; but, on the contrary, offered every facility for making the examination.

The *cédula* of 1742, appointing the Baron of Arizona a royal inspector, was found in a manuscript book of *cédulas* of over 500 pages, which had been arranged and bound in 1766. The *cédula* in question was upon two leaves, on the second of which three words bore evidence of having been written over other words which had been erased. These words were *Visitador*, inspector, *Baron*, baron, and *Arizonaca*, Arizona. The first leaf was in a single handwriting and contained no such changes. Much study was given to this document, and the results were these: The first leaf was a forgery throughout, having been skillfully interpolated for a genuine leaf which had been as skillfully removed. The second leaf was genuine, excepting the three changed words. The problem was to decipher the words originally written under these.



L. A. Eng. Co

A GENUINE AUTOGRAPH OF BALLESTEROS.

After a prolonged study, the details of which cannot be given here, this was accomplished. The word *Virrey*, viceroy, had originally been written in place of *Visitador*, inspector; *Conde*, count, had been written under *Baron*, baron; while *Fuenclara*, the same in English, had occupied the space covered by *Arizonaca*, Arizona. The riddle was solved. The *cédula* claimed by Reavis to show the appointment of the Baron of Arizona as Inspector of New Spain, had been in its original form a *cédula* advising the city of Guadalajara of the fact that the king had appointed the Count of Fuenclara as Viceroy of New Spain.

The study of the other three books gave similar results. The book showing the genealogy of the first Baron of Arizona consisted of thirty-eight leaves, the first and two last being genuine, except where an attempt had been made on the latter to change, in the notaries' certificate, the words stating the number of leaves of which the instrument was composed. Between leaves 1 and 37, thirty-five leaves of solidly forged matter, showing the noble descent and purity of blood of Mrs. Reavis's



Mausard Collier Eng Co

WILL M. TIPTON,

Graphological expert, and special agent of the Court of
Land Claims.

great-grandfather had been interpolated. In the notarial certificate on the last page, a pen stroke had been drawn across several words, and the words *treinta y ocho*, thirty-eight (the number of leaves in the book), had been changed from their original form. When deciphered they were found to have been *ciento sesenta y nueve*, one hundred and sixty-nine. So this genuine certificate had originally been attached to some genuine document containing that number of leaves, and it had been altered by the forger to make it agree with the number contained in the spurious document to which he attached it.

The book of proceedings relating to the probate of the will of the first Baron was at first sight somewhat puzzling, because much of it was genuine; but it took but a few days to separate the genuine from the forged portions. There was no mention of the Baron of Arizona, either by name or any one of his numerous titles in any genuine part of it. This was also true with regard to every other document in the archives purporting to relate to the grant.

The last book was one of parchment containing copies of various *cédulas*, and depending for its authenticity on the signature, appearing on the last page, of Urbano Antonio Ballesteros, a royal notary. The genuine signatures of this officer were numerous in the archives, and the scientific comparison of the signature in question with these quickly demonstrated that it was a bungling forgery.

Thus was undermined the very foundation of Reavis's claim. To one skilled in the study of forged writing it is hard to believe that he could have expected his so-called original documents to withstand the test of examination at the hands of a competent graphologist. Certain it is that in twenty-five years he did not succeed in finding a genuine document relating to the Peralta grant.

But there were still other investigations to be made. Mr. Reynolds did not overlook any feature of the case. He sent to California Mr. L. A. Hughes of Santa Fé, New Mexico, to investigate the truth of the story outlined in the depositions taken on Reavis's behalf at San Francisco and Los Angeles. The value of the labors performed by Mr. Hughes cannot be appreciated by anyone not familiar with the difficulties he encountered. For months he labored without any encouragement, and with little hope of final success. But with industry, courage and intelligence of the highest order he patiently pursued his perplexing task, and was finally rewarded by giving to the Peralta myth its death-blow. He discovered that the records of the old church of San Salvador had been tampered with; that leaves had been removed from the books, and others containing the forged entries in regard to the baptism of the Masó twins and the death of the mother and infant boy had been interpolated. He found Louis Roubidoux and his wife, who were alleged to have acted as godparents at the baptism of the twins, and they denied all knowledge of any such occurrence. He discovered that the depositions offered in Reavis's aid to establish the identity of his wife as the great-granddaughter of the original grantee of the Per-

SELLO

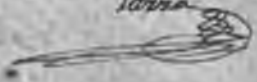


CUARTO.

16

HABILITADO POR EL SUPREMO GOBIERNO DEL ESTADO DE JALISCO PARA EL BIENIO DE MIL OCHOCIENTOS VEINTE Y SEIS Y MIL OCHOCIENTOS VEINTE Y SIETE,

En fin, acordado el Sr. Don Juan Manuel de la Cruz, Jefe de la
misma, por fin, *[Signature]*



[Signature]
Solicito

En el presente día, acordado al C. Agustín Torres, Jefe de la
misma, *[Signature]*

[Signature]
Solicito

Recibe de la Aca. dos mil quinientos
pesos, y se pusieron las respec-
tivas notas en las Causas a
q. corres p. n. Conformed se ma-
nda en el Auto q. precede,
haviendo recibido los reales
del Remuneratorio el Sr.
Licenciado D. José Boni-
facio Sánchez de Bonilla
como Testamentario Sna.
Valaf. 8 de Abril de 1827.

[Signature]
Jefe de la Causa

[Signature]
Solicito

A leaf from the book at Guadalajara on the settlement of the "first Baron's" estate. The page number and the writing below the second signature of Solis are forgeries.

alta grant were a mass of perjury; that the persons alleged to have formed the party who took their meals at Andres Sandoval's restaurant in San Francisco in 1862, had, with one exception, never existed. That one was John A. Treadway, the so-called guardian of the infant baron-

ess. Treadway was one of the very few realities found in any way connected with the tale Reavis had concocted about the Peralta grant. He was a native of New York, and the friend of Alfred E. Sherwood, for whom Sherwood Valley was named. He came there about 1854, and finally went away to Sacramento county, where he died. While in Sherwood Valley he lived with an Indian woman, who bore him a child, a little girl whom he named Sofia. This was the child Sherwood gave to Snowball, the child who afterward became the wife of Reavis, and through whom he attempted to steal from the United States a property worth a hundred millions of dollars. Mr. Hughes also discovered the man who buried Treadway, and who erected a stone over his grave inscribed with the date of his death—Nov. 21, 1861—more than six months prior to the time when the perjured witnesses had sworn that he had brought to Sherwood Valley the infant daughter of Masó. The name that Treadway had given to his illegitimate child was the name of his youngest sister, of whom he was evidently very fond, and whom he frequently mentioned in conversation with the friend who buried him.

On the trial of the case the government proved in detail not possible here to recount the absolute fictitiousness of the claim, the spuriousness of the muniments, and the falsity of Reavis's depositions.

He it was who had fabricated the tale of his wife's noble descent. In a lawyer's office, on Market street, San Francisco, he had prepared the story to be told by each witness. He had contracted with a resident of that city, in consideration of the sum of \$50,000 to furnish him with persons who would swear to the various statements he had formulated. These persons were produced, and under Reavis's tuition learned and rehearsed the parts they were to play in the drama of crime. Some of them are today fugitives from justice, in foreign countries. Reavis, at the time of the trial, occupied the witness stand for a number of days, during which time he related a most remarkable narrative of his eventful and ill-spent life. His wife, well drilled in her part of the deception, was also a witness, but under the searching ordeal of cross-examination, although skillfully avoiding for a long time the snares spread for her entanglement, finally broke down and burst into tears, while her beautiful twin boys clung in affright and consternation to her skirts. It was an affecting and dramatic scene, but it did not swerve from their purpose those whose duty it was to expose the monumental scheme of robbery.

The court by a unanimous opinion rejected the grant. Reavis was arrested, indicted for conspiracy to defraud the United States, was tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Mr. Reynolds had the management and control of both the civil and criminal cases, being specially selected by the Department of Justice, after the termination of the former, to prosecute Reavis for his attempted fraud against the government. Much of the credit for the success of the case is due to Attorney General Olney's determination to sustain the government's attorney at any cost in unearthing the unparalleled swindle.

In the annual report of the Department of Justice, for the year 1895, Attorney General Harmon, referring to this case, said: "The case is remarkable as probably the greatest fraud ever attempted against a government in its own courts."

Santa Fe, N. M.

Reavis will leave the New Mexico Penitentiary in May, an old and ruined man. He says he has repented, and will lead a different life. Very likely. See editorial pages.

SO FAR, SO GOOD.

BY JUAN DEL RIO.

A LITTLE over two years ago a few busy people in Los Angeles, who try to be good Americans, grew tired and ashamed of their own and other American carelessness of things outside "enterprise," and resolved to try to do a certain duty of the community at large before it should be too late. And thanks to an intelligent community, willing to back up anyone who will "take the trouble," they are succeeding beyond their rosiest expectations.

America is not altogether new. Even the United States has antiquities, little known and little respected as they are. Nearly all are in the Southwest—all the most important ones. New Mexico and Arizona have hundreds of prehistoric ruins; and scores more that go back as far as Plymouth Rock.

The California antiquities are less ancient, but no less impressive. We have many things in the Golden State worth saving; and particularly the old Spanish Missions—which date back little more than a century, and some not even so long, but which have become world-famous by their romantic history and their noble architecture.

Incredible as it may seem, the nation which claims the highest civilization on earth has thus far been most stupid in neglecting its monuments of antiquity. The first incorporated effective movement in all the United States to preserve such historic treasures on a generous scale was the Landmarks Club, organized in Los Angeles in the last weeks of 1895, incorporated under the laws of the State, and in active work since February, 1896. As California is nearly 1000 miles long, and the 21 Missions form a line of full half that distance, the Club undertook to cover only 300 miles. It is not practicable to give personal supervision to a greater area; and the care of the northern half of the State will doubtless be taken up in time by competent and responsible persons on the ground.

Arizona has already felt the leaven; and rational people are caring for at least one of the prehistoric "Cliff-Dweller" ruins. In New Mexico a few devoted Southwesterners begin to aim at similar conservation of some of the matchless ruins which dot that wonderland; and the movement will spread over the two territories—let us hope before it shall be too late.

The Landmarks Club has been fortunate in its public. Through the pages of this magazine it has appealed to a wide and generous constituency. Every State in the Union, and several localities on the other side of the world, aided this American attempt to preserve American antiquities. In two working years the club has raised about \$3000 by subscriptions and membership dues. For that sum—large to collect but small to apply—it has been able to make two very remarkable bargains. It has secured (free) long leases on the two most important Missions within its jurisdiction—and the two most in need of care—and has done the heaviest work in safeguarding them. San Juan Capistrano in 1896, San Fernando Rey in 1897—it has saved the chief buildings at each, so that they will stand, about as they are now, in the year 2000. If nothing had been done, nothing would have been left of either Mission by the year 1900. The broken and rotten roofs have been replaced with massive structures, tiled precisely as they were at



THE CHOIR LOFT AT SAN JUAN.

Drawn by C. A. Fries.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SOUTH FRONT, CAPISTRANO.
Before Repairs.

Photo. by Bertrand

first; 450 feet of 12-foot corridors at Capistrano have been re-roofed with asphalt as before; breached walls have been repaired, leaning ones "tied," crumbling masonry buttressed. In all, the Club has put on more than two acres of roof. And several hundred tons of debris have been removed from rooms and corridors. In a word, these two Missions are being protected and repaired—and not spoiled. The work is conducted by experts in Spanish-American architecture, with scrupulous

care to preserve the original character of the buildings and the plan. At each of these Missions there is much to be done, in the preservation of minor buildings; but the Club has aimed to do first the work of first importance.

The conservation of the Mission ruins is but a part of the Club's logical work, though first and most imperative. It is a permanent, incorporated body, vowed to the care and protection of all the historic landmarks of Southern California. As part of its plan it will undertake the conservation of California collections; and intends presently to have a museum for their safe keeping. Incidentally, and aside from more pressing work, it has saved the historic Plaza of Los Angeles from obliteration, and has revised the street-names of the city, sav-



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE SAME, SINCE REPAIRS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SAN FERNANDO, BEFORE AND AFTER.

Photos. by C. F. L.

The two upper pictures show how the roof of the church has been replaced ; the lower, the closing of a huge breach in the monastery.



400 feet of sheeting on the cloisters.



Dilapidation of the church roof



Church re-roofed with tile and cloisters with asphaltum.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

Photos. by C. F. L.

"LANDMARKS" WORK AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.



RUINS OF THE STONE CHURCH, CAPISTRANO.
Stonework strengthened and several hundred tons of debris removed.



THE CHURCH, SAN FERNANDO.
Roofed solidly with shakes, to be covered with tiles when the Club can procure them



THE MONASTERY, SAN FERNANDO.
Roofed (40,000 tiles) and cloisters put in their original condition.

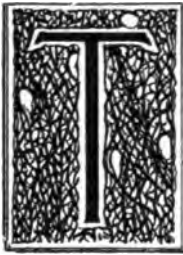
ing a great many historic titles which were thoughtlessly being crowded out by the names of some real-estate man's sweetheart or some contractor's pet dog.

The files of this magazine for a couple of years show something of the beauty and dignity of the monuments the Landmarks Club is preserving; and the illustrations which accompany this article give a limited but typical idea of the magnitude and expertness of the work it has already done.

El Alisal, Cal.

TWO NOTABLE TREES.

BY ARTHUR S. BENT.



THE Temescal cañon, twenty-five miles long and from two to three wide, extends in a nearly straight east-and-west line between Corona (formerly South Riverside) and Elsinore. Its north wall is a range of hills, steep, high and barren, which shut out the strong summer winds of the valley. On the south rises the splendid Santa Ana range, the blue glories of its timbered slopes broken by many deep cañons in which flow clear, cold streams, measuring from an inch of water to two thousand.

All are picturesque as rugged walls, tumbled rocks, trees, ferns and deep shadows can make them. The cañon is traversed by one of the best and oldest county roads in Southern California, over which, in early days, went most of the travel into the San Diego country, and though today flanked and threatened on every side by railroads, no screech of engine has yet profaned its pleasant quiet and frightened



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE GIANT OAK.



L. A. Eng. Co

THE ANCIENT OLIVE OF TEMESCAL.



away the spirit of Tradition which here finds a resting place. For Temescal is rich in traditions. There are yet Indian families living in the homes their fathers built a hundred years ago, and many a story of those wild days may be heard by him who can unlock their tongues. Midway of the cañon's length it is entered by the most important of its side cañons, called "Coldwater," from which flows a magnificent mountain brook, well stocked with trout for a distance of ten miles into the range. At the mouth of this "Cold Stream" is a beautiful mesa lying hundreds of feet above the road, which for charm of view and environment is unsurpassed in Southern California. It will surprise many to learn that within three comfortable hours of Los Angeles may be found good accommodations with the finest hunting and fishing, delicious water drawn from a miniature lake, of itself worth the trip to see, a glorious view, the sweet mountain airs of a thousand-foot altitude, a live-oak grove remarkable for its density and beauty, and not least, a concrete natatorium through which continually flows a stream of sulphur water at 100 degrees temperature.

At the foot of the slope lies Temescal proper, and here the road makes a slight turn, passing an oak tree.

One feels like saying *the* oak tree, for hereabouts, certainly, there is none like unto him. This ancient giant stands alone and distant from any of his kind, and his splendid proportions challenge the eye of the most indifferent passer. On every hand elsewhere is a heavy growth of brush, wild flowers and weeds, but from his royal circle all lesser things have shrunk away, and an unbroken carpet of fine soft grass spreads beneath and around his shadow. In shape, this oak is symmetrical and unmarred, and its shaggy limbs show beautifully through its rich foliage. Three feet from the ground its trunk is full 25 feet in circumference, while overhead its great branches stretch out, level as a ceiling, across a span of 120 feet.

There is a famous live-oak in Santa Barbara, and another in South Pasadena, but they both make poor seconds to this monarch whose great age is suggested by the deeply wrinkled bark no less than by its size.

Tradition tells of wild *fiestas* and dances held beneath its roof, and strange and hurried gatherings there, and not much imagination is needed as one looks upon it, to believe that it has learned the secret of the ages.

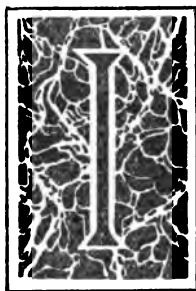
Just off the road a mile west, are some abandoned adobes, one of which is still habitable. Behind it are a few ruined and nearly lifeless old fruit trees, what was once an orchard having been long since given over to squirrels and weeds. But rising above the ruins of its comrades, with unworn strength and beauty, is a noble Mission olive. Much abuse has marred its symmetry. In days past it has been used as a "snubbing post" until its trunk is all but girdled. Great limbs have been torn away and camp fires have scathed the dark foliage. But it has clung to life through all calamities, and at last has seen its persecutors scattered to return no more. Stunted though it must have been by this usage, it has reached a height of 40 feet, measures 45 feet across its branches, and three feet above ground is 8 feet in circumference. Moreover, it still bears a bountiful crop of large, fine olives. A careful effort to ascertain its age showed it to be about 110 years old. On each side of it are the broken stumps of two more olives evidently planted at the same time, which are still sprouting in a pathetic effort to renew their youth.

But this old tree by some good fortune escaped the axe and lives to claim membership in that ancient and honorable band of immortals, transplanted from Spain by the Franciscan fathers. It is one of the oldest olives in the United States.

Los Angeles.

A TRAY OF WEST-COAST SHELLS.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.



It is five o'clock of a grey, misty morning. The beach is deserted, even the sea-gulls having betaken themselves to the buoy, where they huddle forlornly. The waves, as they recede, leave at our feet masses of kelp, many-tinted mosses and curious shells. Early as it is we shall not long have the beach to ourselves, for those who collect shells for the trade are already astir.

Among the rocks left bare by the fast ebbing tide, we find limpets galore. These cling to the rocks with the broad, muscular foot, and are protected by their shield-shaped shells. The limpet's make-up is similar to that of other mollusks; it has a mantle that lines the free part of the shell, a muscular foot, which enables it to anchor itself at will, and a head, provided with a pair of eyes, feelers, and a mouth containing a long tongue, studded with hooks. Other organs have been given it, including a heart, a liver, and gills for the purification of the blood. Limpets are plain, vegetable-eating, stay-at-home folk, invariably returning to their rocky habitation whenever they venture off on a short voyage, which is seldom. Some have a circular opening in the top of the shell, and these are called "key-hole" limpets. Neighboring sociably with the limpets are the hinnites, or rock oysters. The distinguishing features of the rock oyster are its prominent, serrated ribs, twelve in number, on the upper valve, and the unequal size of its ears. It is usually to be found in some sheltered spot, anchored by its lower valve to a rock.

The shell of the chiton is curiously formed, being in eight sections, one overlapping the other a trifle, the whole forming a shield arched in the center. There are chitons of a yellowish-brown color, crossed by wavy lines of orange, red or green; others are of a dull drab, or olive green, a reddish-brown, black or ash color. There is a giant chiton, the valves or sections of which are white and shaped not unlike a butterfly. When found singly upon the beach, these valves are taken for complete shells, and are often spoken of as butterfly shells.

Here is a fine specimen of the *ranella Californica*, or frog shell, a strong shell, and knobbed, its external color a yellowish-brown, but pure white within. This is one of our largest shells; the specimen I hold in my hand is about three inches in length, but specimens are often found that are twice that length.

The *murex trialatus*, a handsome shell belonging to the great family of rock shells, abounds in the waters of warm latitudes. Many of the rock shells are aglow with color within the aperture, and their exterior is frilled and "spined" in the most wonderful fashion. The *mytilus Californianus* swings fearlessly by a strong cable from some rock, directly in the course of the leaping, tumbling waves. It was one of the first of the West Coast shells to be noted in Europe. The *chorus Belcheri* is also a resident of warm latitudes, and finds much to admire in the climate of Southern California. Six inches is the average length of this shell, which is conical in shape, and set round with sharp points. It is of a dirty white color, and is not, by any means, the most beautiful of the West Coast shells.

The *pecten* is a ranger, though sometimes it spins a cable and attaches itself to a rock. It is distinguished by strong ribs, separated by furrows. By opening and shutting its valves it propels itself through the water, all the time keeping a sharp lookout with its row of eyes placed along the edge of the mantle.

The *cardium*, cockle or heart shell, is a ranger, using its muscular foot for digging and jumping. Its shape is round, and it has thirty ribs. The edge of the shell is "toothed."

Strolling along the beach we come upon a colony of mussels, weighing at least five pounds, attached to a piece of kelp; and a short distance beyond we find a *natica*, or sea snail. The last-named animal might well be called the pirate of the beach, since it goes forth but to seek that which it may destroy. It makes its way rapidly through the sand by means of its muscular foot, and woe be to the unfortunate clam that crosses its track! The snail's sharp drill readily pierces the armor of the clam, and the victim's doom is sealed.

In point of color the *haliotis*, commonly called the abalone, easily takes rank as the handsomest of the West Coast shells. Beginning at the outer edge, the pearly inner lining runs the gamut of exquisite tints in green, rose and gold, deepening in the center at the spot covered by the huge muscle which controls the foot. When this muscle is torn away, a disc resembling the tail of the peacock in its gorgeous coloring is revealed. The holes at the edge of the shell discharge the water which has passed over the animal's gills, and also serve as outlets for waste matter. New holes are constantly forming as the shell increases in size; one will find specimens varying from one-fourth of an inch to nine inches in length. The tongue of the abalone, which is from two to three inches long, and one-fourth of an inch wide, in a well-grown specimen, bristles with teeth. The black abalone is more plentiful than the others, and the red abalone is the most beautiful of them all. This mollusk furnishes meat for those who like it (the Chinese), as well as material for inlaid work, shell ornaments, buttons, and things useful and ornamental without number.

Los Angeles.

AT THE LAND'S END.

BY L. MAYNARD DIXON.



STAND upon the shore of my release:
Out into the immeasurable West,
Far over down into eternal Space,
Is spread the great blue shining Sea of Peace—
Far glimmering in a deep unshaken rest,
A shimmering sleep upon her sunlit face.
The brown and fierce-browed hills stand still a bar
Along the sky's bright rim toward the East;
And here this yearning land outreaches far
To take the glad Sea in his shining arms:
A thousand thousand ages these great sands

Have shining lain, where men have built few hopes,
Bent like a bow of death within God's hands.

Among the low-set hills sly savages
With keen-cut eyes go wandering in the thorn,
And with a sense of thirst and hunger drawn
Have pilfered from this rugged store scant life.
And men of stronger hearts have come—and gone.
They came—who knows through what unspoken pains?—
And pale they saw with desert-saddened eyes
This Sea that reached to nothing. Others built,
And taught, and tilled, and passed; but This remains.
While over all the vast and hollow skies
Of infinite tenderness from their deep mouth
Sing on their song of Silence; and the drouth
Bears hard upon the land, and mummifies
These death-contorted ranges of the South.

I am a city's wain unwilling guest;
 With three good friends—a dog, a horse, a gun.
 Would I might go to where this great Southwest
 Lies throbbing with the pulses of the sun,
 And waiting still with all her warm brown breast
 Turned unto him; where gray Time for a span
 Has dropped the seasons; She awaits the best
 Soul-singing thought of some great silent man.

San Francisco, Cal.

OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

SKETCHED BY EYE-WITNESSES.

IV. A COUNTRY OF CENTAURS.



OLD-FASHIONED
 BELL

NE of the first "Americans" to plow the Pacific was Lieut. Joseph Warren Revere, U. S. Navy. Already by 1827 or 1828, he had rounded the Horn and become acquainted with Lima and other South American cities. In the summer of 1845 he sailed from the Chesapeake on the sloop-of-war *Cyane*, and reached California very soon after the arrival of Frémont and party. Lieut. Revere wrote a book in 1846, which was published in 1849, under the title *A Tour of Duty in California*; "including a description of the gold region [this was added by a friend who edited his notes] and an account of the voyage around Cape Horn; with notices of Lower California, the Gulf and Pacific Coasts, and the principal events attending the conquest of the Californias."

It is a very interesting book, and a valuable one. Lieut. Revere was a world-wide traveler, a good observer and a man of common sense; and his comments on this voyage, on California and its prospects, are even now, 51 years after they were written, shrewder and more accurate than half our book-writing travelers put out today. His estimates of the future of the Golden State, his suggestions as to the need of a "magnetic telegraph" across the continent, and as to the proper treatment of the Indians and Spanish Californians by our government, and many other evidences of judicious foresight, add genuine worth to a book which is also very interesting to the general reader.

Some of Lieut. Revere's more substantial passages shall be reprinted in their due time and place. At present it will suffice to quote a few paragraphs on the earlier days. The book is illustrated with sketches by Lieut. Revere, several of which have already been reproduced in this magazine.

An expert lover of fine horses, Lieut. Revere was deeply impressed by the cavalier side of life in early California. The Californians, he declares, are [in 1846] "physically far superior to the Mexicans. They are a larger, more robust, more manly looking race, and this superiority is probably owing partly to the salubrity of their climate, and partly to their food, which consists principally of beef. . . . In

energy of character, and in point of courage, the Californians far surpass their southern neighbors. . . . Nor do I believe it possible that any people could surpass the Californians in horsemanship, or excel them in the masterly use of the reata or lasso."

"After his wife and children, the darling objects of a Californian's heart, are his horses. In this respect he is not surpassed by the Arab. His whole ambition centers in his horses; his livelihood depends on them; and they are the chief ministers of his pleasures.

"Even his work is done on horseback, when ingenuity can make that possible; and an American carpenter, residing in the country, assured me that an apprentice left him because he could not 'ahove the jack-plane' on horseback. If the Californian wishes to visit his next-door neighbor, even in town, he mounts his horse; and I have been told of a skillful and celebrated vaquero, who having occasion to walk from a gambling-house to a dram-shop across the street, and from insuetude in



this mode of progression having impaired the beauty of his countenance, indignantly exclaimed, upon picking himself up, 'Zounds! this it is to walk on the ground!'

"The lineage of the Californian horse is undoubtedly of the purest and highest. The domestic horses of the country, as well as those immense herds of wild horses which range the plains of the Tulares in their primitive freedom, all derive their descent from the Andalusian horses, which so materially aided the redoubtable 'Conquistadores' to subvert the Aztec empire and the Montezumas. This stock of course gives them a pure Arabian descent. How far they have retained the excellence of their blood, it is not supposed that a sailor can judge; and yet I should know something of the Arabian horse, having seen and mounted the noblest of the race in the stables of Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and his son, Ibrahim Pasha, as well as those belonging to other potentates in Syria, Egypt, and Barbary, besides choice specimens

of the Persian stock in British India, and the real Nedjids of the Imaum of Muscat. The accident of traveling in an official capacity introduced me to those splendid studs, and gave me opportunities which I could not otherwise have enjoyed. To my eye, the Californian horses possess most points in common with those of the East, being of small size, but full chested, thin flanked, round in the barrel, clean limbed, with unusually small heads, feet and ears, large full eyes, expanded nostrils, very full flowing manes and tails, and shaggy rough coats as compared with our breed—while in color they are seldom dark, but usually white, all sorts of greys, spotted, cream color, and dun, the proportion of piebalds being very great. The white and black horses are generally preferred.

"There still remain vast numbers of wild horses in California, but they have greatly diminished within a few years. As lately as ten years ago it was customary to corral large numbers of wild and half-wild mares, and slaughter them with the lance, merely to check the rapid increase of the equine race, which the rancheros feared would make pasture scarce for the neat cattle.

"The value of a horse is proportioned to his adaptation to the various operations of a cattle-farm, his courage, skill, and fleetness in the pursuit of wild cattle, and his familiarity with their subjugation and management. The severest test of these qualities is his behavior in attacking a bear, a feat often undertaken by a single ranchero, without other aid than his horse, his inseparable friend the reata, and the accustomed knife worn in his garter. Thus equipped, he will lasso the largest and most ferocious bear; and, drawing the brute to a tree, and taking a turn or two around him, will dispatch him with his knife, while the sagacious horse keeps the reata, fastened to the saddle, at its fullest tension. The bear, indeed, is immensely stronger than the horse, and, if lassoed by the fore-paw, could, by merely standing on his hind legs, draw up several mounted men united by the reatas; but skill and intrepidity accomplish what mere force could never do, and I have seen the fiercest and wildest bull attacked and overcome by a single vaquero, who carried him off as peacefully as if he were a puppy, led by a string.

"No stabling, no grooming, no farriery, no shoeing, no docking, no clipping, no jockeying, are connected with the care of the California horse. After a hard day's journey he is unsaddled, and suffered to roam at large until he is again wanted by his master. The *manadas* once put under the care of their garafion, require no farther management than merely to drive them back from a neighbor's rancho to which they may have strayed. The sultan garafion keeps a jealous eye over his harem, and should one of them attempt to stray from her 'carenacia,' or to encourage the advances of a neighboring sultan, not only does the injured husband, with war-like neighs loud-sounding, attack the seducer with hoofs and teeth, but the luckless odalisque is sure to receive a severe punishment.

"The horse in California probably attains his greatest age, owing, perhaps, to his living in a state of nature, and having abundance of food. General Vallejo has horses in his possession which he has owned upwards of twenty-five years, and I have been assured that this age is not uncommon. They are subject to none of the maladies of our horses."

THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL.

OUR MOST ROMANTIC HIGHWAY.



ALTHOUGH the name of this famous old prairie highway from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fé, N. M., is a household word everywhere, the public has really known very little of its history. Indeed there has never before been published a comprehensive account of it. Now Col. Henry Inman, a quartermaster in the U. S. Army, who has known the Trail intimately for more than a third of a century, has given us a volume of nearly 500 pages which, despite very serious shortcomings, is a book of very genuine value as a contemporary chronicle. Col. Inman as an eye-witness of the life of the Trail and of some of its tragedies, as a personal friend of the famous frontiersmen who were identified with it, and as a genial and understanding story-teller—is a success; and his saving of these records is a real service to history. On the other hand, wherever he wanders outside these limits he is a blind leader of the blind. Nothing could be more absurd in any book—nor more lamentable in a book otherwise of such positive value—than the looseness of his geography, the utter wildness of his historical statement of nearly everything prior to 1825, and his persistent misspelling of Spanish words. After the American era on the Trail begins, he is a most entertaining and reliable guide; and his sketches of Kit Carson, Bridger, Beckwourth, Maxwell, Wootton and other of the old frontier heroes are deeply interesting. Col. Inman is also an essentially fair-minded chronicler. His testimony that he never knew of an Indian outbreak which was not caused by broken faith on the part of the government or its agents; and that he never knew or heard of but two strictly honest Indian agents (Kit Carson and Col. Boone), and that both were discharged therefor—is significant evidence from such a witness. His descriptions of the old caravans, the Indian fights, and many other phases of a life now gone by forever, are the fullest we have had, and are authoritative. Every American should read this strangely stirring and gossipy chronicle of one of the most romantic chapters in our national history.

But the reader will have to lay aside as worthless nearly all Col. Inman's introductory "history." He has been so unfortunate as to depend, for this, largely on ex-Gov. Prince's discredited handbook, a sort of "curbstone history" written to be sold at a "Tertio-Millennial" of Santa Fé, which various "boomers" managed to hold in 1883—a small matter of 55 years too soon. This handbook has misled thousands of tourists and space-writers, but was never taken seriously by scholars; and Col. Inman might quite as well have quoted Mother Goose as an authority.

So fine a type as this veteran army officer owes it to himself to be aware that Cabeza de Vaca never was within 400 miles of the Santa Fé Trail. He saw buffalo three times—in southeastern Texas. After he was re-united with his fellows in misfortune and the transcontinental wandering began, they never saw a bison. They crossed Texas and Chihuahua more than 300 miles south of the southernmost Pueblo town. This has been so absolutely proved that no scholar has thought of reopening the subject in ten years.

Neither did De Soto ever see an inch of the Trail. Alvarado, in 1540, was the first European that did; and Coronado, his commander, a year

* The Old Santa Fé Trail, by Col. Henry Inman, with illustrations by Remington. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$3.50.

later, was the first that followed its general course—which he did practically from end to end. Col. Inman thinks Villazur came next; but in fact nearly a dozen expeditions intervened. Fray Juan de Padilla, the first missionary and martyr in Kansas, with his Indian boys and Andres Docampo in 1542; Antonio de Espejo in 1583; Gaspar Castaño de Sosa in 1590-91; Juan de Oñate in 1599; Zaldívar in 1618; Juan de Uribarri in 1706 (who traversed the Trail for 350 miles and return); Gov. Antonio Valverde Cossio in 1719 (who made the same march and first recorded the Pawnees)—all these, and other pioneers are entirely ignored. Col. Inman goes four years astray, even then; for it was not in 1716 but in 1720 that Don Pedro de Villazur, lieutenant-governor of New Mexico, marched 62 days along the Trail and was ambushed by the Pawnees and slain with his command. Col. Inman makes 1500 Spaniards victims of that massacre—in fact there were not so many in all New Mexico. Villazur's party actually included 40 soldiers and 10 colonists, and no more. Seven escaped, 43 were slain. Among them was that romantic scoundrel "Juan de Archibeque," the Frenchman who assisted in the murder of the great La Salle, fled to New Mexico, reformed and became an honored citizen.

By 1740 the French *voyageurs* from Canada and the Mississippi began to drift into the Southwest over the general line of the Santa Fé Trail. Reference to this is contained in the old document reprinted last month; and in fact Villazur's ill-fated expedition was to see about this same French aggression.

Col. Inman is as unfortunate in his use of Spanish words as in his versions of history. Indeed, most of his Spanish terms are butchered—like "Nunez" for Nuñez, "Penalosa" for Pefialosa, "Estuffas" for Estufas, "Atajo" for hatajo, "Salea" for Zalea, "jornado" for jornada, "Savanero" for Sabanero, "Salezar" for Salazar, "La Canada" for La Cañada, "arroya" for arroyo, "Piñole" for pinole, and so on. He is unhappily innocent of the truth about the founding of Santa Fé (which he also calls "an Aztec city"); and of most of the other matters which antedate his own experience with the trail.

This is a great pity, for the more modern part of the book is really a valuable contribution to the raw material upon which historians work; and Col. Inman is so honest and amiable a chronicler that one wishes his book had not one serious fault. Everyone interested in the winning of the West must have this volume, and leaving out everything for which the author has leaned on less sincere sources, it is as informative as interesting.

There were plenty of trails in early America far longer in miles, six times as old and five times as rich in commerce. Even the two chief trails from Mexico to Santa Fé were more important in these particulars. But in the world's history there has probably never been another highway so romantic and so tragic as the Santa Fé Trail; and certainly no other so interesting to Americans of the United States. It was mother of our longer but less bloody "Oregon Trail" and of the romantic but unwritten "Long Trail" of the cowboys from Texas to Montana. It lasted longer than either, had far more tragedies than both of them put together, and was beyond question our great typical overland route of the ante-railroad days. As such it has well deserved record; and with all his faults, Col. Inman merits our warm gratitude for having saved to us so much of its story. In another generation the best equipped historian could not have embalmed so much of the real local color as this fair minded and unpretentious veteran has done.

C. F. L.



The United States is the only nation in the world which hires a Congress to mind everybody's business but its own.

A new school of moral philosophy is quietly rising in this inventive country—though thus far rather shy of formulation. It cultivates the notion that morals are somehow made of arithmetic. Nothing is wrong if enough people do it.

THE
VIRTUE OF
NUMBERS.

For the first time in the history of the Pacific Slope, there is at last an organized rally of Western writers to produce out here a magazine in the highest sense worthy of the West. Other periodicals have had their more or less regular contributors; but never before has a Western magazine been able really to enlist—as stockholders and staff—a score of Western writers of reputation. The LAND OF SUNSHINE is proud and happy that the plan toward which it has worked single-hearted and almost single-handed for three years has at last succeeded. The magazine has already an honorable standing in court, and is financially upon its feet. It never has been run for anyone's ambitions, nor as an asylum for failures, but for the West it knows and loves and believes in. Its usefulness will be incomparably increased now that it counts in its official staff nearly every Western writer whose work is welcome in the greatest magazines, and whose books have won standing in the world of letters. A full announcement will be made in the April number.

AN
ADVANCE
IN FORCE.

To read Mr. Will M. Tipton's telling exposure of the great Reavis-Peralta land swindle, concluded in this number, one might imagine that the author played no part in that sensational game.

HONOR
TO WHOM
HONOR.

Even in describing the methods by which that marvelous fabric of fraud was finally tumbled about the arch-conspirator's head, there is nothing in the story to show that Mr. Tipton was anything more than an intelligent looker-on. As a matter of fact, and with all due credit to the talented and strong men who conducted the case, the backbone of the prosecution was the modest "special agent" Will M. Tipton. He is an expert "as is" an expert; and not one of the pretentious blockheads who often make the name a by-word. He is recognized by students as the foremost authority upon chirography, language and legal procedure as these apply to the early Spanish land-grants and other documents of the Southwest; and as the best Spanish student in the West. It is doubtful if the stupendous swindle of Reavis could have been exploded and punished, without expert proof of his forgeries; and the Lion, who is in a position to know, is rather confident that not another man in the United States possesses the specific training of Mr. Tipton in the line which

made the exposure of Reavis conclusive. U. S. Attorney Reynolds wisely made Mr. Tipton his corner-stone ; and thereupon built the prosecution which did him such credit in its conduct and its outcome.

The U. S. Court of Private Land Claims has proved itself the most beneficent institution the government ever gave the Southwest. It has been fearless, able and honest, as courts should be ; and it has cleared a wide swath in one of the most tangled and hopeless fields that any court ever dealt with. But amid all its fine achievements, its rescue, to the government, of twelve and a half million acres will rank as its greatest victory. In this sensational case—the most important land-case ever tried in America, the largest fraud ever attempted upon any government—the quiet Mr. Tipton has the honor of having been the indispensable man.

GOOD

AND BAD

"BUSINESS."

What is called "business" is frequently very poor patriotism ; but in severe truth, genuine patriotism is never bad business. It is hard for a certain class of people, who deem themselves shrewd, to see that inhumanity and rascality never pay, even commercially. It was not because they joyed in enslaving human beings that the Southern slave-holders held on ; but because they thought they could not afford to give up their property. Yet every sane man knows now that slavery was the greatest curse that ever befell the South—greater than the war it helped to provoke—more disastrous, in the long run, for the whites than for the blacks. It has cost the South many times over, and in many ways, what it would have cost her to free every negro forty years ago. The very social idea that work was only for negroes has first and last cost the South more than all her slaves were worth in 1861 ; and that is only one item.

Let no man think the nation can go to slaving again and not pay for it—and certainly we shall not let the Hawaiians vote if we "annex" them, any more than they are allowed to vote now by their filibuster rulers. If we annex them we enslave them. And we should have to pay, in the end, rather more than the privilege of being thieves and oppressors is really worth.

POETIC

AND OTHER

One of the pleasant things lately befallen in California is the election of Ina Coolbrith as librarian of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco. It is good both from the literary point of view and as a matter of justice. Miss Coolbrith has a quiet but assured position in letters. She is one of the Old Guard of California literature, a noble woman, and a trained librarian. The manner and motives of the ousting of her from the head of the Oakland Library were among the most discreditable and sneaking affairs in recent California history.

POBRE

DE MI

PAIS !

There is a new industry in New Mexico—namely the collection and merciful mutilation of the report of the governor of that long-suffering Territory. The truth is good enough about New Mexico ; and Gov. Otero should procure an introduction. Materially and historically he wanders off, via boomer ecstasies, into wild absurdities ; while his rhetoric will hardly advance the cause of statehood. If he does not know that the "Aztec and Zuni Indians of New Mexico" (*sic*) knew nothing of gold, silver or any other metal, before the conquest ; if he doesn't know that there were no fruits in New Mexico till the Spaniards introduced them ; if he does not know that New Mexico was not "a land of milk and honey," and that it is not "semi-tropical"—why, he would better betake himself to the excellent public schools New Mexico has built up in the hands of wiser men. His report to the Secretary of the Interior is full of these absurdities. But that is not why New Mexicans are hunting copies to cut leaves out of. It is because this man born a New Mexican adopts for his countrymen of like blood the classic term "greasera." After this it is no surprise to find him corroborating the report of Pueblo Agent Nordstrom. The Lion is sorry Captain

Nordstrom is dead; for he was a gallant officer and no doubt an honest man. But better fortune never befell his wards. Structurally unable to understand Indians or the basic rights of man, he showed how much more unjust and dangerous a wrong-headed good man can be than any ordinary scoundrel. And not to his wards only, but to noble missionaries who have done more for the Indians (and more unselfishly) than a regiment of agents will ever do.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE is not "the only magazine published THE west of the Rocky Mountains." But it is the only magazine MATTER OF published in California which is not a laughing-stock to cul- "ONLINESS," tured people. It is the only magazine published in California which does not feel the need of fake advertising and childish falsehood. It is the only magazine in California which is independent financially and otherwise. It is also the only magazine published anywhere which is devoted wholly to the West; the only one which is accepted as truly Western; the only one with which any Western writers of high standing are connected.

The quenchless ignorance of the East breaks out in a new IN A quarter every day. "Bulletin No. 6, U. S. Dep't of Agricult- NEW ure," pretends to tell what fruits thrive in various portions of SPOT. the United States. It is as remarkable a display of official ignorance and incompetency as was ever printed anywhere. According to this precious document there are no crabapples, gooseberries, raspberries or figs in California, and hardly any grapes. And so on for quantity.

The late Prof. Wm. Libbey, of Princeton, whose record as ex- AGAIN plorer and as man will hardly be forgotten so long as the "En- THE charnted Mesa" shall commemorate his downfall, is already ad- CHARLATAN. vertising himself for a "scientific" expedition to Hawaii — where of course he promises to make great "discoveries." The public will be interested to learn if Prof. Libbey can discover any traces of human occupancy on the Sandwich Islands. In a December issue of *Science*, by the way, Mr. F. W. Hodge neatly and quietly convicts Prof. Libbey of shuffling as discreditable as his ignorance; and indeed tickets him unmistakably as fit to adorn the right hand of the statue of Apollo.

In another month, now — if all goes well — forty-five million ONE inhabitants of the United States will be able to open their win- USE FOR dows. Somewhere about April Fool's Day, as a rule, Eastern LUNGS. houses may (though with fear and trembling) risk the first genuine ventilation they have had in three or four months. The December, January, February and March Fools need no special anniversary set aside for them like the fewer and lesser innocents of April 1st; for all days are dedicated to their observance. They breathe staled humanity night and day, well warmed over for a quarter of a year, and by spring are ready to see a joke on the man who tries to pick up a pocket-book with a string to it.

The *Overland* continues to advertise itself as "The Only Magazine Published West of the Rocky Mountains." It is the Only Magazine Wilfully Published West of the Truth.

Ever since the snow-storm of February 1st, which cost New England forty lives and ten million dollars, the *Hartford Courant* has been trying to stay its chattering teeth for long enough to resume its praises of the "perfect climate of Connecticut."

In view of various claims, it is a patriotic duty to remark that the Bureau of Ethnology has not "commissioned" any person to the Klondike, nor authorized any person to "represent" it there. At least no person from Southern California.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

SOME 3200 books were published in the United States in 1897, of which at least 3000 had no business. Yet we are sorry for Cuba, which has nothing worse than a war—and war is an educator.

CORAM
NON

JUDGE.

How rare competent reviewing is in this country is best understood when one takes a specific volume whose quality is susceptible of proof, and watches what the various critical journals do with it. Of course we have in the United States but two reviews of the first class, and not half a dozen of the second; with newspaper "criticisms" for a field. Inman's *Santa Fe Trail* is a book of great merits and as great faults. Only two out of all our critical journals have given it reviews they can be at all proud of. The *Critic* guesses, indeed, that the history in it may not be quite safe; but if the *Critic's* critic had known anything really about that phase of a book he had the confidence to review, he would have said something very different. Even the *Dial*, best of the exclusively literary papers, falls into the same pit, and actually praises Col. Inman's ridiculous introduction to his very honorable book. The *Nation*, beyond question the dean of American reviews, has a really expert criticism of this book which deserves nothing less, but justly remarks that it begins "with some of the wildest statements we have ever heard concerning the early Spanish explorers." The *Book-Buyer* also has a discriminating critique, praising what is very good in Col. Inman's book, condemning what is very bad.

Now, about matters of taste there is no disputing. Critics may like a man's style, and critics may not. But about matters of fact there is less latitude. We should not value a critic who believed that Columbus was one of the Pilgrim Fathers. Why should we value one whose ignorance of other history is parallel if more common? And why isn't it time to insist upon competent criticism as well as competent authorship?

"DOWN
OUR
WAY."

These nine "Stories of Southern and Western Character," by Mary Jameson Judah, are a little hard to define. They have considerable swing, but nearly all fail in the climax, and not one seems fully satisfactory. They have feeling, but little proportion; and each leaves one with a foot in the air and not quite certain where to set it down. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$1.25.

BY A
COAST
WRITER.

Lillian Hinman Shuey, a California writer of considerable poetic gift, whom this magazine has been glad to count among its contributors, has now published a more ambitious work—*Don Luis's Wife; a Romance of the West Indies*. Written with considerable delicacy of touch, and with evident sincerity, printed in exquisite taste by a house noted for the mechanical beauty of its work, *Don Luis's Wife* is a slender, but not unpleasant, addition to the literary output of the Coast. Too long for a sketch, too slight for a novel, the tenuous thread of story is by no means ill-spun. The romance is much more romance than it is West Indies; and one does not wonder that the unadaptable bride got into trouble among people whom neither she nor

the author at all comprehended. The Spanish of the book is far from correct; even some of the proper names being absolutely impossible. Despite these lapses in local color, however, Mrs. Shuey's book is pleasant reading for an idle hour. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

It is a pity that *The Open Court* (Chicago) is so readily imposed upon with regard to Western topics. In the October issue it prints the most ignorant and mendacious article on "The Mission Ruins of California" that we have ever seen — and that is saying much. This shameful distortion of history and of manhood is printed in a magazine "devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science" and other impressive things. The plain and proved historic truth would have been more religious and more scientific.

A man who seems to have knocked about the world in unusual ways, and to have learned in the process several things worth while, is Horace Fletcher; and he makes a stimulating book of his gospel — *Happiness* "as found in Forethought minus Fear-thought." The formulation of such a creed is not easy; and the suspicion of "Christian Science" or some other folly is apt to scare people off. But Mr. Fletcher's book is a sensible one in most of its holdings; and if half the people would realize half his message, this would be a very good world for them and for the rest of us. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.

Even the hardened reviewer is sorry when inspection of a large and handsome book proves the contents unworthy of the dress. *The Golden Crocodile*, by F. Mortimer Trimmer, is too, too British for Colorado. A wholly inane story, by someone as green to the country as to rhetoric; told in the most slovenly and dense English; with a plot and style alike bad — the volume has one distinction. Its punctuation is probably the most appalling ever printed by a good American publishing house. Roberts Bros., Boston. \$1.50.

A prominent English mathematician, Rev. Chas. L. Dodgson, is dead; and very few people know or care. But with him died "Lewis Carroll;" and everybody cares. The life-work of a serious man — where is its monument? But his shamefaced play, the "nonsense" he rather feared to own — that gave him a fireside corner in every heart. *Alice in Wonderland* has never been matched; and very likely never will be.

Frederick M. De Witt has issued a convenient "illustrated and descriptive souvenir and *Guide to San Francisco*." San Francisco. Paper, 50 cents.

A pretty Mission souvenir is Mrs. J. Torrey Connor's *In the Footsteps of the Franciscans*. Los Angeles.

Rand, McNally & Co. have issued *In the Shadow of the Pyramids*, by Richard Henry Savage, in their Rialto Series. Col. Savage shows no signs of repentance or of dullness. Chicago. Paper, 50 cents.

Maurus Jokai's *There Is No Devil* is printed in the "Oriental Library" of Rand, McNally & Co. Paper, 25 cents.

An artistic souvenir of the Southern California Missions has been issued for Fannie E. Duvall, in large brochure. The cover is of yucca fibre, and fourteen effective pen and ink sketches by Miss Duvall, printed on heavy deckle-edged paper, make the inside equally attractive. Lang-Bireley Co., Los Angeles.

J. C. Lawrence Clark has printed an interesting brochure, *Tom Moore in Bermuda*. The scenes and people associated with the poet during his short time in "the inchaunted isle," are pleasantly pictured and described. The author. Lancaster, Mass.



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 Chairman Membership Committee, Mrs. J. G. Mossin.

The Club has been steadily wearing away the debt incurred in re-roofing the great church at the Mission San Fernando; and expected to discharge the last of that indebtedness by the time these pages are printed. So far, so good.

But the Club has a great many other, and equally important, works to attend to; and trusts that the money for these public spirited undertakings will continue to be forthcoming. There is still much to be done at San Fernando; and even at Capistrano many minor buildings need safeguarding.

Members have been very slow in renewing their membership; and only a small proportion have thus far sent in their dues for 1898.

Everyone who cares enough for the preservation of the most important ruins in the United States to contribute one dollar a year is welcome to membership; and larger contributions are earnestly desired.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Previously acknowledged, \$3,055.31.

Rev. G. D. Heldmann, St. Paul's Church, Chicago, \$9.

\$1 each—Mrs. Carrie Waddilove, Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mrs. Percy Hoyle, Master Percy Campbell Hoyle, Miss Innocenta Wolfskill, Miss Elena Wolfskill, Mrs. M. J. Schallert, Master Edwin Francis Schallert, all of Los Angeles; Mrs. Otella Flood, San Francisco; Robert Steere, Los Angeles.





Women's Clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico are invited to correspond with the editor of this department, Mrs. WILLIS LORD MOORE, 1416 Laguna St., Santa Barbara, Cal.

The Womens' Parliament, to be held at Redlands the last week in April, promises a programme of unusual interest. **A FEAST OF REASON.** "The Legal Status of Women in California," will be presented by a prominent young lawyer. A paper entitled "Law versus Justice," will be read by Mrs. Lu Wheat, of Los Angeles. "The Scarlet Letter for Both," is a subject to be presented by Mrs. Judge Stearns, of Pacific Beach; followed by talks upon work with the unfortunate, by representatives from the W. C. T. U., and the Salvation Army. Mrs. Dr. Shaw will read a paper upon "Plato's Republic." A paper by Mrs. Willis Lord Moore will introduce a discussion of the benefits of federation. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, "the Mother of Clubs," will talk of "the oldest club." "Mental and Physical Training of Girls," is the interesting theme of a discourse by Dr. Black, of Pasadena. "Kindergartens," by Miss Suddith, of Colton; "Reforms in Funerals," by Dr. Reed, of Pasadena; "Reforms in Mourning," by Mrs. Langworthy, of San Diego, are other subjects to be presented for discussion. The poem of the occasion will be by Mrs. Eliza A. Otis.

Communications from the secretary of the General Federation of Women's Clubs give promise of a program for the coming Biennial meeting, at Denver, in June, which no club woman can afford to miss. **FEATURES OF THE BIENNIAL.** Low rates will be given by railroads and hotels; while the local entertainment will include an excursion "around the loop," with lunch at a mining camp; a trolley ride through the handsomest part of the city; a sunset ride to Elitch's Gardens, and a reception by the North Side Women's Club. Kindergarten, kitchen garden, and physical culture exhibits from the city schools will be placed in charge of the educational department. Twelve pulpits will be occupied on Sunday morning by visiting delegates. Meetings will be held in the Broadway theater. The program will include papers and addresses by some of the most talented women of the country, and open discussion of all themes in which women are most directly interested. One session will be devoted to the industrial problem as it affects women and children.

The governor of Colorado, and the mayor of Denver, will deliver addresses of welcome, for the General Federation will be the guest of the State, as well as of the city.

The Cottage Hospital of Santa Barbara, which is widely known among physicians as an operating institution, was founded and is maintained by an organization of Santa Barbara's leading women. **SANTA BARBARA HOSPITAL SOCIETY.**

At the recent annual meeting, Mrs. Ashley, for ten years the president, resigned the position which was becoming arduous, she said, to a woman over eighty years of age. The society testified appreciation of her labors and ability by unanimously electing her president *emeritus*—a life position, exempt from duty.

Over ten thousand dollars has been expended by the Hospital Society during the past year, and several hundred patients have been treated.

Mrs. Doremus was elected president, Mrs. Hardacre secretary, for the coming year.

THE
LOS ANGELES

The late Dr. Adrian Ebell, scientist and lecturer, was born in Calcutta, of German parents, and educated in America. He EBBELL. noted that the majority of women studied and read on superficial lines, and that the sciences were more or less neglected by them. As there could not be a full development of their mental faculties under such conditions, he devoted himself to lecturing in female seminaries, upon science, and later organized a broad plan of study, with headquarters in Berlin. Chapters tributary thereto were to be established in every part of the world. One of the first of these was in Oakland, Cal., and was named "The Oakland Chapter of the International Academy of Art and Science of Berlin." The first section of this chapter was formed for the study of biology.

On the voyage from New York to Hamburg Dr. Ebell was taken ill and died in sight of the latter city. In memory and appreciation of his worth the Oakland Chapter changed its name to "The Ebell Society." Several of these societies are now in existence, and are doing good work by means of sections, and are accomplishing for women what the system of university extension has done in other countries for men, with the special advantage that the women manage their affairs entirely by themselves.

The Ebell Society of Los Angeles was organized October 27, 1894, a constitution being adopted and completed some ten days later. Starting in a quiet way with sixty-four charter members the society has grown to a body of one hundred and seventy-five, a majority being active workers. The idea of forming this originated with a few ladies, who, with the first president, Mrs. H. W. R. Strong of Whittier, labored continuously to bring the society to its present state of activity and usefulness. Through the kindness of the new president, Mrs. C. P. Baker of Pasadena, the society has procured a handsome and suitable home of its own at 724 S. Broadway, in which the business and social meetings, and the work of the different sections are carried on. The building is in the form of a Greek temple. Supplied with an ample auditorium and convenient committee rooms, the club house of the Ebell is an ideal one.

The following sections are comprised in the club: Tourist, current events, conversation, music, original composition, law study, physical culture, literature, art, French, science. New sections can be formed at any time for other studies by the board of directors.

The Ebell of Los Angeles is incorporated, and is a member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The society is organized upon broad and liberal lines, and its influence is far-reaching. Not limited in membership, save in such a way as shall conduce to earnest work in all departments, the Ebell furnishes an example of the best elements of the club life of today.

NOTES.

There seems to be a prevalent impression that clubs and state federations must have been organized for some time before they become eligible to membership in the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This is a mistake. Properly constituted they are at once eligible to such membership, and new organizations may be greatly aided by the suggested programs and courses of study put forth by the General Federation.

Mrs. James Scammon of Kansas City, elected to the presidency of the Missouri Federation, at its recent annual meeting, has doubtless done more for the advancement of club life in the middle west than any other one woman. Mrs. Scammon is also president of the Athenæum, Kansas City's most influential club.

THE LAND WE LOVE

AND HINTS OF WHY.



PASADENA LIVE-OAKS.

Photo. by Fletcher.



Mausard-Collins Eng. Co. A MOUNTAIN DAIRY, AT YUCAIPE, CAL. Photo. by J. F. E.



Photo by C. F. L.


VAN NESS AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

BY A. J. COOK, M. S.

OUTHERN California has surpassing charm in scenery, climate, productiveness and population. Our climate and scenery have spoken for themselves. No people excel in intelligence and refinement the folk of the San Gabriel Valley and thence on to Redlands and Riverside. I have lectured to large audiences in fourteen States of the Union, and nowhere to more responsive and appreciative ones than those of Southern California. Even the Western Reserve of Ohio can not surpass Southern California in the culture of its people. In agricultural resources and variety and excellence of fruits, Southern California stands at the head.

Los Angeles county ranks all others. Ocean and mountains meet in her confines. Her climate is as soft as that of Italy.

The soil of Los Angeles county, which is typical of all the rich valleys of Southern California, is made up largely of decomposed granite and felspar, and thus we have the warm, rich, productive granite gravel, and the strong inexhaustible red clay or adobe soil. These soils, like all soils of arid climes, have been unleached, and so are astonishingly rich in all important soil elements—potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. They are most deficient in humus and nitrogen, which from our warmth and sunshine are most easily and cheaply supplied. Again our soil is a deep alluvium, and so is finely pulverized and rich away down, far below the reach of plow or cultivator, and thus the deep roots will for ages be bringing up the rich elements of plant growth. The following is a recent analysis of our soils made at the University of California:

| ELEMENTS. | Granite Soil, 12 in. | Red Clay, 12 in. | Red Clay, 12 to 16 in. | Red Clay, 16 to 48 in. |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Potash | .93 | .98 | 1.15 | 1.06 |
| Phosphoric Acid..... | .11 | .13 | .11 | .12 |
| Available Phosphoric Acid..... | .03 | .03 | .02 | .03 |
| Humus | .62 | .58 | | |
| Nitrogen in 100 of Humus..... | 11.15 | 10.50 | 10.41 | |
| Nitrogen in 100 of Soil..... | .07 | .06 | .10 | |

This table is big with significance. It shows that our soils are very rich in potash and available phosphoric acid. It shows that they are fertile to the surprising depth of 48 inches. It shows that by the practice of green-manuring with the use of legumes, we may supply the needed nitrogen, and at the same time liberate the combined phosphoric acid. As Dr. Hilgard truly says, such soils will bear long cropping with no application of potash or phosphoric acid, and this is the more true if peas, vetches or lupines are grown and plowed under—a practice which, under the influence of club and institute, is becoming very common.

Pomology must ever lead all other departments of agriculture in Los Angeles county and in all Southern California. The latest estimates give to this county 750,000 bearing fruit trees, and 2,000,000 not in bearing. We can grow fruits as can no other section of the United States. Oranges, lemons, tomatoes, olives, apricots, prunes, peaches, pears, plums, nectarines, quinces, loquats, pomegranates, figs, persimmons, walnuts, almonds, grapes, mulberries, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries and guavas grow in profusion and of unsurpassed excellence; while in favored localities cherries and apples are grown with profit.



ROMK PUMPKING.

L. A. EGG CO.

Of all the fruits of the United States, only the humble little currant fails to thrive in this wonderful climate and soil.

Of all these fruits the orange stands first in the magnitude of the groves and in profit. Of the 10,000 carloads sold and to be marketed this year Los Angeles county furnishes her due proportion. Of the 30,000 acres set to oranges in Southern California, more than one-fourth are in Los Angeles county. Yet none, or very few of the orchards are in full bearing, while fully one-half are not yet bearing at all. Other hundreds of acres, yet unimproved, are just as fertile and only lack water to bear the orange to perfection. Such unirrigated lands sell from \$25 to \$100 dollars per acre, while with ample water for complete irrigation they would readily sell for \$200 or \$300. The unequaled average of intelligence among our pomologists will develop more water and better conserve what we now have. Last year pumps run by electricity in our county drew from wells a great flood of water, at a saving of 50 per cent on previous expense with gasoline engines. With the electric power plants of the San Gabriel, Santa Ana, Mill Creek, etc., in full operation, who shall say what the capacity of our water supply may be?

The same intelligence that selects so wisely, plants and tills so admirably, and gathers so skillfully, has also outgrown the envy and suspicion so common in rural localities, and thus the "Exchange" has been organized and manned, and our fruits are better grown, better packed, and, when the Exchange is perfected, the markets will be so fully exploited in advance, that double the product will find ready and ample markets in the East and in Europe.



Photo. by Graham & Morrill
GRAPE FRUIT.



L. A. Eng Co

Photo. by Maude.
NAVEL ORANGES.

California oranges, when ripe, are unsurpassed in sweetness and flavor. We alone grow the matchless "navel" in its perfection. Already our oranges have captured the admiration and the markets of the East and Europe. If this is true in the bud of our industry, what may we hope when it is in full fruitage? Too early and incautious marketing has injured our markets in some slight degree, but with a little more experience, and with the "Exchange" broadened out as its merits deserve, this needless obstacle will be brushed aside.

The value of a good orange grove properly cared for is very great. Annual incomes of from \$200 to \$500 per acre are not isolated examples. I give a veritable case of an orchard five miles northwest of Claremont, owned by Mr. M. L. Sparks, which is exceptional only in that its management is most wise and painstaking. The ten acres were planted in 1890. First crop in 1892 sold for \$80; that of 1893 for \$635; 1894, \$2780; 1895, \$2843, though an offer was made the day after the sale of \$3600; 1896, \$4000; 1897, \$5300.

The lemon, with one-fifth the output of the orange, though at present



L. A. Eng. Co.

PICKING BARTLETT PEARS.
South Los Angeles.

Photo. by Maude

less profitable and more tender to frost, is yet a close second. It gives fruit every month of the year, and with completion of the Nicaragua canal there is a wondrous future for the lemon in California, for no country can compete with us in its production, when we have favorable freight rates. Said a leading lemon grower to me within a week, "Were I sure the Nicaragua canal would be completed by this administration, I would set 400 acres of lemons at once."

Los Angeles leads in the olive. Our pickles and oil are very superior. The first gives a fine profit; the second will, as soon as our people demand that things be sold under their own names, not cotton-seed oil for "pure olive oil." I have known of a profit of \$200 per acre in olives. The complaint of shy bearing will cease when the olive is cultivated, pruned and freed from insects as are other orchard trees. The olive must be cross-pollinated. People are learning this and planting mixed varieties, and thus another bar to full fruitage is being removed.

All our deciduous fruits grow with certainty, produce prolifically, and

bear fruit that ranks with the best of any country. Our dried fruit possesses the highest merit. Our apricots, prunes and blackberries are of surprising excellence, while strawberries yield enormously in the season, and give fruit every month in the year. Walnuts do exceptionally well on the rich, damp soils of Rivera, Downey, etc., and almonds are very fine and profitable in the Antelope Valley. The only hindrance to a marvelous success with all of these is the market. With the completion of the canal, and the organization of the deciduous fruit exchanges in all sections, soon to be realized, the deciduous fruit growers will be away to the front.

Through the influence of institute and club, and the superior enterprise and intelligence of our orchardists, insects are fought as never before. Orchards black and foul with scale are now the exception. We are learning that it pays enormously to fight these pests; that their extermination is inexpensive, easy, sure.

Los Angeles county has rare advantages for growing vegetables. Chino and Los Alamitos are close on our borders, and we have hun-



DRYING APRICOTS AND PRUNES, AZUSA.

dreds of acres that will grow sugar beets and all other vegetables in the same marvelous luxuriance and of the same excellence of quality.

Westminster, which annually sends its hundreds of carloads of celery of highest grade into the markets of the East, is no more adapted to celery production than are our own moist lands about Compton and Clearwater. Two crops every year of potatoes and corn are possible. The immense production of corn, and alfalfa which gives from four to seven tremendous crops a year, make this the banner dairy country of the world. The silo is already on duty, and the number of first-class creameries and cheese factories and the excellence of their product, has already given us deserved fame. The Antelope Valley, and many other lesser valleys, are remarkable for their grain production. Only the wondrously rich soils of Southern California could stand such repeated cropping with the exhausting cereals and find profitable returns. It is unfortunate that they are called upon to do it. We may hope and expect that soon other crops will be found to share attention with the cereals, and thus permit a rotation of crops, and a less exhaustive drain

upon our responsive soils. Our best enterprise should seek diligently for means to diversify the industry of our grain-growing sections.

Bee-keeping in Southern California is far more profitable than in any other section of the world. Single apiaries produce from 30 to 50 tons



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

JUST POTATOES.

Photo. by Naude.

of the most excellent honey. A single county in Southern California is reported to have shipped 75 carloads of honey in 1897. Single colonies of bees make from 200 to 500 pounds, in the best seasons, and that in apiaries with hundreds of colonies—a record which bee-people of other sections can hardly credit. Men take bees on shares, giving one-half the product, and secure \$1500 from the season's labor from February to June or July—as did Mr. C. A. Hatch of Pasadena last year, his first season in the State. Mr. Taylor offered his whole plant last year for \$1000 and cleared \$1500 in the short season. But bees have a further use which all our best informed orchardists are coming to understand. They pollenate the fruit, and thus it is that our orchards are so enormously productive. Mixed varieties and numerous bees at time of bloom should be the motto of all fruit-growers that produce seed-bearing fruit.

Pomona College, Claremont, Cal



Mauward-Collier Eng. Co

HARVESTING A THOUSAND-ACRE GRAIN FIELD

Photo. by Bent.



Mansard-Collier Eng'g Co.

CALIFORNIA SYCAMORES.

Photo. by C. F. L.

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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 8, No. 5.

LOS ANGELES

APRIL, 1898.

NIGHT ON THE RANGE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



T 's ho, it 's ho, for the wind and the rain !
The trees on the ridges hiss and strain,
Over the heads of the cattle
The stript limbs whistle, they wrench and rattle.
Hark, hark !
The thin wolves bark,
They whimp and whine
For the mild moonshine,
They snap at the flapping wings o' the dark.

It 's ho for the bleat of the wedging sheep,
For the shout of the owl on the howling steep ;
The hale old gods of the hill,
They clash the tankards, they take their fill.
Howl, howl !
The great gray owl,
His eyeballs blaze
Down the windy ways ;
Scamper, wolves, by the eyes of the owl !

Newberry Library, Chicago.

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THE NEW LEAGUE FOR LITERATURE AND THE WEST.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



AND what may all this mean? Simply that at last nearly all the foremost Western writers have pledged themselves to try to make, in concert and by collaboration, a magazine really worthy to represent the West.

The United States has more and better magazines than any other country. The strictly first-class, it is true, can be counted precisely upon one handful of fingers; but there is no need of a sixth in their sort; and since the host of lesser ones follow their lead, there is as little need of another imitator as of another rival. So long as the vast preponderance of wealth and population is in the East, the East will be the only home wherein an omnibus magazine can live. Several monthlies have died in the West—and elsewhere—of trying to keep up with New York; after the manner of death of that certain frog which aimed to weigh as much as the ox. Some have known when they died; some have not noticed, and hop, froglike, as cheerfully since the amputation of their brains. In any event, all have failed in a hopeless rivalry, and thereby in everything else.

Another magazine, nowadays, has but one excuse for being, one hope of survival. It must find and fill a field of its very own; large enough, geographically and in vital interest, to need it and support it.

The United States has many sections, but only two generic divisions—the East and the West. It is needless here to discuss the vital difference. Those know it who seriously know East and West; those who do not know both cannot understand.

Every American magazine worth counting is structurally Eastern. They cover the world—but they cover it from New York. With their culture, their standards of literature and art, no sound American will seriously quarrel. But they are all too closeted—too “metropolitan.” Not one has really continental horizons. New York and Boston are not the United States. They are not even the backbone of it. The strength of the nation is in less huddled and less cushioned areas.

Two-thirds of the United States by square miles lacks adequate magazine representation. All the monthlies print “Western matter”—with a lurking editorial wonder, however, how the “frontier” contributor eludes the Indians and cowboys. There are also some magazines published in the West—but not Western magazines. For that, there needs something more than an incontinent stranger whose creed is that if he could read a magazine in his cultured birthplace he can edit one on the raw frontier; who has unlearned nothing and nothing learned by his migration; who pants along the evanishing trail of New York models, doing ill the thing that Eastern magazines do masterfully—

Illustrations by Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

and wondering why the world does not respect tenth-rate work, so only it come from the Western Nazareth.

A magazine adequate to represent the West must be not only cultured as its field is, but Western in knowledge, in theme and in feeling. It can be produced only by Westerners, and by Westerners in collaboration. Before there can be a rally, there must be something to rally around. Veterans will not enlist under an untried standard, nor under a disprized one—and in whatever campaign, if the recruits follow, it is the veterans who must lead.

Since no one better cared to try, this magazine dares. From infancy it has worked quietly and steadfastly toward one object—a literary federation in and for the West. If it could win critical respect and financial independence, it would invite its betters to rally around it. If not, not.

It has satisfied both these conditions, modestly but truly. Free from debt, self-supporting, known and rather respected [East and West, in the beginning of 1898 it said to the foremost writers and students in its field: "Shall we all take a hand together for the West's sake?" The generous Western spirit invariably responded "yes!"

No such syndicate of recognized Western writers was ever before concerned in the production of any periodical as is now enlisted with the LAND OF SUNSHINE. If such concert of the competent does not succeed in making the most typical magazine ever published in the West—the most interesting, the most valuable, the largest in literary and scientific calibre—why, then it is useless to have standards at all. But standards are not in vain. Writers who are good enough for the best Eastern magazines are none too good for a Western magazine; those who cannot break into literature in New York have no business in it here.

The foremost Western story-writers, the foremost historians of the West, the recognized poets and scientists and "popular writers" are now stockholders and contributors in this magazine—their strength united for the first time and for a common cause.

Here is no asylum of failures; no conspiracy of literary sore-heads to beprint us with whatever thing Eastern editors have refused; no summoning of strangers to make or manage



A study by C. F. L.

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

our literature. We are nearly all graduate Easterners. We know and respect and love the old home; we have chosen the new simply because it is so much better worth living in. We read the Eastern magazines, and help to make them, and have no desire to compete with them—but merely to fulfill a certain special need which they do not and cannot quench.

In a crusade there should be no questions of precedence, and none are meant to be invented here. The roster naturally begins with the Nestor of our Coast writers, the first (and thus far only) adequate historian of California—Theodore H. Hittell, of San Francisco. More, perhaps, than any other Westerner, he has consecrated himself to one great literary life-work; and at three score years and eight, in full vigor of mind and body, is still engaged in complemental labors of no less value. There is no stauncher Westerner, nor of more typical evolution. Ohioan by birth and breeding, a Yale man (class of '49), a Californian by choice since 1855, he has made his mark in the journalism, the legislation, the scholarship and the literature of his adopted State.

H. H. Bancroft's documentary dyspepsia in forty volumes was not long in finding its level. Students have ceased to regard it as anything more than a vast compilation, of which some parts are useful to those expert enough to know what parts they are; and thousands of professional men (the book-agent's predestined victims) could easily replace their \$200 sets of Bancroft today at seventy-five cents the volume in sheep.

Mr. Hittell is not a "drummer" but a student; not a hirer of reporters, but a historian. Not by the sweat of irresponsible and alien brows, but by personal research for more than quarter of a century, he has come into ripeness of knowledge. With more conscience, sounder judgment and better style, he has made the four great volumes of his monumental *History* coherent, attractive, trustworthy; and the work has promptly supplanted Bancroft's colossal failure.

He is now engaged in work of which we have crying need—a school history of California—and is also writing a volume of "history stories" from the same romantic field. His charm as a writer and his authority as a student will give this series absorbing interest. The stories will be published first in this magazine.

If those who have carefully followed American literature for the last ten years were bidden to make choice of the most typical series of Western stories written by a woman, I fancy a majority would promptly elect Mary Hallock Foote. Western in very truth of scene and "color" and outlook, marked by all the instincts at once of a woman, artist, poet and story-teller, *The Led-Horse Claim* and its fellows are of a



MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

quality that refuses to be forgotten, even amid the avalanche of clever work that yearly, now, crowds itself off the brink of remembrance. There is at least one busy reviewer, smothered under thousands of stories and of illustrations a year, who has not seen *The Led-Horse Claim* since its first publication, but who is unable to forget the title story or its frontispiece—for Mrs. Foote can illustrate as exquisitely as she can write. That same fine and vital quality is in all her work; and with it all that undefinable but unmistakable largeness of soul which belongs to our horizons. Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Channing among the southern orange groves, Mrs. Foote among the Sierra mining camps, Mrs. Higginson in the Olympic pines, and all unlike as unlike can be—what is it gives to all their work the sympathy whose lack chills the technical perfection of the only New England woman that may be compared with them?

Mrs. Foote's home is in Grass Valley, Cal., the longest-enduring and most productive nest of quartz mines in the Golden State. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish her books—*The Chosen Valley*; *The Led Horse Claim*; *John Bodewin's Testimony*; *The Last Assembly Ball* and *The Fate of a Voice*; *In Exile*, and other stories; *The Cup of Trembling*, and other stories.

No more striking tales have come out of the West than those which Margaret Collier Graham printed in the *Atlantic* and the *Century*, and later in a book of *Stories of the Foothills* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1895); and no more highly praised by views. The quiet but of these unusual tales, their diction, and their for which the Eastern find adequate praise—Mrs. Graham at once of Western short-Hemmed by ness and social ties, and with of Pres-conscien-in all her produces but that enhances of her ses from Mrs. Gra-home in Pasadena



MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

Photo. by Steckel.

such volume was the most critical tremendous strength the rare terseness of remarkable reserve—critics could scarcely these marked in the forefront story writers. many busi-responsibili-the heritage by terian tiousness work, she slowly; fact only the value rare lap-silence. ham's South is typical

—reason enough to convince any other Easterner, as its like convinced her, that the East is a good place to be born in, the West the place to live in.



ELLA HIGGINSON.

A newcomer upon the field, but already widely welcomed West and East as one of the best of our short-story writers, Mrs. Ella Higginson, of New Whatcom, Wash., has had an unusual and a merited success. Few have made so deep impression by two little books of stories. In her *From the Land of the Snow Pearls* the critical at once detected a new and unusual voice in Coast literature—the first adequate voice from that magnificent empire of Puget Sound. Her new book of stories, *A Forest Orchid* (both published by the Macmillan Co., N. Y.) has confirmed Mrs. Higginson's rank as one of the strongest of Western story writers. Quiet, well-proportioned, intuitive and genuine, her stories are as far as possible from the "woolly" school—and yet they are exactly Western. Here is character-drawing of a high order. Few make tangible the basic but forgotten truth that Westerners are Easterners moved. Mrs. Higginson's transplanted New Englanders are as clearly New Englanders and transplanted ones, as Miss Wilkins's people are of the unredeemed who scratch their horizons with their elbows.

Mrs. Higginson also writes verse of a high quality, and is now engaged upon a novel, which will be awaited with high hopes.

Of a historic New England family, herself broadened by wide travel, Grace Ellery Channing (now Mrs. Channing-Stetson) is a good type of the new California. Born and bred in the East, and graduated to the better side of the continent, she is Western by election, as are most of us. She was for some years of the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and has been—and is—a contributor to the leading magazines. Her book of short stories, *The Sister of a Saint* (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, 1895) was one of the worthiest successes of its year. It dealt largely with the peasants of Italy—where it is become a classic—but it contained also *The Basket of Anita*, one of the most successful of California stories. Her poems, too, are of rare grace and insight. Mrs. Channing is now in Italy; but her home is in Pasadena,



GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

Cal.; and it is of California that she will write for this magazine her charming stories, which are instinct with a human sympathy no one has surpassed.

The great Newberry Library, of Chicago, came to California for a head — simply because the best man it could find to fit its responsible shoulders was a Californian. John Vance Cheney was enough librarian for the rude West, and is librarian enough for the second city in the Union, and by the same standard which we believe in, has been recognized as poet enough for anywhere. There is too much notion that anyone who writes in the West is a Western writer; in fact, no one is fit to be called a Western writer who does not merit the unadjectived word. Mr. Cheney can afford to abide by that

measure. He is Western, and he writes — sometimes of the West, oftener of the World. And whatever he writes is worth reading in any longitude. He is like no one else. A strong spontaneity is in his work; and with genuine poetic feeling he has an expression peculiarly his own. His two books of verse, *Thistle Drift* and *Wood Bloom*, are out of print; but Copeland & Day (Boston) have just issued in handsome form a third — *Out of the Silence*. This includes new poems, as well as the best of the elder ones, and is achieving distinction in the most critical circles.

The veterans, too, are with us. From the standpoint of solid value and expert authority, no man could bring greater strength to such a league as this than Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. Army. Dean of all our students of the West, highest authority upon some of the most interesting and important of Western topics, he is one of the finest products of our scholarship. He has been president of the American Folk-Lore Society, is prominent in many other national associations of science, and has a reputation far wider than the United States. For more than quarter of a century he has devoted himself to ethnologic studies in the West. He writes clearly and well, and his articles are not only authoritative but deeply interesting. A sketch of his work was published in this magazine for February, 1897.

One of the most conscientious, well-equipped and honorably recognized field-students of the Southwest — particularly of Arizona and New



DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.



From Photo. Jan. 31, 1898.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



FREDERICK WEBB HODGE.

Mexico—is Frederick Webb Hodge, who occupies an important position in the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington. As the hero of the Enchanted Mesa—that dramatic episode in which he exposed and branded a Princeton professor more thoroughly and more pointedly than so prominent a pretender was ever served up before—Mr. Hodge is most popularly known. But by scholars everywhere he is respected for his scientific papers on Southwestern subjects, and his editorial work in the Bureau of Ethnology and on scientific publications. A sketch of his work was printed in this magazine for March, 1897; and how readably he can write has been widely discovered in the Enchanted Mesa controversy printed in these pages and to be supplemented by another

article of his in the *Century*.

Geo. Parker Winship, the young giant of documentary research in early American history—particularly the history of the Southwest—is librarian of one of the most important collections of Americana in existence, the John Carter Brown Library, of Providence, R. I. His largest work thus far is the monumental *Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542*, published by the Bureau of Ethnology last year. It is one of the most weighty contributions of late years to American history, and ranks its author as a worthy heir, on the documentary side, of the great Bandelier. Mr. Winship is not only an expert; he is a graceful writer who can tell what he knows. A sketch of him was printed in this magazine for July, 1897.

John Comfort Fillmore, long Director of the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music, now Professor of Music in Pomona College, Claremont, Cal., is author of several standard books on the history of music and cognate subjects. Much more important, he is the discoverer and master of the science of Folk-Music—which was not a science until he found and proved the basic truth that aboriginal music is built on harmonic lines. There was a long fray with the guessworkers and arm-chair students who had been for years building ingenious theories upon the stupid notion that there were as many kinds of music as there were savage tribes. Every other branch of science that relates to man had already abandoned the like ignorances—and had become exact only by so doing—but the musical theorists had learned nothing from collateral experience. Prof. Fillmore is a good fighter as well as a good student; and across a field strewn with the remains of the closet savants he has marched to complete victory. His belief has come to be an accepted axiom among scientists. In making and establishing this important discovery, he has become the foremost



GEO. PARKER WINSHIP.



JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

student of aboriginal folk-music at first hand—as he is technically the best equipped. He has published several important monographs on this subject. This magazine has printed a number of his shorter but valuable studies of Southwestern folk-songs; and will, with his expert help, preserve many more of these interesting and precious records of peoples so rapidly disappearing.

Charles A. Keeler, of Berkeley, Cal., is a director of the California Academy of Sciences, and has done valuable work in raising the standard of its efficiency. He is one of the brightest of the young students of California; and his fine monograph on the *Evolution of the Colors of North American Land Birds* (350 pp. and many colored plates; published by the Academy, 1893) has won recognition among scientists the world over. His wife, Louise M. Keeler (a niece of Mary Mapes Dodge, of *St. Nicholas*) is a pupil of Keith and an illustrator of more than usual promise.

Certain important and romantic phases of Western and Southwestern life, no other artist has ever known so well as Alex. F. Harmer knows them. For many years he has dwelt and wandered among the remoter picturesqueness of Arizona, Mexico and California. He accompanied Gen. Crook on the famous Apache campaign of 1883, and illustrated the books of the lamented John G. Bourke; he is a familiar of the desert, the Apaches and the Mexicans; is married to an exquisite type of the Spanish Californians, and has an intimacy with that romantic bygone life shared by few Americans. Some of his California and Arizona paintings are the very best in their kind; and along with feeling and a delicate sense of color he has uncommon fidelity. His home is now in Santa Barbara, Cal.

L. Maynard Dixon, of San Francisco, though but 22 years of age, is one of the most promising of Western



Photo by C. F. L.

CHARLES A. AND LOUISE M. KEELER.

illustrators. Earnest, sympathetic, with a vein of genuine poetry in his nature, and at the same time tireless patience in study, he shows in his work not only feeling but growth. He has a peculiar aptitude in types, an intimate touch for Western subjects; and the rapidity with which his technique improves augurs very handsomely for his future as an illustrator.

Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Howard Shinn, Charles Edwin Markham, Charles Frederick Holder, T. S. Van Dyke and Charles Dwight Willard are no less important members of this new crusade for the West; but delays in receiving adequate portraits of them compel us to leave for the May number a brief appreciation of the work of each. By then, too, it is hoped that a few more brave names may be added to this brave list.

ALASKAN DEAD-POLES.

BY GEO. G. CANTWELL.



AMONG the most interesting sights to the tourists who visit the Alaskan country are the picturesque Indian villages scattered along the coast and on the many islands. Their low, flat houses, graceful cedar canoes, and the natives themselves, are at once novel and fascinating.

A characteristic feature of these Indian towns is the great array of totems and hideously carved images that stand about the houses and over the graves of the dead. To the ordinary sight-seer a mere curiosity, to the Siwash these towering poles are history; each carved figure marks an epoch in the annals of the tribe, a deed of long ago, that today none but



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

A CHIEF'S HOUSE ON PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND.

the oldest among them can translate ; and the time is not far distant when they and their traditions will be things of the past.

Christianity has wrought a great change among the native Alaskans. Little by little they have broken away from their ancient customs ; and to trace the history of these isolated people one must go back to other days.

Less than twenty-five years ago, in the tops of these poles were placed, in a sma'l box, which was sometimes elaborately carved, the heads and burned bones of their dead. As a rule the remains of but a single body were placed in a box ; at other times the ashes of many persons were gathered together in a small house and "dead-poles" were erected near by. These dead-poles are different from the totem poles, in that they chronicle no history of events, but are merely decorated with emblems of the tribe—a raven, bear, or whale.

Formerly some attempt at embalming was made, but the Indians of the present day do not practice it. But among the Hennegahs of Prince of Wales Island, cremation is still indulged in. They also burn with



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CONVERTED ALASKA INDIANS.

the body a dog, gun, clothing, some food, and even a native slave, that these may accompany the departed spirit.

Among most of the Indians of Southeastern Alaska it is no uncommon thing to see bits of food cast into the fire that dead friends may eat. Generally, for a year or so after relatives have been placed in the dead-house, clothing, food and drink are placed beside them—even clocks, that are wound regularly. All the person's valuables are sometimes placed, at death, in the dead-house or on the poles; but only to be removed later. As one of their cherished hopes in life is to have an elaborate funeral, they frequently save and deny themselves much to accomplish



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A HOWKAN GRAVE.

Family Totem on right, Dead-Pole at left, showing gun which killed the deceased.

this. I recall an old Hiada of Howkan this summer, who, through scrupulous economy, had been able to buy a fine marble slab for his grave—all carved and finished except the date of his death. Even this matter had been carefully provided for, and he now waits patiently for Father Time to mow him down, while the white headstone in his doorway is the envy of the tribe.

In olden times the rich chiefs of the tribe had their graves ornamented with carved plates hammered out of native copper. Many of these stand today, intact, in the little islands where their famous men lie buried.

Indians have a horror of the dead, and will never touch a corpse if they

can avoid it. For this reason, a person about to die is dressed in the death clothes, the performance often being gone through with several times, as the patient gets better or worse, and not unfrequently entirely recovers. Such was the case of a wife who was about to die and who was already in her death clothes. The widower (prospective) had in the meantime taken a new wife. But the first one recovered and complicated matters. The difficulty finally settled itself by wife number two dying; and at present it seems that the original wife will probably out-live her husband.

Great show is made before burial. All the finery and belongings of the deceased are placed in the coffin; the clothes, clocks jewelry, guns,



Mauvard-Collier Eng Co. A GRAVE IMAGE AT HOWKAN.

and various trinkets. The long ceremony is then gone through with, being conducted by the relatives only, with the exception of a set of women known as wailers, who come and wail at so much a wail. Other women are paid to sing the death song just outside the door, the immediate relatives of the deceased having a regular hour for mourning at the grave, morning and evening.

A queer superstition still exists in regard to carrying a dead body through a door, for fear the first person to follow will be unfortunate. During Christian burials the missionary always takes it upon himself to be the first to follow the corpse through the door. Formerly an upright board was left loose in the sides of all the houses so that the corpse need not be taken through a door.



Mauoard-Collier Eng. Co.

HIADA CHIEF LYING IN STATE.

In case an Indian is drowned a great effort is made to recover the body, else they believe it will be changed in the hereafter to a most terrible creature, unlike anything on earth.

The practices of the medicine men are now rare among them. During one of the last ceremonies held by these repulsive men among the Hiasdas he was interrupted in the midst of his incantations — naked, and



Mauoard-Collier Eng. Co.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

pounding away on his rattles — by a missionary, who, in no uncertain way, exposed the fraud to the natives. They in turn drove the fellow from their midst.

Witchcraft was also formerly believed in. For instance, if a sick person was unable to recover, he was taken to the woods, where he drank salt water for three days. A creature of the woods, generally a moose, was then supposed to come forth and tell him who was the party responsible for his illness. This of course made trouble.

There is no intentional starving to death of the old and helpless among the Hiadas.

In the event of death, if it is possible to make out a case of willful murder, or responsibility in any way, the family (and in case of important affairs, the whole tribe) of the person responsible are obliged to pay what indemnity the injured parties may demand. Great influence is brought to bear and no grievance of the past that will strengthen the case is forgotten. Sometimes the demands are so large that help is asked of other tribes, for it is a matter of pride to meet the obligations, which they do, after much wrangling, by means of blankets, furs, or coins.

This matter of indemnity and pride is a time-honored custom; and to bring it down to the present time, we may cite the case of "Three-fingered Charlie," a Juneau Indian, convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. Thus, according to Indian law, the witnesses, who were natives, were by Charlie's friends held responsible for his life; and in case the sentence is carried out they will be compelled to "potlatch" a very large amount. The witnesses are anxious that sentence be suspended, while Charlie's friends remain indifferent — they are winners whichever way the case goes.

These Indians avenge the death of any of their number by that of a white man. It is a known fact that for every Indian so killed the life of a white is taken; sometimes years after the deed has been done. In this way many a luckless prospector has paid the folly of another.

Juneau, Alaska.

A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS.

BY ADELINE SUMNER.



THERE is a most interesting spot, which comparatively few travelers have visited, about four miles above the old San Diego Mission, in a rocky gorge at the west end of the Cajon valley, near the present boundary of the immense Fanita rancho.

It is the site of the dam which was built a hundred and twenty-five years ago to supply the mission with water. With the exception of a few oozy places among the stones, the masonry, of gray granite and cement, is as perfect as the day it was completed, although the sand has drifted down so that the bed of the river is almost level with the top of the dam. The opening into the flume is only a three-inch one of tile, but the flume itself (large sections of which still remain) is two feet across and two in depth. It is made of cement and stones, with a concave tile for the bottom.

The side of the dam, where the waste gate was, is of red tile, and the opening is worn smooth from the action of the water. There is always a good stream flowing through the opening, and after heavy rains the water now pours over the entire dam.



Photo. by Nocom.

THE OLD FRANCISCAN DAM.

L. A. Eng. Co.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE OLD CEMENT DITCH.

Photo. by Slocum.

From the top of the dam one can see Cuyamaca Peak, forty miles away, from which the timber was brought for the waste gate and also for the Mission itself. Tradition says the timbers were not allowed to touch the ground from the time the priests blessed them, as they were laid on the shoulders of the Indians, until they were delivered.

High on a hill about a mile from the dam, and in plain sight of it, is the remnant of an old fortified lookout that commands an inspiring view of the entire Cajon valley. It was a circular enclosure of stone between huge boulders.

Hidden away in the hillside near the dam there is a lost gold mine that has been a matter of local interest for many years. The dump is there, and is aggravatingly prominent, but the shaft or tunnel is still undiscovered.*

Los Angeles, Cal.

*Nor would it do anyone any good to discover it. The buyer of a "gold brick" is a mature and sensible person compared to the man who hunts for "lost mines of the Spanish priests." The priests had no mines. Neither had anyone else until the Yankee came.—Ed.

PREHISTORIC FANCY-WORK.

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.



BITS of cloth and string are frequently found in the cliff-dwellings of the Southwest; but, so far as my knowledge has extended, pieces showing any attempt at decoration are rare.

The finest specimen I have seen was found in a village on Clear Creek, Arizona, and was taken from one of the small, deep wall-caches so common in the caves of this section.

These holes are rarely over six inches across and extend from one to three feet back into the solid rock.

They are artificial and show the marks of some pointed tool used in the digging.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

CLOTH FROM A CLIFF-DWELLING
In the Verde Valley, Arizona.

Photo. by Jennings.

The caches are sealed with a ball of mud which time has turned to the hardest cement, and we were half an hour with hammer and chisel opening the one which contained the cloth.

The hole was filled with cotton bolls and seeds, strings, yucca fibre, and bits of pounded mescal, and in the extreme end, so far back that a man could scarcely reach it, the cloth was rolled up in a ball.

Other caches contained corn-cobs, squash shells and seeds, baked mescal, and many strings; and twice beans have been found which grew and produced a crop.

The piece of cloth was twenty inches long by ten wide, and shows a beautiful and very intricate pattern of drawn-work.

The texture is coarse like heavy linen and the work very neatly done. The short seam is old work; the long one the line where the cloth was cut after finding.

An English manufacturer and expert on vegetable fibres pronounced it woven of the fibre from milk-weed pods.

Whether this is true or not, the milk-weed is abundant in the valley and dried pods have been found in the caches.

A smaller piece of cloth found later is of similar quality but shows a pattern of genuine embroidery done in darker thread.

This pattern is repeated in a sort of border every two inches along the strip.

About a year ago some pieces of cloth with similar embroidery were found in "Montezuma's Castle" wrapped around the skeleton of a child.

Prescott, Arizona.

SWEET SIN.

A CHINESE-AMERICAN STORY.

BY SUI SEEN FAR.



“CHINESE! Chinese!”

A small form darted across the street, threw itself upon the boys from whom the derisive cry had arisen, and began kicking and thumping and scratching and shaking, so furiously that a companion cried in fright, “Sweet Sin! Oh, Sweet Sin! Come away, you will kill them!”

But Sweet Sin was deaf to all sounds save “Chinese! Chinese!” Before her eyes was a fiery mist.

A quarter of an hour later Sweet Sin with a bandaged head was being led to her home by a couple of much scandalized Sunday-school teachers, her little friend following with a very pale face.

Sweet Sin was the child of a Chinese merchant and his American wife. She had been baptized Wilhelmina, but for reasons apart from the fact that her father was Hwuy Sin, a medical student had, in her babyhood, dubbed her Sweet Sin, and the name had clung.

On arrival at the house, they were met by the mother, who was much perturbed at the sight of her offspring.

The Sunday-school teachers explained the case and departed. The mother bathed Sweet Sin's face. The child liked the feeling of the cool water; her head was feverish and so was her heart.

"I'm so sorry that this happened," said the mother. "I wanted you to go to Mrs. Goodwin's party tonight, and now you are not fit to be seen."

"I'm glad," answered Sweet Sin. "I don't want to go."

"Why not?" queried the mother. "I'm surprised, she is so kind to you."

"I do not think so," replied Sweet Sin, "and I don't want her toys and candies. It's just because I'm half Chinese and a sort of curiosity that she likes to have me there. When I'm in her parlor, she whispers to the other people and they try to make me talk and examine me from head to toe as if I were a wild animal—I'd rather be killed than be a show."

"Sweet Sin, you must not speak so about your friends," remonstrated the mother.

"I don't care!" defiantly asserted Sweet Sin. "Last week, when I was at her house for tea, she came up with an old gentleman with white hair and gold-rimmed glasses. I heard the old gentleman say, 'Oh, indeed, you don't say so! her father a Chinaman!' and then he stared at me with all his might. Mrs. Goodman said, 'Do you not notice the peculiar cast of features?' and he said 'Ah, yes! and such bright eyes—very peculiar little girl.'"

"Well, and what did you do then?"

"Oh, I jumped up and cried: 'And you're a very peculiar, mean old man,' and ran out of the house."

"They must have thought you a little Chinese savage," said the mother, but her cheek glowed.

"They can think what they like! Besides, it isn't the Chinese half of me that makes me feel like this—it's the American half. My Chinese half is good and patient, like all the Chinese people we know, but it's my American half that feels insulted for the Chinese half and wants to fight. Oh, mother, mother, you don't know what it is to be half one thing and half another, like I am! I feel all torn to pieces. I don't know what I am, and I don't seem to have any place in the world."

Sweet Sin had been brought up in the Methodist Church and her mother sent her to Sunday-school regularly. Sometimes she felt a missionary spirit. One day, to an old laundryman, she told the story of the creation of Adam and Eve, the first man and woman. The old man listened attentively, but when she had finished, said:

"No, no, I tell you something better than that, and more true. The first man and woman were made like this: Long, long time ago, two brooms were sent down from the sky. They were brooms while they were in the air, but as soon as they touched earth, one became a man, the other a woman—the first man and woman."

Sweet Sin was greatly shocked, and for several days could think of little else than the broom theory. At last, she asked her father if he would not, as a special favor, enlighten Li Chung as to his true descent, but her father merely smiled and said:

"You had better leave Li Chung alone; his theory serves him as well as your Sunday-school teacher's serves her. Each is as reasonable as the other."

"Father!" exclaimed Sweet Sin, "are you a heathen?"

"That is a matter of opinion, my daughter."

II.

"Forget me," commanded Sweet Sin.

"Not while I have breath and blood."

"You must; I tell you to."

"But one always remembers what one's told to forget."

Dick Farrell's grey eyes looked pleadingly into Sweet Sin's. She was seventeen now. California sunshine and the balmy freshness of Pacific breezes had helped to make her a bewitching woman.

"I thought you liked me, Sweet Sin."

"So I do."

"But I thought you cared for me as I do for you."

Sweet Sin turned her face aside. She would not let him know.

"I like, but I do not love. As to you, why, next week there will be somebody else to whom you will be telling the same old tale. Don't interrupt. I know all about it. Besides, even if you did love me, as you say, the life of love is short—like all that's lovely. Yesterday, we hailed its birth, today we mourn it—dead."

"Sweet Sin, come to me—don't be wicked!"

"I told you I did not care for you."

"I will not believe it."

"Well, whether you believe it or not, I must leave you now, as I have something to do for father. Dick, do you remember once asking me if my father was a Chinaman; and when I replied yes, you said, 'Doesn't your flesh creep all over when you go near him?' You were about twelve then and I ten."

"I cannot recall the things I said so long ago," replied the young fellow, flushing up.

"No! Well, you see this is the day when I remember—the day when you forget."

III.

They were all there—the fiddler with his fiddle, the flutist with his flute, the banjo man with his banjo, and the kettledrummer with his kettledrum. All the Chinese talent in that California city were assembled together, and right merrily was the company entertained.

Hwuy Sin was giving a farewell banquet to his Chinese friends. He was about to return to China after an exile of about twenty-five years, and Sweet Sin, the child of the American woman, now dead two years, was to accompany him. His daughter was of a full marriageable age, and like every good Chinese father, what he desired for her was a husband—a husband such as could be found only amongst his cousins in China.

Hwuy Sin thought tenderly of his child; she had been a good daughter—a little more talkative and inquisitive perhaps than a woman should be, but always loving to him. Suddenly he arose from his seat; he had not seen her that evening and there were some instructions about the packing of his caps which he would like to give before the night closed.

Rat, tat, tat. Hwuy Sin stood outside Sweet Sin's door and waited. As it was not opened to him, he called softly, "My child, it is your father."

But Sweet Sin heard him not.

IV.

When Hwuy Sin returned to his guests he walked heavily.

"My daughter has gone to the land of spirits; mourn with me," he said.

And in Chinese fashion they mourned with him.

Hwuy Sin went back to China, and the mid-ocean received a casket containing what had once been called Sweet Sin. As he watched it sink, he said, "In all between the four seas, there was none like her. She belonged neither to her mother's country, nor to mine. Therefore, let her rest where no curious eyes may gaze."

Sweet Sin's farewell he carefully laid away. It was written in the beautiful Chinese characters he himself had taught her, and the words were:

"FATHER, SO DEAR: I am not tired of life, and I dislike death, but though life to me is sweet, yet if I cannot have both it and honor, I will let life go. Father, stand up for me, and no matter what others may say, do not feel hard against me. My Christian friends will shake their heads and say, 'Ah, Sweet Sin!' their faces will become long and melancholy, and if you ask them to give me Christian burial, for my mother's sake, probably they will refuse. They will talk about right and wrong, and say that I have gone before my Maker with a crime on my soul. But for that I do not care, as what is right and what is wrong, who knows? The Chinese teachers say that the conscience tells us and they teach the practice of virtue for virtue's sake. The Christians point to the Bible as a guide, saying that if we live according to its lessons, we will be rewarded in an after life. I have puzzled much over these things, seeking as it were for a lost mind.

"Father, I cannot marry a Chinaman, as you wish, because my heart belongs to an American—an American who loves me and wishes to make me his wife. But, Father, though I cannot marry a Chinaman, who would despise me for being an American, yet I will not marry an American, for the Americans have made me feel so that I will save the children of the man I love from being called 'Chinese! Chinese!'

"Farewell, father. I hope God will forgive me for being what He made me.

"SWEET SIN."

Montreal, Can.

THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.



IN this age the first requisite of natural history is the wonderful. Truth is of little value and the world has no thanks for him who would strip the tinsel from some cherished delusion. The story of the "road-runner" killing rattlesnakes by fencing them in with cactus until in their rage they strike themselves, with its charming variation in which the cactus is placed in the coil so that the snake strikes at that and hits himself, is so venerable that it requires some courage to question it.

Diligent inquiry among Indians and Mexicans in many of the sun-lands has failed to find anyone who ever saw this brilliant trick, or anyone who has known anyone else who has seen it. It is always found quietly sleeping on mere tradition.

The chaparral cock eats young snakes, and on a cold morning might kill a large one by pecking it on the head. It is not likely that it attacks a large snake in any other way. It is too wise to go near anything as quick as a rattlesnake. I have played scores of times with the rattlesnake, and the man does not live who can pull back the lightest stick quickly enough to escape the stroke. It is not likely that any bird can do it, and the stroke is good for about half the length of the snake.

One tale of the road-runner is perhaps true—that it can run as fast as fly. It is not swift of wing and rarely tries flight unless hard pushed. Several times I have seen one on a rock and one on the ground start to cross a bit of open ground at my approach. The one on foot was generally ahead and rarely behind. As most of the flight was sailing under ordinary circumstances, it has been impossible to say whether the flying bird was doing his best. But when the trotting bird spreads his wings like those of a running ostrich and reaches as far as his legs allow, he sets a pace that his flying mate cannot much exceed, if at all, and makes one of the prettiest sights the tenants of our hills and dales can show.

Los Angeles, Cal.

REAL SPANISH FOLK-SONGS.

"THE OLD MAN" (EL VIRJO).

Harmonised by John Comfort Fillmore.

Collected by Chas. F. Lummie.

Con anima.

To - dos di - cen que soy un - vi - e - jo, Yo no
They all say I'm a worth-less old fel - low, But I

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, also with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

sé en que se pue - don fan - dar... Yo me en-cuen-tro tan gor-do y ro -
know not by what they can score... For I find my-self mor-ry and

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves with the same instrumental arrangement and key signature. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

Refrain

bus - to que tres ve - ces me pue - do cas ar, En el
mel - low, And quite fit for three mar - ri - ages more. & How the

The third system of the musical score is the refrain. It follows the same instrumental arrangement and key signature as the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

LAND OF SUNSHINE

mor - re, pas - se - ha el jo - ven, Cam - bi - fire - de con - 2
 had held his own in the one - the, Fight - ing off the world

tra - di - va cor. Tan - to san - gre en los cam - pa - re
 val - ero a - main. Mark ye not, ye in - val - ero and

ga - ba, No te cau - sa ver - guen - za, trai - dor ?
 trait - ore, Thus with blood to be wat - er - ing Spain ?

(XL VIRJO.)

II.

Soy un viejo de noventa años,
 Los cuento desde empecé á andar;
 Las muchachas me niegan los besos
 Y conmigo no quieren bailar.

Coro.

I am old, if it's old to be ninety
 (Which I count since to walk I began),
 Not a kiss will the silly girls give me,
 Not a dance will they give the old man!

Chorus.

III.

Todos dicen "hipócrita viejo!"
 Pa'que en misa me gusta rezar,
 Y en el baile me gusta tener
 Una novia á quien apretar!

Coro.

"You old hypocrite!" everyone tells me—
 Just because I've a liking for mass,
 And as well at the dance I've a liking
 For a step with a squeezable lass!

Chorus.

THE WILD LUPIN.

BY INA C. TOMPKINS.

Where the great Western sea rolls in
 from the other side of the world,
 And round the lofty mountain peaks
 the eternal snows lie furled;
 On frowning rock, in shifting dune
 where never green blade shows—
 A breath of balm to joy the air
 the sweet wild Lupin grows.

Now golden as the sun whose love
 is in its generous heart,
 Now azure as the summer sky
 when white clouds drift apart,
 Or pale as pearl or freaked with pink,
 by singles or the score,
 Its beauty brightens every nook
 along the breezy shore.

Glad blossom of the Sunshine Land,
 of thee my task is learned;
 Wherever chance may cast thy lot,
 the lowliest place is turned
 Into a garden of the Lord—
 then striving heart, pray heaven
 That to thy life, or here or there,
 the same sweet grace be given!

OLD CALIFORNIA DAYS.

REPRODUCED BY SUPERSTOCKS.



JUST as the great fire of June, 1850, was devouring San Francisco, Frank Marryat sailed into port, having been "cooped up for 45 days [from Panama] on a small bark, in company with 175 passengers, of whom 160 were noisy, quarrelsome, discontented and dirty in the extreme." Marryat was an Englishman, a rather typical Seamen traveler; and his book, *Mountains and Molehills*, published by the Harpers in 1854 is shallow and narrow but not without value for its incidental side-lights on life in San Francisco and the mines. Marryat was rather a sportsman than a goldseeker. His business ventures turned out badly, and as for his social attitude it is best gauged by his own account. He and his English companion were guests at a Spanish rancho, and had



CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

an idea they were neglected. They killed a skunk, during one of their hunts; and on returning to the house his companion threw the creature into the group of ladies and guests. And having had something stolen, he thought by Indians, he announced that if he had seen any Indian thereafter he would have shot him on sight like a coyote.

His history is worthless, but many of his wayside incidents are amusing and typical. He saw on the Stockton steamer a notice that "gentlemen are requested not to go to bed in their boots," but says this was little regarded, since there was no guarantee your boots wouldn't be stolen if you took them off. In a church

in Benicia, after a political meeting, he saw a poster in each pew requesting people "not to cut the woodwork nor spit on the floor."

In noticing matters of this caliber he is at his best. He celebrates the following incident of high wages during the great rush of '49: The captain of a merchant brig, whose entire crew had deserted, procured another crew at fabulous wages—except a cook. Meeting a negro on the beach he tried to hire him as cook at \$10 a day. The negro laughed. "Say, boss," he answered, "ef yo' want job yo' own sef as cook, at \$25 a day, jes' go up to my restaurant an' I'll put yo' to work immediately."

He was impressed by the strange con-
With illustrations from *Mountains and Molehills*.



SAN FRANCISCO STREETS IN '49.



EARLY SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS BUILDINGS.

dition of the young metropolis and makes some sensible remarks about San Francisco's swift uprising after her third destructive fire, and about the spirit of enterprise in general.

"Twelve months back there was little else but canvas tents here, and a small, shifting, gambling population; who was it then, when all looked uncertain in the future that sent away so many thousand miles for steam excavators, and tramways, and railway trucks? Who were those, again, who sent from this hamlet of shanties for all the material for large foundries of iron and brass, for blocks of granite, bricks and

mortar, for pile-drivers and steamboats? I don't know—but these things all arrived; and now, in eighteen hundred and fifty, the sand hills tumble down as if by magic, and are carried to the water's edge on a railroad where the pile-drivers are at work, and confine them to the new position assigned them on a water lot. The clang of foundries is heard on all sides, as machinery is manufactured for the mines—brick buildings are springing up in the principal thoroughfares, steamers crowd the rivers, and thousands of men are blasting out huge masses of rock to make space for the rapid strides of this ambitious young city.

"The stranger in San Francisco at this time is at once impressed with the feverish state of excitement that pervades the whole population; there is no attention paid to dress, and everyone is hurried and incoherent in manner. Clubs, reading-rooms, and the society of women are unknown; and from the harassing duties of day's business, there is nothing to turn for recreation but the drinking-saloons and gambling houses, and here nightly all the population meet. Where the commerce engaged in fluctuates every hour, and profit and loss are not matters of calculation, but chance—where all have hung their fortunes on a die, and few are of that class who bring strong principles to bear upon conduct that society does not condemn—the gambling-tables are well supported, and the merchant and his clerk, and perhaps his cook, jostle in the crowd together, and stake their ounces at the same table. Drinking is carried on to an incredible extent here; not that there is much drunkenness, but a vast quantity of liquor is daily consumed.

"There is no one in such a hurry as a



AN OLD-TIME BAR-ROOM.

Californian, but he has always time to take a drink. There are no public lamps in town, at this time, so that the greater part of it is admirably adapted for that portion of the population who gain their livelihood by robbery, and murder in those cases where people object to being robbed. But Commercial street, which is composed entirely of saloons, is a blaze of light, and resounds with music from one end to the other. No expense is spared to attract custom; the bar-keepers are artists in their profession; rich, soft velvet sofas and rocking chairs invite the lounge; but popular feeling runs strongest in favor of the saloon that contains a pretty woman to attend the bar. Women are rarities here; and the population flock in clouds and receive drinks from the fair hands of the female dispenser, while the fortunate proprietor of the saloon realizes a fortune in a week — and only has that time to do it in, for at the end of that period the charmer is married! A French ship arrived during my stay, and brought as passengers a large number of very respectable



PLACER-MINING IN '49.

girls, most of whom were tolerably well looking; they were soon caught up by the saloon proprietors as waiting-women at salaries of about £50 each per month, and after this influx the public became gradually inured to female attendance, and looked upon it as a matter of no moment.

"On entering one of these saloons the eye is dazzled almost by the brilliancy of chandeliers and mirrors. The roof, rich with gilt work, is supported by pillars of glass; and the walls are hung with French pictures of great merit, but of which female nudity forms alone the subject. The crowd of Mexicans, miners, niggers, and Irish bricklayers, through which

with difficulty you force a way, look dirtier (although there is no need of this) from contrast with the brilliant decorations."

THE DESERT.

BY EDNA HEALD.

Tho' beauty lies in every mile of mine,
Shunned is my long white stretch of sands,
Unseen, my yuccas point their slim white hands,
By half the world forgot.
But happy with the silence and the sun
I dream impassive as when Time begun
And men were not.

Helmere, Cal.



There are several things that make the West "different." WEST AND EAST.
 One is that it is larger. Man has elbow-room, and Nature is not jostled off the earth. Another is that it is young. The East, of this generation, was born old; we have come upon lusty manhood. A third is that it is elective. The people of the East are there because they were born there; we are here by choice. They live at ease in the house-politic our common fathers builded in the sweat of rugged brows; we build our own—remembering the wisdom of the fathers, avoiding their mistakes. A creator is more than his heir, the builder is larger than the tenant. His muscles and his mind are larger—or evolution is a lie. There are enough narrow enough people with us; but such structural and generic narrowness is impossible to a country that is being made as broods between the eyebrows of a country that has been handed down. The people of the East work, certainly, but on smaller lines. Their comings and goings are upholstered. At most they are varnishers to a structure built by men who were larger because their times and their tasks made them larger.

Even in getting here we had to discover that neither the grace of God nor the law of gravitation nor even the voice of culture breaks off short at Jersey City. We learned perforce larger ideas of geography and of man and of Nature than any man can have who has never physically overstepped the accidental fences of his birth. The broadening of travel, the self-reliance bred by experience in dealing with large conditions for ourselves, have made us more generous, more tolerant, more free. And because Nature is on a vastly nobler scale, because climates are kindlier and more sane, above all because we have *chosen*—the West has a coherence and fellowship incomprehensible to the fortuitous older States. Every year tens of thousands of Easterners visit the West, are bitten with its charm and elect to live in it. There is no migration of Westerners to the East. Even the old home ties cannot draw us back for more than a visit. And the few whom fate drives back to live on the Atlantic side are never again content there. They have the fleshpots of Egypt; but they thirst for the wide horizons, the free winds and free hearts of the broad West.

It is a fit season of the year for sane Americans to ask themselves just how much they believe that Spain is a savage, and why. WHY AND WHY.

Is it from studious research or judicious travel? Or is it from a course in our valued newspapers? This question has some patriotic interest; for the first duty of a patriot is to be just. He cannot love his country well who loves not honor first. Personally, the only people I have ever discovered who believed these things of Spain were those who magnificently knew nothing about her.

As a matter of fact, the feeling into which we have been teased began with the certain British notion that God dispersed the Armada because he loved Englishmen and detested Spaniards. In other words a political and religious feud with which the United States has nothing to do. It has been fanned by half-read paragraphers who, without more deliberate dishonesty than that which adjudges life and death without knowledge, have lashed themselves into a rage. By as reliable sources certain minds believe that every Englishman is a wife-beater, every

German a beer drunkard, every Frenchman a batrachyophagous adulterer.

Every serious traveler and student knows that the Spaniards are the kindest and most courteous of people; as fair, as brave, as chivalric as any. Of all outer nations, there is not one we have less ground for hating; not one to which we are more indebted.

Even without travel or special study, every sensible person ought to be aware that the Spanish are human. To believe that it is a national trait to butcher children and the wounded, to outrage women and starve non-combatants for fun, is to show a total ignorance not only of history but of humanity.

All war is cruel; Spanish wars no more, no less, than others. When Sherman marched to the sea his men were not fed from Washington restaurants. They ate the country—and what they could not eat they burned. That was not pleasant, but it was war. In our Indian wars more "squaws" and papposes have been killed than warriors; and as everyone knows and Col. Inman has just testified again, two Indian scalps have been taken by whites for every white scalp taken by Indians. That may not be altogether war, but it is truth.

The brotherhood of man may be to some of us a far speck on the horizon; but we are at least interested in our own education—and no person has the cornerstone of education until he realizes that virtue and vice are individual, not national traits, and that when God made mankind he did not sand all the sugar but ours.

SURE
TO
WIN.

No Western magazine can succeed unless it earns the respect of the foremost critics. If it is not good enough for the East, it is not good enough for the West. Our untransplanted cousins do not know everything, but they know literature. The LAND OF SUNSHINE has some pleasure in the fact that it has won recognition and honorable standing with the critics. But even more significant is the league announced in this number. The magazine has earned the confidence and respect of the recognized writers and students of the West; a confidence not only theoretic but substantial. They have enlisted with it in a common cause; to work not for it but with it, for the sake of Western letters.

It is the first time such an alliance has been made anywhere. It would hardly be possible in any other region—for no other region has the Western spirit of the corps. It will count, too. Westerners seldom fail; Westerners in cooperation never fail.

The magazine will leave to its biggers and betters to attend to the rest of the world. They will have all we need to know about Mars, Africa, Napoleon, the Civil War and the sincerities of New York society. The LAND OF SUNSHINE will aim to give the best Western stories, poems, articles; it will pay more attention to fiction, and no less to fact. It will first of all be readable and worth reading; a little more accurate and solid in its field than the great magazines deem it worth while to be in theirs; a bit more independent than magazines which serve every field venture to be.

REVISING
OLD
STANDARDS.

We need a new word. Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold sold respectively a Savior and a cause, being poor men and traitors. But they were gentlemen and patriots both beside the millionaire journals which daily betray their country for two cents a copy. Does anyone presume that if these fellows can fake the nation into a war they will enlist? Nay, verily! If they can delude our sons and brothers into killing and getting killed, *they* will skulk at home and sell copies—the more killed, the more extras.

It would be a sorry thing if the United States were lied into an unjust war—but we can all blunder. It would be a far more helpless outlook for the nation if we became so idiotic that we could be pushed into any war by the wanton, proved and mercenary lies of the drabs of journalism. For a constitutional fool never mends.

There is no particular reason to be proud of recent events at Zuffi, the ancient New Mexican pueblo which is last surviving daughter of the Seven Cities of Cibola. A narrow, meddling schoolteacher, a hardnecked and untaught Indian agent, and a few notorious newspaper fakery have discredited the government. To send United States troops to Zuffi under the circumstances was as necessary and as manly as it would be to call out the militia because one infant pulled another's hair in a Washington kindergarten. The Zuffis are as dangerous as children. If they are naughty a drummer boy could be sent from Ft. Wingate to tell the offenders to come in and be scolded. They would come, and they would heed. The man who needs an armed escort to Zuffi is a greenhorn or a coward—or both. It is time this bullying of a childlike people by incompetent or unscrupulous persons were stopped. And it is a shame to put Uncle Sam's small but honorable army to legging it for greenhorns.

The "Loud Bill" died as soon as it was understood. It was a conspiracy to shut up small publishers. It was not aimed at objectionable publications, or it would have hit them. It was not meant by Mr. Loud to save money to the government, as he pretends, but to save it to the railroad companies—who charge the national government eight times what they charge the express companies. They would like to perpetuate this "snap." Mr. Loud would like to have them. He was never known before his plausible bill to ameliorate monopolies; it is to be hoped that he will never be heard of again.

To certain people the fact that no magazine now extant will print what they write is the best of all reasons for starting a new one. More than a few periodicals are run on this basis. And consistently. A familiar of waste-baskets himself, the editor is wondrous kind to his peers. The surest way to his heart is to tell him that, 'this MS. has been rejected by all the big magazines.' He knows by bitter experience that the big magazines are jealous. They do not dare to let his light so shine—for fear the public would clamor to dethrone them and put him in their joint stead. With that peculiar view of literature, nothing succeeds like failure.

Some newspapers go crazy at short notice—not having far to go. The American people do not lose their minds so easily. The loss of the *Maine* horrified every American. But there are two ways of facing disaster. Curs yelp before they are trodden and howl thereafter. Lions employ their mouths otherwise. They can bite or be quiet, as suits the event. The United States is not all noise. We are mostly grown men, sober enough to stand steady until we know where we are going—and why. Most of us, also, have enough common sense to know that no nation on earth blows up battle-ships in times of peace; and that no nation is to be judged by its occasional citizens who may roast Indians or butcher Negro postmasters and their babies, or white-cap unhappy women with hickory on the bare back. Spain did not cause the *Cincinnati* and the *Boston* to catch fire some years ago; she is not responsible for the running aground of our navy or the breaking of its engines whenever it leaves port. She did not blow up the *Maine*—the chances are a million to one that no one did. The Spanish people may be as reprehensible as our ignorance of them; but they are no more capable of murdering a peaceful crew than any other people are, our own inclusive. And any person who gives his reason a fair show ought to know that. There is no danger that Americans will be too slow to resent wrong. If we may be as sure of our common-sense, the nation will be happy.

Bravo, Sigabee! Well done, Mr. President! There are Americans in front, and there are more to back them. The Yellow Freaks do not stampede men; and we are not all children nor camp-followers.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

HUMAN nature — after all, that is the beginning and the end of every story worth telling. Somewhere in its course must come the skill of words, for what is worth doing is worth well-doing; but style is only train-bearer to the queen. And the great curse of modern fiction is not half so much the nastiness of a very small party in letters as the total failure of a very large party to comprehend that literature was never made yet of someone's itch to be smart.

BRAVO,
PUGET

SOUND!

When so many are trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps, and having nothing to tell are alert to show how cleverly they can tell it, it is like a breath of pine woods to fall across Ella Higginson's *A Forest Orchid*. Her former book, *From the Land of the Snow Pearls*, had the same true ring; but it seems to me that the present volume combines therewith a better technique, a juster sense of proportion. Its ten stories are real stories; in the minor key of life under the vast presences of the frontier; but vital, intuitive, balanced and true. Mrs. Higginson's medium is clear and straightforward, her pathos and rarer humor are unforced and unharried, and she has an excellent knowledge "when to let go." Such stories could be more, no doubt, in the hands of the greatest master; but as they stand they are worth more than all the skin-deep ingenuities of them that write ahead of impulse. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

"AND

BOTH WERE

YOUNG."

Two ambitious undergraduates of the University of Texas — who do not just know the difference between Winship and Ternaux-Compans as translators, nor between Bandelier and H. H. Bancroft as authorities, nor the documents (except by inexperienced translations), nor the ethnology and physical geography involved — try to make a new map for Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca's march across the continent in 1536, and to fetch him up into New Mexico. They are too late. Bandelier disposed of that question years ago, and proved that the "First American Traveler" never saw New Mexico. Only those question it now who have no expert knowledge of the matter. Miss Brownie Ponton and Mr. McFarland are earnest; but until they can read original documents, and until they are slightly familiar with the country and the tribes along Vaca's way, they will not change much history.

SOME

BRAVE

READING.

"The Great American Novel" is an easy phrase much found in sanguine publishers' circulars and in the mouths of young men who get their names in print mostly by telling what authors ought to do. Thus far it has not come true.

One of the most respectable figures in American letters today is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. He writes from knowledge and with sincerity; wherein he has the advantage of half his contemporaries. Whatever he writes is worth reading, and *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, is the most important thing he has thus far done. As a serial in *The Century* it had large success; and now that it is out in book form it will make a deeper impression still.

It is not the American novel yet—at least, the Lion hopes not. He doubts if the American novel will be written in the first person; or with the undeveloped colonial character as its ideal. It will have to come down to more evolved and involved times—at least down to our civil war. Lincoln was much more an American than Washington—unless the generations between were wasted. Perhaps, alas, a more commercial figure than either were more typical; but at any rate, we cannot go back further than Lincoln. *The American novel* must deal with types not colonial but national.

But *Hugh Wynne* is an American novel, and a noble one; a fine, clear, strong, high-minded story which merits reading everywhere. It is a workmanlike piece of work, like all Dr. Mitchell's, with broader and finer human interest than he has before shown, and with his usual deep research as its skeleton. Its local color of Revolutionary days in Philadelphia, its pictures of Washington and other great actors in that mighty drama, are better truth than most "history" and better reading than most fiction. "Hugh Wynne" and his iron father, his sweet mother, his "Darthea," are vital characters, worthy a place in any novel. The Century Co., N. Y. 2 vols. \$2.

A very handsome book for very small children—too small to resent being "written down to"—is L. Frank Baum's *Mother Goose in Prose*. If there is anything that could get along with-being put into prose, it is *Mother Goose*, and Mr. Baum's experiment is a daring one. But with a pleasant fancy and much reading he has invented stories to fit and carry out many of the familiar verses—and has really acquitted himself well. The illustrations, by Maxfield Parriah, are enough to delight any child and any proper grown-up. Way & Williams, Chicago. \$2.

MOTHER
GOOSE
RETOLD.

Wm. Henry Hudson, professor of English literature in Stanford University, has issued a book of essays, *Idle Hours in a Library*. "London Life in Shakespere's Time," "Pepys and His Dairy," "Two Novelists of the English Restoration," and "A Glimpse of Bohemia" are the papers which fill this pretty volume. Prof. Hudson has read well and digested comfortably; and his essays are agreeable reading. Unpretentious and scholarly, genial and conservative, they will please a large class of readers as the original lectures must have interested the hearers. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco, \$1.25.

ESSAYS
FROM
STANFORD.

Since Stanley Waterloo's *Story of Ab* has made such a hit, a new edition of his earlier novel, *A Man and a Woman*, has just been brought out. It is an unusual story, told with apparent artlessness and too often deprecatingly, and somewhat rambling as to sequence. But it is full of vitality and sincerity, courage and humanity, with a good many touches of the elemental, some strong situations and some sweet and beautiful ones. It is a novel decidedly worth reading. Way & Williams, Chicago, \$1.25.

RE-ENTER
FATHER AB'S
CHRONICLER.

T. S. Palmer, M. D., assistant chief of the Biological Survey, has issued a revised edition of his valuable and interesting pamphlet on *The Jack Rabbits of the United States*. This work has been in much demand; and the painstaking author has brought it to date by adding scientific and historical information gathered since the first edition was published, two years ago. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington.

The 14th volume of the *Jesuit Relations* concludes Le Mercier's report on the Hurons and gives Le Jeune's general review of the Missions of New France in 1638. The fascination of the series grows.



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THE best cared-for of all the Missions of California is that at Santa Barbara—as it is also one of the most interesting. Never so abandoned and abused as other Missions, it has been for many years, now, the home of one of the few bands of Franciscans now left in the great missionary field which was once all their own. Out of their slender revenues they have expended many thousands of dollars, and of their patient and skilled labor even more freely, to put and keep the enormous buildings in good condition. It is a pleasure to see the few Missions which are still kept up, while their companions, neglected and pilfered, are falling to decay except where public-spirited people have been able to arrest the work of ruin.

The Landmarks Club wishes to do something this summer for what is left of San Diego Mission, mother of all the rest. The façade of that humble church, and the remaining walls should be—*must* be—preserved and safeguarded; and as soon as the Club has sufficient funds, it will undertake that work.

Those who were members of the Club last year are earnestly requested to send in their dues for 1898. Everyone interested in this work is welcome to become a member on payment of \$1 a year; and larger contributions are greatly desired.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REVENUES.

Previously acknowledged, \$3074.31.

New Contributions:—Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., \$10; C. W. Callaghan, Fruitvale, Cal., \$5; Lucy M. Salmon, Vassar Alumnae Historical Assn., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$2.

\$1 each—J. C. Perry, Mrs. M. E. Stilson, Los Angeles; John Comfort Fillmore, Claremont, Cal.



THE LAND WE LOVE

AND HINTS OF WHY.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

"WHO SAID GRAPES?"

Photo. by O. E. Roberts.



A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Reid Bros., Architects.

THE CLAUD SPRECKELS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.



Women's Clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico are invited to correspond with the editor of this department, Mrs WILLIS LORD MOORE, 1416 Laguna St., Santa Barbara, Cal.

This department will next month be devoted to a sketch of the Women's Parliament of Southern California, with portraits of officers and members upon the program. Some of the most prominent women in Southern California are included in this group.

A fine collection of engravings and etchings owned by Mrs. H. H. Boyce furnished the inspiration for the formation of the Ruskin Art Club in Los Angeles in 1888. RUSKIN
ART
CLUB.

The Club began its work by a course of study upon the technique and history of engraving and etching. It was able to arouse the interest of the best artists in that field, and received personal instruction (by letters) from Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, together with a large number of valuable proofs from the Society of American Wood Engravers. This society, in 1890, loaned its Paris exhibit of engravings, together with their valuable works, for the first public exhibition given by the Ruskin Art Club. With the proceeds of this exhibition, the Club purchased the first installment of that valuable collection of books and pictures which now graces its home. The sale of the Club's first publication, "On Wood Engraving," also netted a neat sum. During the study of etching, fine portfolios of these works of art were loaned to the Club by artists and collectors in New York and San Francisco.

Further exhibitions furnishing the means, and a growing collection of rare works of art urging the necessity, the Club secured for itself a beautiful suite of rooms.

Pursuing its career of earnest study, this Club has taken up the history of ancient art in Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, and will continue, as the years go by, with an equally careful study of the art of Greece and Rome.

The membership of the Club is limited to fifty; and at present there is great pressure for the extension of this limit, as many wish to avail themselves of the study and art lectures, preparatory to visiting the Paris Exposition in 1900.

Joining the General Federation in 1890, this Club has furnished inspiration to other organizations by its programs and courses of study, and by its record of earnest work. Mrs. W. J. Washburn is the present president.

The Laurel Hall Club enjoys the distinction of being the first literary club organized in San Francisco, having been founded in 1886 by Mrs. S. Manson-Buckmaster, whose seminary in San Mateo was called Laurel Hall. The charter members were those who had attended the school, and it is now an exceedingly popular and flourishing association of ladies who meet bi-monthly for discussion of the vital questions of the day. A GOLDEN
GATE
PIONEER.

Their list of subjects embraces literature, art, science, economics and philanthropy. The successful development of this club has been along the lines of individual effort. Debates form a strong feature of the

year's programs, and so do lectures from eminent professors, while club talent is called upon for papers, poems, recitations and music.

Other organizations of the city are welcomed twice yearly to Laurel Hall open meetings, the program offered consisting exclusively of work by the club's members. Distinguished women from abroad or at home are frequently invited to address the club, and constant opportunities are given the members to hear the best speakers, musicians and artists.

The club has enjoyed for three years the wise leadership of Mrs. I. Lowenberg; and to her untiring zeal, and loving, tactful guidance, the success of the organization is mainly due. The motto of the club is, "Life without literature is death." A member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Laurel Hall Club will send two delegates, Mrs. Dorville Libby and Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, to the Federation meeting in Denver in June.

AT THE
SILVER
GATE.

"The San Diego Club" was the first woman's club organized in that city, having its beginning in 1892. Defining its objects as "mutual sympathy and counsel, and general philanthropic and literary work" it finds a broad field. Each year a definite course of study is adopted and a program for the entire year is carefully followed at the weekly meetings. A number of social functions are given during the year, and an annual "picnic" is held in June, at the home of some member. Among the homes where these banquets have been held are the villa of Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe at Pacific Beach, and "Olivewood," the well-known residence of Mrs. Flora M. Kimball at National City. The club has at various times entertained, among others, as "guests of honor," Kate Sanborn, Beatrice Harraden, Susan B. Anthony, Anna B. Shaw, and Helen Gardner, who also stand as honorary members upon the club roll.

The present year has been a very profitable one under the experienced and efficient guidance of the president, Mrs. J. D. Parker, wife of Chaplain John D. Parker, U. S. A.

The main topics of study for the year have been, "The Ten Great Religions of the World, and Their Influence upon Modern Thought" and "Current American Literature," interspersed with miscellaneous topics of general interest to women.

SANTA
BARBARA'S

The St. Cecilia Club, of Santa Barbara, is composed of young women, society girls and young matrons, who have for several years undertaken among their good works, the maintenance of a free room in the Cottage Hospital. By fairs and entertainments, often original and unique, they have furnished a comfortable room, and paid for the care of whatever patients have been treated there.

It is deplored, by those who have at heart the interest of women's clubs, that there is a tendency, especially among the larger clubs of cities, to depend, for programs, upon outside talent. True progress in the woman's club should be from within.

While the results of study in departments may be embodied in papers, or prepared addresses, for the benefit of the club, the very best results are secured through free, spontaneous discussion. This is recognized by the most progressive clubs; and alert leaders have adopted the plan of simply stating a subject for a certain meeting, relying upon the inspiration of the moment for discussion among the members. The result has, in most cases, proved satisfactory. There is a growing impatience of long papers and perorations. The touch-and-go of a discussion confined, say, to two-minute talks by each member, brings forth thought and goes far toward developing individuality. A good presiding officer, like an efficient school teacher, will bear in mind the root of the word education — "to draw forth." That club which fails to draw forth the capabilities of its members, but serves them, rather, with a spectacle or entertainment, has missed the true meaning of the women's club movement. If the club is to be a mere matter of cakes and tea, smatter, music and social chit-chat, there is no reason for its being.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

BY W. C. PATTERSON.



ANY cities of the old world, as well as some of the new, punctuate each year with a carnival or period of relaxation. The fetes of Nice in France, the "Mardi Gras" in New Orleans, transplanted from France, and the annual visits of the "Veiled Prophets" to St. Louis, are conspicuous examples.

It is characteristic of nearly all European nationalities to indulge themselves in occasional seasons of rest from ordinary vocations, and the tendency of Americans is heading somewhat in the same direction. Such seasons are becoming a necessity and are a reasonable outgrowth of the feverish, nervous, rushing gait at which this generation has been traveling. As a result of this condition and influenced by the tendencies of the Spanish-American citizens of Southern California, who are never so mercenary as to forego the opportunity of indulging in a frolic festival or *fiesta*, the idea was evolved of establishing in Los Angeles an annual affair which should be more or less characteristic of the locality, and which would supply a breathing spell for a busy people. The result was the creation of La Fiesta de Los Angeles.

Four of these festivals have thus far been carried through, each, in the opinion of most people, an improvement upon its predecessor. A fifth is in course of preparation, and it is the intention of the committee in charge that it shall not suffer by comparison with those which have gone before.

New ideas have been introduced each year and, so far as possible, each Fiesta has had a novelty and freshness of its own.

History, mythology and poetry have been drawn upon most freely for themes, to be represented by floats and other ingenious spectacular devices. The float feature has been rendered not only attractive and beautiful, but educational. The system of floats on each occasion represents a certain idea or connected series of ideas. Some of these representations have set many a person to a renewed study of the literature of the ages.

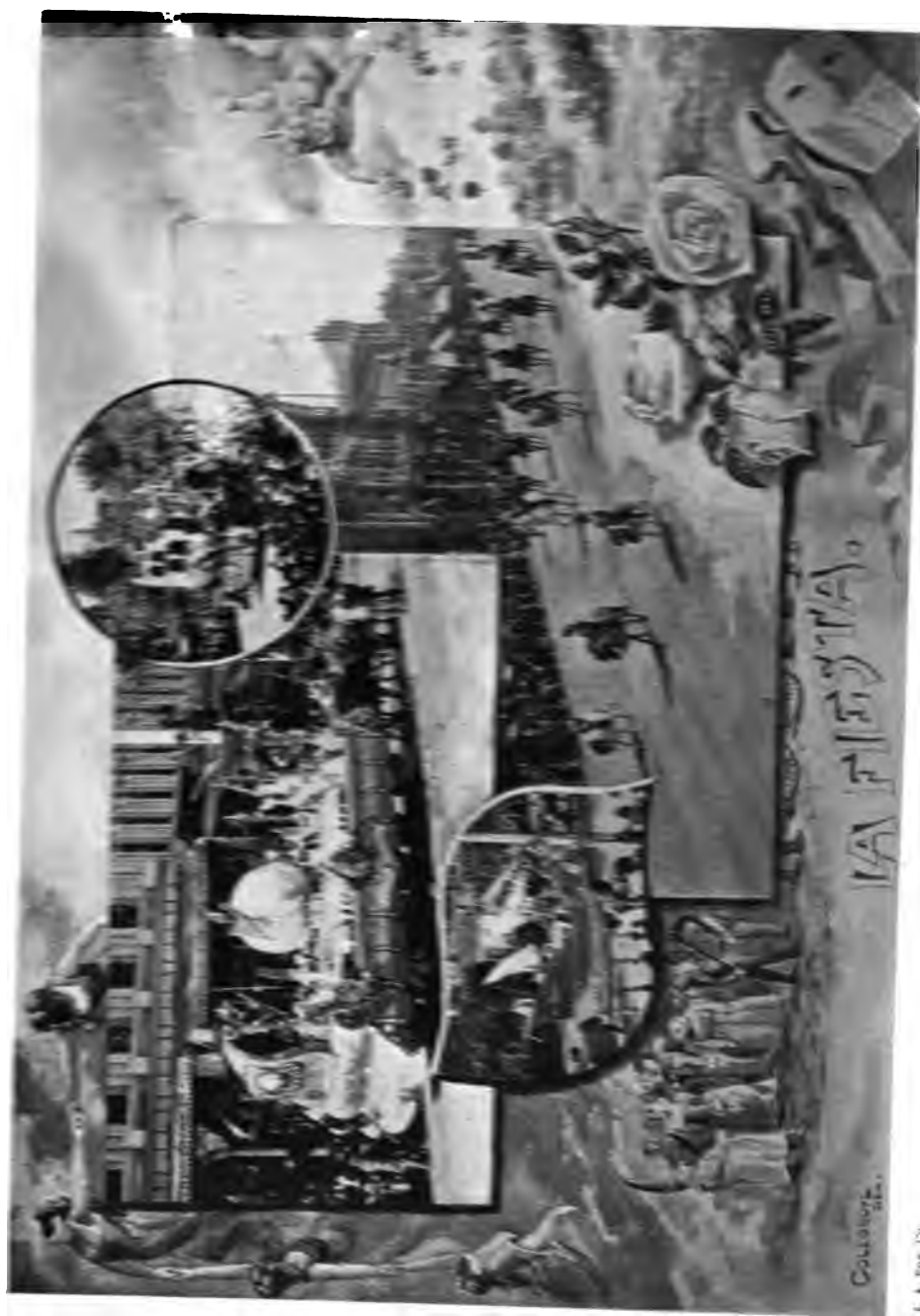
At one Fiesta, for example, the subject for illustration was the "Lands of the Sun," and at another, the "Legends of the Flowers." The scheme for the coming Fiesta will be "Stories of Gold"—from the Golden Fleece to the Klondike.

Music has found expression in the grand concerts which have occurred during the Fiesta seasons, and the rarest functions of polite society have reveled in gorgeous fancy dress balls, which have been the culmination of the social features.

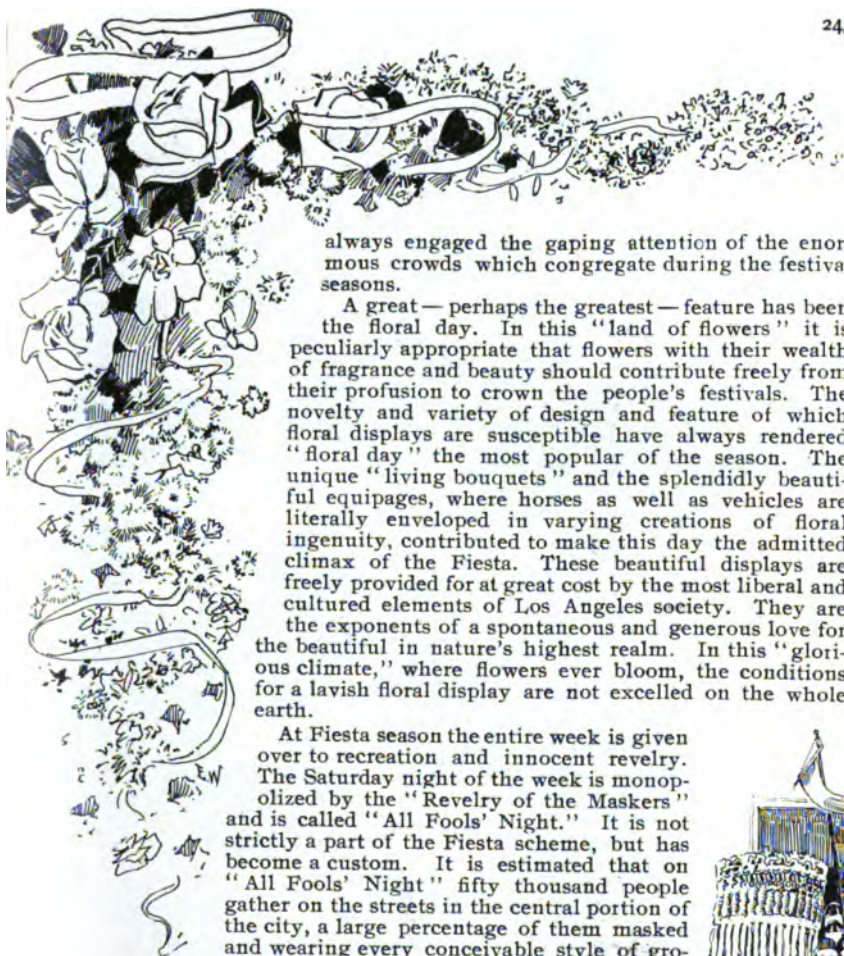
The Queen (*La Reina de la Fiesta*)—always one of the most popular and beautiful of our fair women—with her brilliant court, compose a dazzling nucleus toward which centers the interest of each event, whether of day or evening.

Street parades, embracing not only the historical and legendary floats, but innumerable designs both ludicrous and artistic, have heretofore been augmented by the unique Chinese processions, with their wealth of Oriental tinsel and hideous conceptions. These parades, including troops of picturesque *caballeros*, with their daring horsemanship, have





SCENES FROM LA FLECHA



always engaged the gaping attention of the enormous crowds which congregate during the festival seasons.

A great — perhaps the greatest — feature has been the floral day. In this "land of flowers" it is peculiarly appropriate that flowers with their wealth of fragrance and beauty should contribute freely from their profusion to crown the people's festivals. The novelty and variety of design and feature of which floral displays are susceptible have always rendered "floral day" the most popular of the season. The unique "living bouquets" and the splendidly beautiful equipages, where horses as well as vehicles are literally enveloped in varying creations of floral ingenuity, contributed to make this day the admitted climax of the Fiesta. These beautiful displays are freely provided for at great cost by the most liberal and cultured elements of Los Angeles society. They are the exponents of a spontaneous and generous love for the beautiful in nature's highest realm. In this "glorious climate," where flowers ever bloom, the conditions for a lavish floral display are not excelled on the whole earth.

At Fiesta season the entire week is given over to recreation and innocent revelry. The Saturday night of the week is monopolized by the "Revelry of the Maskers" and is called "All Fools' Night." It is not strictly a part of the Fiesta scheme, but has become a custom. It is estimated that on "All Fools' Night" fifty thousand people gather on the streets in the central portion of the city, a large percentage of them masked and wearing every conceivable style of grotesque costumes. Good nature everywhere prevails, and, considering the general exuberance, comparatively few excesses are committed. It is not surprising that in such a mass of rollicking humanity there should be an occasional instance of undue conviviality.

The utilitarian person will be disposed to ask, "*cui bono?*" The coming of Fiesta has a tendency to quicken the pulses of trade in anticipation. The people of Los Angeles, weeks in advance, begin to prepare for the event, and that they may in all respects present their best holiday appearance, they make innumerable purchases and spend money readily. The Fiesta brings to the city many thousands of people who must be transported, fed and housed. This makes business for the railroads, hotels, restaurants and boarding-houses. People away from home use money freely. The amount spent by each individual visitor may not be large, but the aggregate in a single week will reach hundreds of







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A FLOAT OF 1897.

Photo. by Park.

thousands of dollars. These sums find their way directly into mercantile channels and enable those who have contributed to "pay the fiddler" to reimburse themselves in some degree for their subscriptions toward the expenses of the Fiesta.

While this process in a degree enriches some, it cannot be said to impoverish others. I have never known a visitor on these occasions who did not consider that he had the worth of his money.

The attraction hence of these great crowds gives our merchants an opportunity to come in contact with new possible customers. It gives



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

AT WESTLAKE, 1897.

Photo. by Park



COPO DE ORO.

the visitor a chance to see the styles and to inspect the splendid stocks of goods, augmented as to quantity and quality for the occasion, to the ultimate advantage of both buyer and seller.

As a business proposition it is not to be expected that visitors will become merely philanthropic contributors to the coffers of the merchants or to the treasures of the various attractions. On the contrary, they will expect and receive equivalent value for their expenditures. Visitors to the Fiesta have opportunity to witness attractive, artistic, amusing and instructive spectacles galore. They have a chance to commingle with and study multitudes of their fellow creatures. "The proper study of mankind is man." Especially will they have the benefits which arise from occasional forgetfulness of self and from an interim in the usual grind of daily cares. These occasions bid the people to enlarge their circles of acquaintance, and to learn that there are other good folk in the world besides themselves. They furnish opportunities to those who embrace them to have such a jolly uplift and period of recreation as shall lend a new zest to life and lengthen its duration.





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Wm Keith



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 8, No. 6

LOS ANGELES

MAY, 1898.

OUR TOMORROW.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Back of our wide world-curving waste of land ;
Back of the questioning unanswered sea ;
The home of Memory, whose heavy hand
Still drags the past with each slow step to be ;
Tradition, with its load of pride and shame,
Holding each timid century the same ;
Moving in dreams, forgotten, far away,
Lies yesterday—the land of yesterday !

On our first coast where still the ships pour in
Blood of all nations, here in one to flow ;
In swift transitions where each soul may win
Only a moment's chance to strike a blow ;
The past still clinging to their country's hem,
The future stirring strangely under them ;
Nor back they look, nor forward, nor away—
Here is today—the land of sharp today.

But we ? Our land lies large. The sunlight stays
Behind us nothing and before us all.
Here without haste we enter the wide ways
Where the clear voices of the future call.
No dead hand holds us ; we are not shut in
By brooding memories of what has been ;
We are not hurried ; here the years roll free ;
Nature has peace, and so, at last, have we.

Rieh with the past in all its storied length ;
Proud in the present, glorying in its strength ;
Most blessed of all times, all men, all lands—
We hold the world's tomorrow in our hands !

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L. A. Eng. Co.

AN EXAMPLE OF KRITH'S EARLIER WORK.

Courtesy of Dr Edward R Taylor.

THE AMERICAN TURNER.

WILLIAM KEITH AND HIS WORK.

BY CHARLES A. KEELER.



THOSE who are most intimately acquainted with the man, William Keith, and who have studied most thoroughly the work he has done, feel full assurance that as a painter he occupies a distinct and almost solitary position among the men of today. An idealist, with a powerfully emotional temperament, he has seen and loved nature in all her moods, from the gentlest to the most tempestuous; and he has rendered them upon the canvas passionately, expressing the life which is everywhere present in field, forest and sky. It is this idealization of the moods and life of nature which seems to me to constitute his chief claim to greatness,

considered in connection with his great productiveness, his wide range of subject, and his mastery of technique.

In personal appearance, Mr. Keith is a thick-set, muscular Scotchman, of medium height, with large, strongly marked features, intense gray eyes, long, curly, iron-gray hair, and rather short, pointed, grizzly beard. To see him walking in his favorite haunts in Berkeley, stick in hand, and with his two dogs sporting about him, one would be impressed at once by his pronounced features and intense, absorbed expression. He seems oblivious to the outside world at times; although in reality he is most impressible, and is quickly and powerfully moved by the people and scenes which environ him. Color appeals to him more strongly than form, and I have seen him fascinated by bits of color which to others might seem trivial and commonplace.

Mr. Keith is a man of a simple, almost childlike disposition — a man of moods, sensitive and warm-hearted. He may be depressed by health or circumstance into a state of the deepest dejection, and from this elevated almost instantly into a condition of glowing enthusiasm by a successful morning's work. He is an excellent story teller and mimic, has a good tenor voice, and, in fact, is well equipped for a boon companion on a frolic; but the habitual seriousness of his nature and his absorption in his work prevent him, except occasionally in his own home, among a few chosen friends, from exercising these talents. Although known and honored by all the artists on the Pacific Coast, he is intimate with none of them. He is, however, always genuinely interested in the work of young art students of promise, and always has at least one or two young women under his special charge, directing and encouraging them in their work. He is generous in his praise of any artist whose work interests him.

Born in Scotland, in 1839, and reared in the strict discipline of the old-time Presbyterian faith, his early life had little of cheer in it, and much of sternness and privation. He was naturally a sensitive and religious child; and in the little reader which he used at school, there was one

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picture which he could not look upon without tears. It was a picture which in his childish imagination he had taken for a likeness of God. At the age of twelve he emigrated to America, and was soon apprenticed to a wood-engraver, supporting himself from that time on. For many years after reaching maturity he continued to work as a wood-engraver, being employed for some time upon *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly*. He came to California in 1859, and worked at his trade until the gradual introduction of process work so narrowed his field that it became exceedingly difficult for him to earn his living. He now had an abundance of spare time, during which he amused himself with water-color sketching from nature. Crude enough these first sketches must have been, but the Hon. B. P. Avery, who was always anxious to encourage latent talent, saw enough promise in them to induce him to purchase one. Here was the opening of a new field of activity! Not long after, the Northern Pacific Railroad, then just completed, wished to have an artist paint some of the characteristic scenes along its route, and Mr. Keith was recommended for the work. Artists were not so plenty in those days, and competition was not as keen, so Mr. Keith was chosen to make the pictures. They were to be done in oils, in which medium the budding artist had never experimented; but, nothing daunted, he went at his task, and produced a set of pictures which satisfied his employers and enabled him to set up a studio in San Francisco.

It was a time when pictures were in great demand in California, and when people were not over critical of their artistic merits. During this year Mr. Keith worked industriously, and turned his work to very good account, for with the proceeds of the auction sale, which was held at its close, he was enabled to go to Europe and spend a year in study at Dusseldorf. Since returning from this trip, in 1871, he has, except for occasional visits to Europe, made his home in the neighborhood of San Francisco Bay, and has had his studio in the city. He has painted the scenery of the Pacific Coast from the ice-hung shores of Alaska to the deserts of San Diego County, and from the oaks and redwoods of the coast to the bleak summits of the Sierras.

In 1893 he went to Europe for a second time, and became fascinated with the work of the Spanish masters, especially Velasquez, whose pictures have powerfully influenced his own work, particularly in portrait painting. Of late years, Mr. Keith has been growing in power and fame, until he is now recognized as the great poet of California landscapes.

Intelligently to criticise Mr. Keith's pictures, it is necessary to consider first the periods in which they were produced. From what has already been said of his life, it will be easy to understand that his early work was crude and primitive in character. It lacked unification and centralization, it lacked technical handling and color, and was, on the whole, decidedly crude. His study in Germany, however, did wonders for him, and he has never surpassed some of the peasant portrait studies executed there, especially the one of the old woman, now owned by C.



P. Huntington, in which a whole life-time of patient suffering is told with wonderful feeling and delicacy.

His landscapes, painted after returning from abroad, were good, straightforward pictures of Western scenery. They were accurate and pleasing glimpses of mountain, stream, and plain; but had he never done other work he certainly would not be entitled to a place among the great landscape painters. There was gradually dawning in him a feeling for something more in nature than he had hitherto expressed. Thus far his work had dealt with the facts of nature, poetically chosen and well rendered, but still literal facts. He now began to realize that nature was not a dead fact, but a living reality. He began to see nature as a part of himself, and to express his own joy and sorrow and reverence in terms of mountain, tree and sky. It is the work of this last period which I believe will one day rank on a par with the greatest landscape paintings of the world. Nor am I alone in this opinion, for when George Inness visited the Pacific Coast a few years before his death, and worked with Mr. Keith in the field and in his studio, he said more than once that there was no one but Keith who could carry on his work after him. There is, in fact, a striking similarity between the two men, not only in their work, but also in their lives. Both were Scotchmen, both became Swedenborgians and mystics, both were wood-engravers in their younger days, and both have aimed to portray the living landscape, with the movement of the clouds and the growing of the grass. Mr. Keith has never been an imitator of Mr. Inness's style, but has developed naturally along similar lines, and from similar motives. He is an impressionist of the true sort, with none of the false and morbid elements which characterize the work of the school. The majority of his pictures are executed with a boldness and dash which imply a perfect command of technique, but the most tender and delicate effects of nature are equally within his reach. Most of his finest pictures are painted over older ones. He will take a canvas upon which he has worked for days, and upon which is painted a carefully finished landscape, frequently the work of former years, and with a great brush and ample supply of paint, dash a coating of color over it until the picture is almost obliterated, when, as if by magic, the new theme is worked out in glowing colors. In a half a day it may be completed and the artist thoroughly exhausted but happy.

Mr. Keith is wonderfully fertile in technical methods, and is constantly experimenting and developing new ideas in handling. At one time he worked with pieces of glass or an old razor, scraping and breaking up the surface of his pictures to get crisp, brilliant effects. At other times he has treated his canvases with a solid uniform ground of body color, over which the landscape is washed in wholly in transparent colors, thus giving great purity and freshness with wonderful lightness and freedom of touch. In his finest work there is nearly always an effect of looseness and softness of texture, and the color is so enwoven on the canvas that a close inspection reveals only a formless tangle of intricate and brilliant hues, which from a short distance blend and har-



monize into a picture. Mr. Keith attributes some of these effects to his near-sightedness, which softens and blends his pictures at close range, and enables him to see the unity for which he always aims.

Although Mr. Keith has studied all phases of Western scenery, his favorite subjects have been found near his own home. Pastoral scenes with oak trees and distant mountains are his characteristic theme, with cows grazing about the little pools of water in the foreground. Such scenes as this he has painted in the light of early morning and of evening, by moonlight and under the heat of the noonday sun. He has painted them when the winter rains have started the new grass into life, and when the midsummer sun has left the hillslopes sere and brown. He has shown the storm cloud sweeping over such a landscape, and the rainbow and sun which follow it. The grandeur of the Yosemite and the high Sierras seems to him unsuited to pictorial representation, and he seldom attempts them. Some of his redwood pictures have, however, been very beautiful and have given vivid impressions of that glorious scenery.

Mr. Keith is a deeply religious man in the truest sense of the word — he is reverential in spirit when brought face to face with the beautiful, the solemn, or the sublime, whether in human life or in nature. He has long since outgrown the narrow faith in which he was reared, and his religious atmosphere is now a large and free one. Perhaps one of the most important influences of his life has been his association with the Rev. Joseph Worcester, whose noble life, keen artistic sensibilities and elevated and liberal thought have deeply affected all who have been fortunate enough to know him. Among his other devoted friends have been John Muir and Dr. Joseph Le Conte.

Criticism of the work of a man from one who has known and loved him may seem to lack the judicial balance so necessary in estimating the final worth of an artistic production; but, after all, the unacquainted eye is quite as often at fault. Already, artists and laymen alike, those who really know the work of William Keith are assured that his reputation is founded upon a rock, and that it will increase with the years.

Berkeley, Cal.



THE NEW LEAGUE FOR LITERATURE AND THE WEST.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

II.



SINCE the April number went to press, several large names have been added to the roster of those who stand pledged to help make this the worthy magazine of the West. The outcome of such coöperation by such a league is past doubting.

There has not been in the intellectual development of the West such another one-man momentum as David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University; nor is there today, in any one personality anywhere, a saner, stronger, more vital force making for better life and better thought. Here is a college president who is really human; a large pattern of man, physically, mentally, morally; none of our usual educational Micawbers, waiting for betterment to turn up, nor yet of our underdone Quixotes, tilting at impossibility—but an energy as sound as it is tremendous. In science, Dr. Jordan is known as our foremost authority upon fishes and the fur-seal; in education, as the only man who has created a great university in seven years—incidentally revolutionizing the standards and the pace of instruction in all circumjacent fields. Probably no other college president of this generation, not even excepting the magnificent man of Harvard, has so deeply and so widely impressed himself upon the thought of his day; and certainly none has been so vital leaven to the dough of any State. The making of Stanford University is but a small part of his service to higher education in California.

Not an orator, Dr. Jordan is the most important lecturer we have had upon the Coast. Thoughtful, fearless and balanced, he is the precise sort of man that any audience whatsoever gets good from. As a writer he is of extraordinary charm. His style carries the weightiest thought lightly; and is so instinct with whimsical humor and most rare grace as to give one wonder if a great literary name has not been surrendered for a great one in science. He has published a great number of works of many sorts—from his monumental *Synopsis of the Fishes of North America* to a collection of ex-



PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Illustrations by Neusard-Collier Eng. Co.

quisite poems. Born in New York, graduated with the first class at Cornell with the highest distinction, a pupil of Agassiz, a professor of fast-growing fame in the Middle West, he became in '85 president of the Indiana University—raising it in six years to a high mark. In 1891 he was called to the presidency of Stanford, then merely a plan, now a great university. In this larger field his quenchless energy has had room according to its strength. In 1896 he was in charge of the U. S. Commission to investigate the fur-seal, in which expedition he did a large service to the country. Dr. Jordan is already Californian. He believes in the West; and he is one of the men the West believes in.



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Of all who have interpreted California in terms of color, there is no question that William Keith stands foremost; and this is said with full knowledge of the genuine greatness of Bierstadt and Thomas Hill and others. Further, there is very serious question if America has produced his peer in landscape painting. Unstung by the cheap vanity or the helplessness which drive so many artists to the worst place they could seek, Mr. Keith has not flocked to New York. He can live in California by his art, and is wise enough to prefer to. Therefore he is not so frequent in Eastern mouths as lesser men. But the newspapers are not art, nor is New York greatness. Pictures are judged in the long run for themselves, not for their access to reporters. And by that verdict Mr. Keith may well be content to

stand or fall—and to wait meantime. Whether or not he will appeal to a greatest public, those may guess who will; but one thing at least is sure. No other American landscape painter has ever matched his power as a seer; no other has ever been his equal in creative painting or as a wizard in color. A very conservative appreciation of Mr. Keith's work, by Mr. Keeler, appears on another page, and is illustrated by drawings made especially for it by Keith. Stripped of their marvelous color and their no less marvelous methods, these illustrations nevertheless give—relatively to what another artist would draw—some vague conception of his inspirations.

Mr. Keith lives in Berkeley, Cal., and has his studio in San Fran-



Study by C. F. L.

INA D. COOLBRITH.



Study by C. F. L.
GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

cisco. He will from time to time furnish this magazine examples of his choicest work. Perhaps the most significant feature of his power is that at 58, when most artists are crystalized, Keith is growing by swifter and longer stages than ever before. Even within six months he has outstripped the greatest work he ever did before.

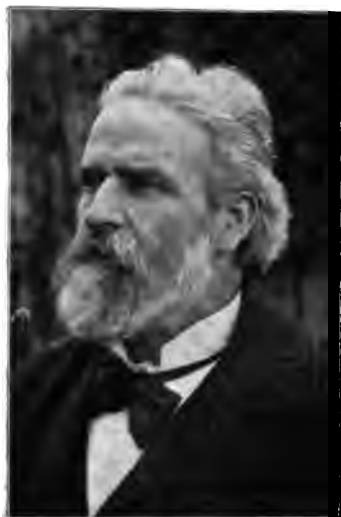
"The American Pierre Loti" is what Th. Bentzon calls Charles Warren Stoddard, "of Ours," and the great French critic's finding is a just one. Swinburne and Robert Buchanan also rate him very high among our poets; and with discriminating Americans he has a place his very own.

Stoddard was a New York boy, promoted young to California; and he will never get the West out of his blood. It was in '68, I think, that his first book, a slim volume of verse, was put forth by A. Roman, San Francisco. In the earlier Seventies he passed a couple of years in Hawaii, and became transfigured with an atmosphere that still colors all his work. Perhaps no one else except Loti and Lafcadio Hearne has so well translated the tropics, or made language so transparent to their sensuous glow. In 1873 he began five years of wandering in Europe and the Orient, whence he sent the San Francisco *Chronicle* some of the most admirable letters of travel published by an American newspaper. In the Eighties he was professor of English literature in Notre Dame, Ind.; and some years ago, while in Italy, was appointed by the Pope to the chair of English literature in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., which he still occupies.

Besides the youthful poems, his books include *South Sea Idylls*; *The Lepers of Molokai* (a remarkable sketch of that ghastly colony, and a noble tribute to the noble Father Damien); *Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes*; *Mashalla, a Flight into Egypt*; and some minor volumes of religious tenor. Of all, the *South Sea Idylls* stand first. They are the finest poems "the Paradise of the Pacific" has inspired. It was the very world to which his ardent, romantic, artistic nature was attuned; and as he



CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



Study by C. F. L.
CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

best of all has expressed the South Seas, so in turn they best define him. With all his personal charm, with all his good work in other lines, one thinks of him, last and first, as "the Poet of the South Seas." No Western writer has more or warmer friends—or friends who chafe harder at his restfulness. To dream is well; but no one who can so tell such dreams has an undisturbed right to keep them all to himself. Mr. Stoddard will break his long silence for the LAND OF SUNSHINE; and we all trust that once started he will "keep breaking."

One of the staunchest and finest of the gallant little band that first made California a place in the world of letters; a mainstay of Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller before they had sprung to fame—no one

in California literature has "worn better." She is the same Ina Coolbrith still; a woman whom all love that know her; a poet all who read respect; a fine, sweet, excellent force in the literary life of the State she loves and has never deserted. Her volume of *Songs from the Golden Gate* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895), is one that must be chosen among the first of distinctively Californian verse. And not in minor song, only, is her touch fine. The poem of "Rain-in-the-Face" is a heroic none need be ashamed of; and her "California" is probably the strongest verse yet written to that great theme. Miss Coolbrith was for seventeen years at the head of the Oakland public library; and now occupies the same position in the Mercantile, one of the two great libraries of San Francisco. Probably no other person has so intimate acquaintance with the literature and writers of California.

Generally recognized as the most competent newspaper critic on the Coast, George Hamlin Fitch is a valuable factor in Western letters. For eighteen years he has been literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; and he has given his department a dignity and value such a page never before possessed in any Western daily—and that none too many possess in the East. A New Yorker by birth, a Cornell graduate (class of 1875), a Californian by long



Photo. by Scholl.
CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.



T. S. VAN DYKE.

adoption, a student of particularly sane judgment and judicial temper, he is also a rounded man—a reviewer who is not an orphan as soon as he steps outside his routine. He has been as valuable to the *Chronicle* in executive as in literary lines, and has stood for many years one of the most honorable figures in Coast journalism. Incidentally, he is a contributor to the *Century* and other Eastern magazines; primarily he is an adequate and honest critic, in a field where honesty and adequacy are rare and crying needs.

Few men know so much of California by actual touch as Charles Howard Shinn, now connected with the agricultural department of the University of California; and few can tell

so well what they know. A recognized authority in forestry and mining upon the Pacific Coast, a valued contributor to the *Century* and other great Eastern magazines, a graphic and sympathetic writer, Mr. Shinn is always interesting and always instructive. His *Mines and Mining* and his *Story of the Mine* (1897, in the "Story of the West Series, Appletons) are standard books. Mr. Shinn lives at Niles, Cal., and roams the whole State, officially for the University and unofficially for his vacations in the Sierra.

A great many people write "popular science" which, if no relation to science, is popular enough; a lesser number do it scientifically but with entire failure to be readable; and a very, very few can produce it in such shape as to deserve the double title. Few in the United States have been so successful as Charles Frederick Holder in so presenting certain branches of natural history that common human people delight to read them. Mr. Holder has published nearly a score of successful books, which are marked by expert knowledge and an unusually happy fancy. He was assistant curator of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, N. Y.; spent years in active research on the Florida reefs, and has been for more than a decade a resident of Pasadena, Cal. His specialty is marine zoölogy, but he has made extensive researches on the Pacific Coast in other zoölogical lines as well. His *Life of Charles Darwin* and *Life of Louis Agassiz* (Putnam's, N. Y.), are standard biographies even in Europe. Of his most popular volumes may be mentioned *Along the Florida Reef* (Appletons, N. Y.), *The Natural History Story-Book* (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.), a series of three books on the *Marvels of Animal Life* (Scribners, N. Y.), *A Strange Company, Pasadena and Around There*, *History of Santa Catalina*, etc. He is also a well-known contributor to

ALEX. F. HARMER.
(See April issue.)



CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

the *North American Review*, *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and other high-class magazines.

For several years those Californians who care as much for the brains as for the commerce of their State have felt themselves debtors of a man—to many of them unknown—whose poems in the *Scribner's*, *Century* and *Atlantic* never fail of ripe scholarship and poetic insight. Those who ran down this rather recluse principal of an Oakland, Cal., model school have a finer thing yet to remember in his personality. Charles Edwin Markham is a bookman in the highest sense; but better yet, he has a clear and unusual eye for nature. Perhaps no other Western author is so faithful in the filing which comes after the hammer and the anvil; and possibly Mr. Markham sometimes carries his polishing too far. But if refined, his work is never petty; and his verse is among the most scholarly that the West has produced. He also writes graceful stories, and will publish a volume of poems this fall.

Charles Dwight Willard, now editor of the *Los Angeles Express*, was for years the *Argonaut's* chief writer of short stories; and many of his ingenious tales (particularly "The Fall of Ulysses") have been reprinted very widely. He has been a close and valuable ally of this magazine from the start, and now promises to return to the making of the extremely clever plots in which he excelled before more material cares were quite so exigent of his time.

An impetuous writer, a prince of sportsmen, and the most picturesque recorder of the California of "Boom" days, T. S. Van Dyke, of Los Angeles, is widely known by several successful books in several unlike lines. Charles Dudley Warner counted his *Southern California* the best book on that theme then extant. His *Still-Hunter*, so severe a critic as the N. Y. *Evening Post* calls: "Altogether the best and most complete American book we have yet seen on any branch of field sports." His *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California* and *Game Birds at Home* are charming works, not only for hunters, but for all with the breath of out-doors in their nostrils. And his *Millionaires of a Day*, "an inside history of the Great Southern California Boom," is one of the most truthful and entertaining pictures of an epoch wholly without precedent. Mr. Van Dyke lives in Los Angeles and is busy with irrigation matters.



CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

A Californian already by spirit, and hopeful soon to live in the State she has visited and learned to prefer, Constance Goddard Du Bois (now of Waterbury, Conn.) is a welcome recruit to the Western ranks. She has published four novels—*Martha Corey*, "a Tale of the Salem Witchcraft;" *Columbus and Beatriz*; *A Modern Pagan*; and *The Shield of the Fleur de Lis* (dealing with the times of Joan of Arc). Her short stories have also been successful. She is now working-up California material.

It need hardly be said that this new alliance will be no close corporation. The magazine will, as it has always done, seek and encourage all competent Western work. It will still number among its valued contributors such writers as Lillian Corbett Barnes, Julia Boynton Green, "Sui Seen Far," Charlotte Perkins Stetson, D. P. Barrows, and many others of its first staunch friends. And it will have quite as much joy in discovering new writers who are worth while, as in welcoming successful and famous ones. Its only enemies will be those who care less for the honor of the West and for the dignity of literature than for their own itch to get into type; and it frankly confesses that it does not hope to be of much comfort to those failures who think Eastern editors are in conspiracy against them. It is not meant as an asylum for the feeble-minded nor a nursery for private ambitions; but as a rallying-point for those who believe the West merits good literature, and who are competent to make it.

SEÑORITA.

BY WALTER M. PATRICK.

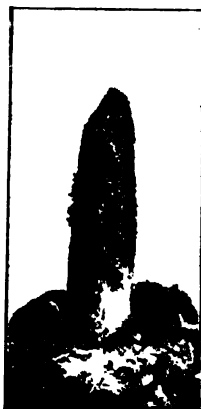
Señorita, have a care!
 I dreamt I saw a vision bright:
 Two *caballeros* came at night—
 One thou lovest and both love thee—
 I saw them meet 'neath the walnut tree;
 I saw two come and one depart,
 And one lie cold with a pulseless heart—
 Señorita, have a care!

Señorita, rue thy fate!
 Thou hadst no care; they came, and one
 Will ne'er again see rising sun.
 The night wind sobs in the walnut bough,
 And on the cold ground kneelest thou,
 The head of him thou lovest best
 Constraining vainly to thy breast—
 Señorita, rue thy fate!

Los Angeles, 2360 Thompson St.

WINNEDUMA.

BY M. AUSTIN.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.
PIUTE MONUMENT.

INDEPENDENCE lies in a hill-dimple at the foot of Mt. Kearsage. Across the valley, ten miles as the crow flies, from the summit of the Inyo mountains rises the slender skyward finger of rock known as Piute Monument, a conspicuous landmark far and near.

This is in Owen's valley, Inyo county, one of those long, narrow rifts that open out of the Mojave desert between the Sierras and their numerous outliers.

The monument is a perpendicular boulder of granite standing on the very apex of the hill a little south of the mule trail that passes into Saline valley. At its base lies a twin boulder broken in fragments.

When the sun is going down and the shadows leap suddenly up the granite shaft; when there is a savory smell of *se-cool-je*, and the barefoot youngsters huddle among the ashes, you may, if you have been admitted to their confidence (and this is no small thing among Piutes), hear the tale as they had it from their "old peoples."

Before the whites came there was a time of peace and plenty among the Piutes, and all the valley was ruled by two great and good men, Winneduma the chief, and Tinnemah the medicine man.

But the Indians of Saline valley were thieves and marauders, coming down through the mountains at night to kill the game, filling up the springs, harvesting the piñons from the trees of the Piutes. At last Winneduma grew very angry and gathered his people to make war on their enemies. They met on the top of the mountain; and there was a great battle among the rocks, and many brave men fell on both sides. On the third day as the sun was going down, Tinnemah fell pierced by a poisoned arrow. Then when the Piutes saw their medicine man was wounded they were very much afraid and ran away down the mountain. Winneduma called to them to help him with his brother, but they made as if they did not hear, and ran across the river. So Winneduma was left alone on the mountain-top with Tinnemah, and the gods saw it and were very angry, so they caught the runaways half way up the other side of the valley and changed them to pine trees where they stood. And there to this day you may see as many of them as the white man has not cut down.

Winneduma, standing on the mountain-top beside his brother, was changed to stone, and there he is to this day keeping watch over his people.

This is the story the little Piutes hear at the campfires; and looking out at night through the chinks in their wickiups at Winneduma standing stark and straight in the moonlight, they huddle in fear, they know not why.

Bishop, Cal.

THE OLD PUENTE RANCHO.

BY MATTIE LAURA JODON.



WO great fan palms like sentinels either side the driveway; a long avenue bordered by giant eucalyptus trees; on either side, glossy, dark-green orange orchards, loaded with brilliant yellow fruit; and above the avenue, beyond green hills and fertile valleys, the blue Sierra Madre crowned by the snow peak of San Antonio.

Such is the picture that greets one at first view of the historic old La Puente Rancho.

The history of this rancho is inseparable from the history of Los Angeles County. In 1841 John Rowland,



As it was. From an old photo.



As it is. From a sketch by the author

THE OLD PUENTE RANCH-HOUSE.

living near Santa Fé, in what was then Old Mexico, obtained from the Mexican government a grant of 48,000 acres in this valley, twenty miles east of the Spanish settlement of Los Angeles, and a few miles from the San Gabriel Mission. A company of 300 people was organized in Santa Fé, and, headed by Mr. Rowland, came overland in wagons. In Los Angeles they scattered, some remaining, others going farther. To have a white man for a neighbor, Mr. Rowland offered to give William Workman, his former partner in Mexico, one half of the land if he would settle near him. The offer was accepted, and soon the two adobe homes were built, about a quarter of a mile apart, near the San José creek, in the center of the valley.

Each built a grist-mill on the creek, the mill stones having been brought from Santa Fé. Indian labor was cheap, great corn fields and vineyards were soon planted, and each rancho became a small principality in itself. The corn was ground in the grist mills, wineries were established and the grapes turned into wine and brandy; there were blacksmith shops for tools and smithing, and even cotton enough was raised for domestic use, and wool was spun and woven into cloth. The main occupation, however, was stock raising. Thousands of head of cattle, horses and sheep grazed on the sloping hills or in the green valleys, and three hundred Indians were employed on each place as vaqueros and laborers.

The Indians lived by themselves on the border of the creek, in a rancheria of tules and corn stalks. When one of them was taken sick it was the custom to take him to a very small mud hut, shaped like an oven, with an aperture just large enough to admit a man. The sick person would crawl into this oven, which had been heated, and envelope himself tightly, including his head, in a large blanket, until he perspired freely. Then he would leave the hut and plunge into the cold waters of the creek, from which he immediately emerged, dressed himself, and was apparently as well as ever. There was a large open space near the rancheria where they used to play "peon" and other Indian games.

In 1855, Mr. Rowland built a fine two-story red brick mansion with an attic for servants' rooms, which at that time was the finest house in Southern California. The brick was made on the place, and the architecture was much like that of old-time Southern mansions, with wide piazzas across the front, large white pillars reaching to the roof, and a hall running through the house from front to back. The back porch filled all the space between two wings of the house, making a sort of court across which the servants passed with smoking dishes from the cook room (detached from the house) to the rear dining room where the men ate, or to the large front dining room devoted to the family and their guests. The rooms were large and cheerful, nearly every one being furnished with a fire-place. The house faced the east, and from the upper porches one could look out over cornfields, vineyards and orchards, valleys and hills where the cattle grazed, to the noble mountains.

Most of the people of note in the early history of Southern California have been guests beneath this hospitable roof, for its doors swung open alike to friend or stranger journeying through the country. They and their horses were welcome to stay as long as they wished, with no thought of pay for entertainment. If their horses were weary, fresh ones were given them, and they left their jaded ones in exchange.

After the gold era had begun in California, it was customary to drive a herd of cattle to the mines once a year, and on these occasions Mr. Rowland returned with large sums of money. It was sometimes days before he could take it into Los Angeles to deposit; and as it was not safe to keep so large an amount in the house, he usually buried it in some safe place. He reached home once with several thousand dollars, and after dark buried it in the vineyard. But his two little sons and his daughter had been watching him, and determined to play a joke. A little later they stole out, secured the money, and hid it in another place. One can imagine the consternation when Mr. Rowland found the money gone. After the joke had gone far enough the children confessed, but demanded a twenty-dollar gold piece each one before they would tell where it was hidden. Their father good-naturedly granted the demand and the gold was produced.

The great event of the year was the rounding-up of the cattle for the branding. Then all was life and activity, and a general gathering of friends and neighbors. During the day all were busy, but at night the guitar was produced, and laughter, song and dance held sway.

But times change and we with them. The old customs and happy, care-free days have passed away. Mr. Rowland and Mr. Workman have slept for many years in the quiet little graveyard beside the quaint private chapel built by Mr. Workman on the ranch. Even the chapel is falling into ruin.

Several years ago an earthquake cracked the brick walls of the old house so badly that it was deemed unsafe to live in longer. So a more modern house was built, in which the family still reside, and the home around which clung so many memories was deserted. There it stands, beside the eucalyptus avenue, an abode for bats and birds. The bees have taken residence there and have turned the tall white pillars of the porch into a receptacle for their sweets. The roses have climbed to the very roof, holding the old house in a loving embrace, hiding its defects in mindful foliage and blossoms.

Pasadena, Cal.

ON A CATALINA RIDGE.

BY BLANCHE TRASK.

Here you stand, old tree,
And the shrill wind whistles through,
And all the tales of woe
Are true, old tree, all true!

How bent you are, old tree!
Your youth has long gone o'er
And still the wild wind bears you tales
From yonder distant shore.

Your head is bared to the sky,
Your hands hang down with woe,
Alas! old tree, alas! that ever
The wind should have whispered so.

Avila, Catalina, Cal.

BEL: A STORY.

BY GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.



ALVINY! Oh-h, Malviny!"

Jem Huston's voice echoed eagerly from the rocky wall beyond his hut, and his wife, giving her frying-pan a push toward the back of the stove, shuffled heavily to the door. Man and cayuse loomed black against the dimming western sky; the woman, shading her eyes with her hand, saw him steady a bulky roll upon the saddle, and he called out to her again, in an odd, suppressed tone:

"Don't never say I don't bring you nothin', Malviny; jest left this here."

She came to his side with a half-grunt of curiosity; Jem stooped and placed the bundle in her arms. She started back, then, with a shrill cry at its weight and warmth, and the man's laugh returned in a hundred cachinnations from the upper hills.

"Where'd it come from, Jem?" the woman quavered, peering through the dusk into the rosy baby face, hushing the little creature's sudden wailing with long-forgotten motherliness.

"Durn 'f I know. Movers lost 'er, I reck'n—I found 'er in the trail by the crick, plumb-asleep. I hollered an' rid round a good bit; but there wa'n't no camp nowhere; so I jest packed her up to you."

"Poor little mite! Your folks—," the baby cooed, and whispered sleepily: "Mamma." A whiff of burning bacon made its way from the open door, and Malvina jumped up from the step with her clinging load, concluding hurriedly: "Turn loose the critter, Jem, an' come to supper. I bet this lamb's hungry."

Within, by better light, the small stranger proved to be a sturdy tot of some eighteen months, blue-eyed and confiding. Her neat clothing argued a mother's care, but it had been put on by unaccustomed fingers. The woman's eye caught knotted strings, and buttons mismated with their buttonholes.

"Poor little mite" she ejaculated once more, feeding the famished child with milk and bread.

Tearmarks still stained the round cheeks as she cuddled against Malvina's pudgy shoulder, but the little maid jabbered softly over her supper, and nodded off like a rosy poppy before Jem had finished his meal.

As for him, he ate mechanically, watching his wife's preparations for the newcomer's comfort with jealous eyes. He smoked in silence till the little one was tucked away for the night, then, laying down his pipe, he leaned forward, demanding anxiously:

"There ain't no brandin' on her, is there?"

Malvina straightened up, and her face flushed. "Look here, Jem Huston," she cried, "you ain't calkalin' to keep this baby?"

"I'd like to know why not?" he retorted, with considerable heat. "Ain't you ben a-frettin' for a little girl ever since Molly died? Ain't you got sense enough to take what comes an' keep quiet?"

The woman looked level at him across the sleeping child, and his lids dropped beneath her steady gaze.

"I won't never do, Jem Huston. A young one ain't no heifer calf! God knows I've wanted a girl baby bad! But I couldn't sleep o' nights for thinkin' o' thet poor mother cryin' for her child."

Jem's pipe was in his mouth again; he seemed not to hear her words. At last he rose, and shook the ashes out upon the earthen floor, and,

tiptoeing in his clumsy boots, stared long into the impromptu crib. In the morning he saddled old Buck, and rode briskly down the gulch.

Hours later he stalked into the cabin again, stopping with sheepish hesitancy to pat the curly crop bobbing in the sunshine by the door. Malvina looked up from her dough-board:

"Well?" she said sharply, "Well?"

"I guess we can keep 'er, Malviny," he answered her slowly, and a cry choked into the woman's throat.

"There ain't nobody huntin' a lost baby," he went on presently, "but down in Bald Cañon there's a new grave, an' there's a board with writin' on it—it says: 'Isabel Mather, aged 24.' I reckon she was the mother."

The baby staggered across the room, babbling gaily: "Bel! Me mamma's ba-by Bel," and Malvina snatched her up, crushing her close. "My little Bel, you be!" she sobbed.

"My 'little Bel,'" echoed the child, with her arms about the woman's neck. Huston brushed a rough hand across his eyes and went out.

Little Bel Mather grew apace, and life on the small hill ranch went on as before. It was a sterile place, an eagle's nest. The child's companions were the wild things of the heights; her holidays, jaunts among the crags with her foster-father. Jem was never so content as when, gun in hand, he was tramping over the stones with Bel trotting at his heels like a little dog, or swung high on his shoulder. If, as sometimes, she grew sleepy, Malvina would see them coming down the trail with the golden head nestled against the black beard, and hear Jem whistling old tunes of his own childhood.

How creatures could find pasture on those steeps would have been a mystery to passers, if passers there had been; but occasionally loud men, of whom Bel was afraid, came to the cabin, and Jem would go away with them for days together. On his return, generally when she was asleep, the corral would be full of horses or cattle for a while; then, a few at a time, they disappeared, and all was quiet once more. When Bel was very small this happened frequently, afterward at longer intervals; and always when there were many animals on the place, Jem was watchful and uneasy. He quarrelled sometimes with the other men, and ugly words banded to and fro before the frightened child.

Huston would be very downcast after such a scene. "I ain't makin' no big pile!" he would grumble, "an' chances is gettin' reaskier ev'ry year. There's ranchers settlin' nigher all the time; an' thet there new sheriff of Inyo knows too durn much, I'm thinkin'."

The end came when Bel was ten years old. The little girl suddenly began to droop. "Ef she ain't better when I git home," said Jem, as he rode off at dusk with his ill-favored cronies, "Ef she ain't a good deal better by then, I'll drop down to Rawlinses an' get some doctor stuff."

The next morning Bel was delirious with fever. For two days not a soul rode up the gulch. On the third night Malvina, half wild with anxiety and the weariness of her vigil, sat straining her ears in the dark for returning hoofbeats.

Toward morning they came; she heard the far-off trampling of many feet climbing the rocky defile, the lowing of tired cattle, and the hoarse calls of the raiders; and the cavalcade came rushing on to the corral. The woman left her seat by the unconscious girl and slipped out under the stars.

In the candle-light, Jem Huston stood by the bedside of his darling; keen-eyed, he noted every symptom; gentle as a woman, he laid a horny hand on the hot forehead, and touched the slender brown wrist; with a long-drawn breath, he turned to his expectant wife: "I'm afearred we're losin' 'er, Malviny! This here 'll turn to-night! God

only knows—" slow beads of sweat gathered on his forehead, "Malviny, Malviny, ef only I'd 'a' stayed to home!"

On either side of the bunk the man and woman waited. A pale shadow lay on the child between. Only Malvina's sobs broke the silence, for Huston sat like a man of stone.

A sharp exchange of shots quivering through the morning freshness made Malvina spring up with a scream, but Jem scarcely seemed to understand. He held up his hand warningly. "Hush!" he said, "The shadder's passin'!" A great sob welled into his throat, and he buried his head by the curly one on the pillow.

The sheriff of Inyo had led a hot chase after the worst gang of cattle thieves in the country, only to have them slip through his fingers, like eels, among the crags. Recapturing a quantity of valuable stock did not prevent his being swearing mad at the outcome. Things boded ill for the thief he might catch.

A heavy grip on Jem Huston's shoulder startled him; he struggled up, and reached for his gun; but Howard's grasp was like steel. Then he looked down upon the bed. "Who is she?" he demanded sternly, "Who is the child?"

"She's Bel—I found her!" stammered Huston, in a dull way, "what's that to you?" Sheriff Howard's hand dropped to his side.

"She's Isabel!" he groaned. "She was my widowed sister's baby." Then, clutching Jem's arm again, "Man, is she dead?"

The rustler's wits came back with a rush. "No!" he whispered, glancing at the sleeping girl, "Come outside;" and slipping an arm into that of his captor, Jem led him through the door.

"I s'pose this here's hangin' business?" questioned Huston lightly, as the procession of prisoner and guards wound down the cañon a couple of hours later.

"I'll be d—d if it is!" quoth the sheriff of Inyo.

"What then?" and Jem turned a pair of sharp eyes on the sturdy officer riding at his side.

Sheriff Howard bit his grizzled moustache angrily. "If I had my way," said he, "you might light out for the hills too quick; but law's law! I'll do my best for your getting a short term, Huston."

"And Bel? She b'longs to you anyhow, I reck'n."

The other's look softened. "She has come back to me from the dead," he answered slowly. "Your wife shall go with her, my man; I owe her that."


"Thank you, pardner," Jem muttered unsteadily.

He leaned forward, urging his horse close to the sheriff's. Howard saw his purpose in a flash, but his hand fell on an empty holster.

"Six foot o' dirt's better 'n four walls, pardner!" whispered the dying man, as the sheriff of Inyo took the smoking pistol from his nerveless grasp, where he lay in the dust under his buckskin's feet. "An' life ain't wuth shucks, anyway, without Bel."

San José, Cal.

REAL SPANISH FOLK-SONGS.

 NE of the most characteristic of the folk-songs which survive in New Mexico and Arizona is the "Angel de Amor" (Angel of Love). Its quaint thought, peculiar *movimiento* and pathetic melody, are all highly typical of the simple, patriarchal people among whom it was invented.

ANGEL OF LOVE.

Harmonized by John Comfort Fillmore.

Collected by Chas. F. Lumma. - -]

Allegro con grasia.

An - gel de a - mor... tu pas - ion... no la com -
Oh, Love! your pas - sion pass - es un - der

pren - do, Si la comprendo no la pue - do ex - pre -
stand - ing, I under - stand it, but 'twill not be - ex -

ar. pressed. Voy en - cel - ar... tu - a lan - gui - do ge -
go to hide... your sigh - ing and your

tun - do, Alla en la tum - ba par po - der - des - can -
an - guish There in the tomb, where only can I be at

arr. rit.
 Yo no sien - to el que me hay - as, que
 I la - ment not what you did me, be-

ri - do, Yo no sien - to el que me hay - as *am.*
 lov - ed, I la - ment not that to - love you did ea-

ar - lo, So - lo sien - to el que me hay - as cam - biar do Con o.
 slave me, On - ly do I la - ment that you gave me Up for

rit. animato.
 tro hom - bre mas in - fer - lor que yo Co - mo el que tie - ne - na
 another who is less a man than I Like him who has - a har-

mu - si - ca, Y no la sa - be to car, A-
mon - i - ca, And not the knowledge to play. 89

et se que - - da, Ay! el hom-bre en es - te mun - do,
goes the world..... un - tuned... to him for - - - - -
cv - er.

Quau-do su el mundo no se sa - be es-prec-ar!...
Who... feels, but feel - - - ing has no power to say!

The "Angel de Amer" is noticeable for the irregularity of its rhythm and its phrasing; peculiarities which it shares with most of our aboriginal Indian music. Sometimes it has two, sometimes three and sometimes four triplets in a measure; and sometimes two equal notes take the place of a triplet. Counting the triplets as the unit of rhythm and giving one beat to a triplet, as I have done in the harmonic accompaniment, the first phrase has nine beats, the second eight, the third nine, the fourth eight, the fifth seven, the sixth fourteen, the seventh six, the eighth eight, the ninth ten, the eleventh eight. So in the folk-songs of our aborigines, symmetry is little regarded; the main consideration being truthfulness of expression, rhythm is used very freely indeed.

JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.



Gentlemen, standing! To the President of the United States, God bless him! And every elbow to his elbow, for the nation's honor—which may possibly be something a little higher than the "honor" of the duellist.

"My country, right or wrong!" But it takes more patriotism **ONE** and more nerve to try to keep it right. This Den echoes merely **MAN'S** what one man thinks. No contributor, advertiser, subscriber **NOTION.** or printer's devil is under bond to these opinions. No stampede can set them running. The Lion was born fond of fighting; he has grown up fond of an honest fight. He is an American, as well as he can see. When the real People of the United States want war—when American women begin to rise up all over the land (the truest patriots of us all, and the bravest) to send their sons and brothers and lovers forth with their godspeed; when the decent pulpit cries to the God of Israel to witness the justice of our cause; when the bravest and best of our American men begin to close their business that they may enlist—why, then the Lion will be for war. But he has not seen any of these things yet. All he has discovered is some newspapers and politicians, generous but emotional people willing to have somebody else get out and fight.

California has every right to be proud of her two great colleges, Stanford and the State University. In proportion to **WANTED:** population, probably no other state is so well endowed. By **ONE** sheer strength of character, President Jordan has lifted the younger university to respect in the world of letters; and the best thing that ever befell Berkeley was the generous awakening of rivalry when Jordan vitalized the drowsy field. The State University has grown tremendously. It has one of the best faculties and largest student-bodies of any similar college in the Union. But it is mostly hands and feet. It has too much Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and politics and periodic meddling. It wants a head. Not merely an honorable professor elected president, but a Force—and an untied one. Mrs. Hearst's munificence is to give it probably a nobler housing than any other American college has. Now let the house have a master. **ONE HEAD.**

There are doubtless men in the faculty now who would honor the position if given elbow-room; but there are reasons clear to all why a new man from a distance would be far more valuable to the University.

For instance, the Lion would like to see Theodore Roosevelt invited to that place. He is young, strong and American. He knows the East and the West, and is known of them. Whatever brakes he needs, the responsibilities of such a position would apply; the impulse the University needs he would give. For Roosevelt is a vital force. He could do for Berkeley, if in a different way, what Jordan has done for Stanford, at home and abroad. He would make it felt and respected; and without knowing anything about it, the Lion can conceive that under proper conditions the headship of the University of California might attract even Mr. Roosevelt, who has to dodge honors instead of pursuing them. Invested with full power, backed by a loyal and enthusias-

tic following, with all the broad significance of the unfolding West for inspiration, he could and would do as large service for good government and good thought as he can in any position in the United States, and with more satisfaction than in most. Money is a secondary consideration ; but we could pay him a salary as high as any ; and in larger ways it could be made a good investment for both sides.

WAR

AND ITS

RUMORS.

Going to press when things look blackest, the Lion is just American enough to believe that there will be no war—that the people of the United States do not want war. A few thousand may—who have papers to sell, or government contracts to get. But they are not the People. This nation is not a savage. It is not crazy to run amuck. It is not ready to make a war which history would judge unrighteous and unwarranted. It does not care just yet to multiply the corruption and the pension-lists of its last war, which are still with us. It is generous in its sympathy, but it is not a hysteric creature like many of its congressmen. It went to war before, to abolish slavery, after a pressure of two generations of its best minds and hearts ; it will not go to war now at the drop of the hat for the bidding of yellow journals.

NOT

JUST

YET.

There is no doubt that a country of seventy-five millions and unbounded wealth can whip a twelve-year-old king and his impoverished nation of seventeen millions, if it cares to try—though it would “know that it had had a fight.” But it will not try, please God. We shall not fight for fun, nor to give somebody a good thing. The only people on earth to whom the blowing up of the *Maine* would not be suicidal are the insurgents. The worst Spanish desperado or fanatic would hardly plunge his country into a war it was doing all in its power to avert. An insurgent, on the other hand, could ask no surer way to get even with Spain than by committing an outrage our gullible papers would instantly assume to be of Spanish doing.

Cuba? What have we to fight for there? The majority of Cubans are not running about the hills and away from the Spanish army. They are living under the government they prefer. Most of the merchants, manufacturers, people of property, are of this class. They do not want to be “liberated.” What in the name of common sense are we going to do with them? They may be very foolish in their political preferences ; but shall we drive them out of Cuba and instal the minority? Our valuable Congressmen and reporters who go to Cuba, land in a Spanish port, ride on Spanish railways, are protected by Spanish laws. They never have stood on land that belonged to the “patriots.” They never have seen an insurgent town, postoffice, policeman, ship or army. But they can see the “Cuban government” by returning to New York, where it hides. We may distinguish ourselves by “recognizing” a republic without towns, ports, ships, revenues, elections, legislatures or territory ; but the United States is not going to war over that sort of a jumble. Uncle Sam loves liberty ; but he is also fond of good horse sense.

AN

OHIO

MISFIT.

A good many years ago, “Little Breeches” ran for governor of Ohio ; and the Lion was the godfather that did the christening. When Foraker was a small boy, his pioneer mother sent him to the country school in the usufruct of a coffee-sack. “Never mind, Benny,” she said, “If you know your lesson they won’t care about your clothes.” But since he came into the higher classes, Master Foraker does not even know his lesson. When every decent American is trying to help the President, Foraker is trying to hinder him. Looking critically at the cut of “Little Breeches” it is impossible to tell whether he is bound for school or just coming home.

The *Youth's Companion*, which is not quite sure of its feet IN A
whenever it ventures further West than the Back Bay, pro- LION'S
claims that the Cougar is a North American animal, and that SKIN.
the Puma is a beast of South America. Know by these free presents,
cherished Mate of Youth—if you will not afford costlier ones like travel
and study—that Puma and Cougar are one and indivisible *felis concolor*;
that "they" range, with one skin for each pair of "them," from Stick-
een to Patagonia; and that both names are Spanish importations (both
mispronounced by us), "Cougar" from Brazil and "Puma" from Peru.
And pray be aware, withal, that the California Lion will not be butchered
in any name to make a Columbus-avenue holiday.

If we have to have war to satisfy our Christian appetite, suppose we try a campaign against the traitors who corrupt our A CHANCE
politics, the seducers of our government, and the venal Yellow FOR OUR
Freaks who hawk our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors upon MUSCLE.
the street at two cents a copy. In a word, how would it do to try to
govern the United States before we take a contract to mismanage the
rest of the world?

The phrase "An American policy" is oftenest found, just THE
now, in mouths where it gets hurt. The American policy, men AMERICAN
and brethren, is to prove to a doubtful world that men can POLICY.
govern themselves. It is easy to be honest when there is nothing to
steal; to be gentle when one is in good humor. But the problem we
have come to the blackboard to work out for humanity is, can a people
govern their lusts and their passions under temptation?

One of the senior captains—and most honored—in the United AN
States Navy said to the Lion's ear, as the last form went to OFFICIAL
press: "There will be no war. And if there is, what in the VOICE.
the name of heaven are we fighting about? What could we do with
Cuba if we got it?" This is one of the men who will have to fight first,
and will fight last. He has already sailed for the front. He is as
American as any man who walks. But he thinks. And that is a good
thing for any American to do, just now.

Senators Thurston and Mason should tell their troubles to Lydia Pinkham.

Easter in a Christian nation. Christ is arisen—let's go out and kill somebody!

When Senators of the United States go to Cuba on the yellow *Journal's* yacht, we can hardly expect to find dignity outside the dictionary. *YACHT*

Humanity is a fine thing. Because someone has got killed in Cuba, we will kill ten times as many—incidentally leaving to starve the reconcentrados we were so sorry for. And we need some widows and orphans of our own.

M. Zola has promoted the tail of the alphabet. Z used to stand for nothing much—apparently Zebra and Zany were invented just to give it a footing in the primer. But now it stands for the staunchest and bravest patriot of France in a generation. Zola is not always wise, but he is a Man.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

THE face of contemporary literature suggests that the average writer has swapped Pegasus for a bicycle.

THE

SIERRA

POET

If we have any business with the "complete poetical works" of any American poet, Joaquin Miller must certainly come well up in the list. It is not a matter whether one approves of his hair or boots or notions of accuracy. The question about a poet is, can he write poetry. That's all. Provincials and next neighbors never see anything of Byron but the limp and the scandal; the only "great authors" for them are those they know nothing about. And Joaquin has given them cause. He was unknown, and he came by empiric paths to fame. He posed no more than Tennyson posed, perhaps, but his stage-setting was more original. He came—just as Tennyson did, and as all players do—to believe his own make-up. And like many another seer, he is a child half, and half a genius. He is not a dishonest man, but one of the kindest alive, and credulous enough to believe his own fictions. And as he lacks tact and the Puritan gad-fly, his eccentricities have poisoned the judgment of half-thinking thousands who would never have known that he was a poet at all, had he not been eccentric. England recognized him, not totally because of its brains but because he was so like its ideas of a Western poet—and so unlike anything really Western. After a dozen years or so, England impressed our East; and both happen to be right.

After Poe, no other American has had the actual poetic genius of Miller—though hundreds have written smoother verse, and dozens deeper. A voice crying in the wilderness—an untrained, lawless voice—a voice that could turn falsetto with self-consciousness—a voice impatient and unchecked—all this it was. But for all, it was in our little day an echo of Homer come back; a prophet and a singer—not by culture but by birth—weak only as man is weak, but not with the anemia of cities, and at its best sonorous and inevitable and rapt. When a man is born that way, it is better not to meddle with what he makes of his visible self. Time attends to the perspective anyhow; but it would be better for them and better for him if people would take the poet at his verse—worth now. It may be pointed to memory that all the colleges and schools and newspapers and books and general polish have never made another Shakespeare. Culture is a splendid thing, but it is nowadays as easy as calico by the yard. Every college counter has bargains in it. But God counts genius by the drop.

It is a matter of regret that certain criticisms do belong to what is meant to be the definitive edition of Miller's poems. Our second greatest singer merited a workmanlike edition—not an imitation of the Riverside. And above all he needed a true, judicious, fearless friend to take a club to him in the editing. Miller has always lacked patience, yet in preparing this edition he has really worked. Only, as it is notorious in his case, and many others, he is the worst judge of his own work. He has done himself greater injustice than anyone ever did him. He has cut and slashed and changed heroically, it is true—for instance, making "Kit Carson's Ride" truer to the nature of that knightly fron-

tiersman who would have roasted a thousand times before he would have left the fictitious "brown bride" to die in a prairie fire. But the "labor of the file" has been neither adequate nor always judicious. And if the man who could write "The Ship in the Desert" could have been petrified before he was allowed to write the Jeemay and often unveracious prose notes which infest this volume—why, it would have been God's mercy.

Himself, Joaquin Miller is a man hard to resist upon acquaintance, just as his highest work is compelling. For he is a much truer man than the Joaquin he thinks he is. The poems are Miller; the "autobiographical notes" are merely what Miller thinks is Miller. Everyone who knows literature without being told ought to read these poems—and shun the notes. The edition, which has several pictures of the poet, is published by the Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$2.

A model of what such things should be—from the first a THE story, to the last the truth—is *Matka and Kotik*, the charming FUR SEAL'S story of the fur seal, by David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University. Prest. Jordan was the United States Commissioner in charge of the fur-seal investigations in 1896, and in the explorations of the frozen North learned his ground with characteristic thoroughness. Thousands who already have forgotten the yes or no of the official reports will read and be stirred by this "Tale of the Mist Islands," which is told with all Dr. Jordan's peculiar grace of thought and diction—a grace most rare to be allied with such authority. The fortunes of the beautiful seal-mother and her little cub, the portentous old Beachmasters and the young Ungas—they are as fascinating as if the author didn't know an earthly thing, and as true as if he were the prosiest dry-as-dust alive. If for nothing else, these pages would be valuable as showing that false local color is not indispensable to a good story, and that fact is not fatal even in fiction. And there is crying room for such writers as this who can delight readers and at the same time not leave them more ignorant than they began. The book is very well printed and profusely illustrated with informative pictures of the seal-people and their haunts. Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1.50.

Few books published on the Coast will have so wide a sale and so broad a usefulness as the handsome and workmanlike A CREDIT TO THE WEST. *Wild Flowers of California*, by Mary Elizabeth Parsons. Two hundred and ten uncommonly attractive and characteristic illustrations by Margaret Warriner Bucks (all but four being studies from life and in the habitat), add greatly to the beauty and value of one of the best popular handbooks of flowers ever issued for any region. Author and artist have seldom worked together so effectively. The volume does not pretend to cover all the enormous flora of the Coast, nor to be a botany. It does not concern itself with flowerless plants. But it is an admirable popular companion to knowledge of all the California wild flowers an intelligent layman cares to know about. Clear descriptions, interesting comment and the artistic drawings make this book of general interest and convenience. The scientific names and the popular names are given; and there is a list of the local Spanish names which is gratifyingly long and surprisingly free from errors. Published by Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. Parker, Los Angeles. \$2.

That rare combination, a book at once interesting and valuable, is *Afloat on the Ohio*, by Reuben Gold Thwaites, the sound THE RIGHT ORT and well-equipped editor of the monumental issue of the *Ferret Relations*. He is also Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and author of several volumes of worth.

The present book felicitously describes Mr. Thwaites's six weeks'

journey by skiff, with his wife and boy and a friend, for a thousand miles down the Ohio river, the first great inland water-way of the United States. With his clear observation of present conditions, thus leisurely inspected, and his scholarly equipment in the romantic early history of the great highway of the Middle West, Mr. Thwaites has made a book as full of attractiveness as of information, and one that thoughtful Americans should read. Incidentally, too, it should suggest to a great many people the joy of getting really out-doors in some like sensible manner. Chicago, Way & Williams. \$1.50.

HERMIT

AND

There is no denying that every man Jack of us (and woman Jill) would a thousand-fold rather have Charles Warren Stoddard drifting upon his own South Seas than pillowed in any Anthony's Rest, or other Saint's whatever. But every man must pick for himself of the threads the Spinners allot him, and as Mr. Stoddard has chosen conscientiously none shall dare say he has not chosen wisely. At any rate, whatever he does, his charm is in it. *The Wonder-Worker of Padua*, his latest volume, is a slender little life of St. Anthony, medieval in spirit as in topic, and strange reading for most of us today—but with all Stoddard's old fire to illumine his faith. And whatever one's mental attitude toward the Saint, every careful reader will love his biographer. And possibly be glad to be reminded of the days when there *was* faith, by one who can keep it yet. The Ave Marie, Notre Dame, Ind.

BOYS

AND

MINES!

The Big Horn Treasure is a rather well-invented story of adventure and mining in Colorado. The author, John F. Cargill, evidently knows his country well enough to avoid the usual absurdities of such books; and his plot is sufficiently animated and plausible for the readers he addresses, who are presumed to be young. If he had united with his knowledge of mines and Colorado some literary gift, the book would have been smoother and more convincing. The volume is in the attractive shape of which A. C. McClurg & Co. never fail. Chicago. \$1.25.

FROM

KANSAS

CITY.

William Griffith has had printed, in an attractive little book, his *Dialogues*; of which a couple had been seen in *The Lotus*. Mr. Griffith has thought to resurrect the old Elizabethan dialogue. There are strong lines and rememberable phrases in his slim volume; he is of unusual skill with epithet; but in many places he becomes obscure in his strain after effect with brevity; and his book shows more of promise if he would turn his face elsewhere than it does justification for its being. Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., Kansas City.

The Awakening of a Nation; Mexico Today, by Chas. F. Lummis, was issued March 15 by Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

In the March 1 *Chap-Book*, John Vance Cheney makes a striking and just review of Joaquin Miller's *Complete Poems*.

Current Literature for February has a warm appreciation of his poems and a particularly good portrait of John Vance Cheney.

Edward H. Mitchell, 225 Post street, San Francisco, has issued in paper, at 50 cents, Evans's *A La California*, an interesting and gossipy record of the old days. The book had become rare, and this popular edition, with all the old illustrations, will be welcomed.

Some Philosophy of the Hermetics is an unusual little volume, published anonymously in this city. As the name forewarns, it trends near dangerous ground. It is an ecstasy; frequently too sublimated for ordinary mortals, but frequently, also, of really poetic imagery and fervor. B. R. Bumgardt & Co., Los Angeles.



Women's Clubs in California, Arizona and New Mexico are invited to correspond with the editor of this department, Mrs. WILLIS LEAD MOORE, P. O. Box 264, Santa Barbara, Cal

Preparations for the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to be held in Denver the last ten days in June, are on a grand scale. This will no doubt be the most notable gathering of women ever held. In Colorado alone there are over 4000 club women. The program will include papers, addresses and discussions by the most talented women in our country, and will cover the entire range of women's interests.

THE CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

The Woman's Congress will be held on May 2d, 3d and 4th, at Native Sons' Hall, San Francisco.

The subject of the Congress will be "The Trend of American Social Life."

Extra sessions of the Congress will be held during the week in San José and Stockton.

The outline of the program to be given conveys an idea of the scope of this association.

PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S CONGRESS, 1898.

SUBJECT: "THE TREND OF AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE."

Monday, May 2d.

SOCIAL VALUES.

- 2:30 P.M. { 1. Opening Addresses.
2. Social Values in a Democracy.
- 8 P.M. 1. Social Exclusiveness.
2. Money Measurements of Men.
3. Angliomania and its Antidotes.

Tuesday, May 3d.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

- 2:30 P.M. 1. Bohemia and Phillistia.
2. The Effect of Women's Clubs on Social Life.
3. The Church as a Source of Fellowship.
- 8 P.M. 1. The Sway of Fashion.
2. Social Functions and the Newspapers.
3. American Amusements.

Wednesday, May 4th.

SOCIAL FEELING.

- 2:30 P.M. 1. Society and Philanthropy.
2. The Disintegrating Forces of City Life.
3. The Mission of the Social Settlement.
- 8 P.M. 1. Equality: How Far is it an American Ideal?
2. Must Social Distinctions Grow in America?

THE WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

SINCE its organization in 1892, the Woman's Parliament of Southern California has presented, in papers, addresses, or by spontaneous discussion, ideas from many of the most talented women in the State. At the session to be held at Redlands, April 26 and 27, 1898, a wide field will be covered, and as these sessions are important in the intellectual life of club women, sketches and portraits of the principal participants will be of interest.

Dr. Belle Reynolds, President of the Parliament, is a woman of fine presence and profound intelligence; combining the methodical exactness of the business woman with the gracious tact of a woman of the world. Belle Macomber was born in Shelburne Falls, Mass. Thence her family removed to Iowa, where the young girl had many pioneer experiences. Returning East to complete her education, she afterward became a school teacher in the then wilderness of Cass county, Iowa. Marrying, in 1860, Mr. Reynolds of Illinois, she removed to Peoria, where on the anniversary of her wedding she heard the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter. A few months later she was with her husband, following the fortunes of war, in the Seventeenth Illinois. From that time until the close of the war she experienced the genuine hardships of a soldier's life—sleeping upon the ground, sometimes with the luxury of a blanket, grateful when hardtack was obtainable, going sometimes for a week at a time without a night's sleep while she nursed the sick, attended the wounded, comforted the dying. Mrs. Reynolds met and knew many of the great leaders of those stirring times, in which she herself played no small part. It was not alone for her courageous defense of a transport of wounded soldiers, but for devoted service upon all occasions, that she was singled out by Gov. Yates, who presented her with the title of Major. The commission bears the note, "Given to Mrs. Belle Reynolds for meritorious conduct in camp and on the bloody field of Shiloh, as daughter of the regiment, with the rank of Major." The governor afterward presented her with a beautiful horse. She entered Vicksburg with the victorious troops and remained with her regiment until it was mustered out in 1864. At the close of the war she began the study of medicine and surgery, which she has since practiced successfully, being for years on the clinical staff of Hahnemann College, in Chicago. She is a member of the American Institute of Homeopathy, the Clinical Society of Hahnemann, and an honorary member of the Connecticut River Valley Medical Society of Massachusetts. Dr. Reynolds has traveled much in Europe and the far East, and is an interesting talker. For the past two years she has been practicing her profession in Santa Barbara, where she is allied with all the progressive movements of the day.

Mrs. Emma Hardacre, Corresponding Secretary of the Parliament, has been a newspaper writer for twenty-three years, having filled the position of Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Times*, *New York Herald*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*. Although Mrs. Hardacre's home is in Cincinnati, she lives most of the time with her daughter, in Santa Barbara, as the Ohio climate is unfavorable to her health. She is secretary and a director in the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital Society; local press superintendent of the W. C. T. U., and Vice-President for Santa Barbara county of the Women's Press Club of Southern California. Mrs. Hardacre is a woman of liberal opinions and broad sympathies. While in Washington, she was identified with that group of well-known writers of which Mary Clemmer was the center.

Miss Gertrude Griffin McCurdy, Treasurer of the Parliament, is also a resident of Santa Barbara. Born in Ohio, she came to California in



L. A. Eng Co.
MISS MARGARET A. SUDDITH.



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MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS.



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ELIZABETH L. KENNEY.



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DR. BELLE REYNOLDS.
President Woman's Parliament.



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REV. EUGENIA ST. JOHN.



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MRS. KATE TUPPER GALPIN.



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MRS. ESTELLE H. LANGWORTHY.



L. A. Eng. Co.
MRS. ALEXANDER BLAIR THAW.

1872, and has been identified with all the liberal movements among women. An active member of the Santa Barbara Women's Club, in which she has held a number of responsible positions, connected with the Hospital Association, and the Fortnightly Club, Miss McCurdy adds to her literary and intellectual pursuits the experience of a practical business woman, which she has gained through the administration of her family estate.

Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin, for several years President of the Parliament, is a natural teacher. Born in Iowa in 1855, educated at the Iowa State College, she early adopted the profession which she has since pursued so successfully. Before instituting her classes in Southern California, she occupied the position of Professor of Pedagogy in the Nevada University. During the five years of her residence in California, Mrs. Galpin has played an active part in the club life of the State, has occupied many positions of honor, and has through her classes in Shakespeare and Current Topics, conducted in Los Angeles and numerous outlying towns, contributed largely to the educational and intellectual life of the community. She gave five addresses before the Women's Congress at the Columbian Exposition, and has lectured upon the suffrage platform throughout California.

Miss Elizabeth L. Kenney, attorney-at-law, is a brilliant young woman, now residing in Los Angeles. A graduate of the High School of Sioux Falls, Dakota, Miss Kenney read law for two years with her uncle, Mr. W. H. Shinn of Los Angeles, took a two years' course at Stanford University, and graduated from the Northwestern University, Chicago, taking the degree of LL. B. In 1897 she was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of Illinois, the Supreme Court of California, and the U. S. District and Circuit Courts. Miss Kenney desires to give especial attention to probate law and property rights of women and children. Her paper before the Parliament is entitled "The Legal Status of Women in California."

Mrs. Lu Wheat, whose paper, "Law *versus* Justice," comes before the Parliament of Redlands, is a woman of many attainments. Her husband, Thomas H. Smith, was a lawyer of early California days, and being a poor sleeper, he read and talked law to his wife at night. In this way, as she had a legal mind, she gained some knowledge of this knotty subject. After her husband's death, Mrs. Wheat "reverted," as Mr.

Darwin would say, to her father's name. Being intensely interested in literature, especially that of the Orient, Mrs. Wheat traveled in Eastern countries, and made her home for a number of years in China and Japan, where she gained a rare insight into the art, literature, and even the character and institutions of these peoples. As a result of her sociological studies in these countries, she has published several books, notably "The Social Evil in Japan," the "Smiling Book," and "Crimes of Japan." Mrs. Wheat is an able writer and an artist of unusual versatility.

The Rev. Eugenia F. St. John was born near Elgin, Ill., of German and Scotch-Irish parents. Her ancestors played an honorable part in the early history of the country, and those fond of the study of heredity may trace many characteristics of loyalty, and executive ability, to this source. Married in 1869 to Rev. Charles H. St. John, of Bloomington, Ill., she, in 1878, succeeded to her husband's pulpit, upon the failure of his health. Since that time Mrs. St. John has filled many important positions in conferences, and W. C. T. U. conventions, local, national and international. In 1879 she was appointed delegate under Frances Willard to assist in presenting a temperance petition of 110,000 names before the Illinois Legislature. Her eloquence upon this occasion gained for her a wide reputation as a temperance orator. For eight years Mrs. St. John has been State Superintendent of Social Purity for Kansas. Failing health decided her to pay a visit to California, and she is at present located in Los Angeles. She will address the Parliament upon "Experiences with the Unfortunate."

Mrs. Caroline de Seymour Severance has been aptly called the "Mother of Clubs." Born in New York in 1820, of Scotch-English and Knickerbocker stock, Caroline de Seymour early developed a taste for study and literature, absorbing eagerly the best education the times afforded. Married in 1840, she lived for a time in Cleveland, where she was identified with the literary and philanthropic movements of the day. She delivered lectures before several conservative organizations, at a time when a woman speaker was an innovation. Removing to Boston, she became an active member of the Woman's College Hospital Association, and several other altruistic societies. In 1868 she rallied a group of notable women and formed the New England Woman's Club, which divides with Sorosis the honor of being the first woman's club. She was first President of this club, and has ever been held in honor as its founder. Before removing to Southern California in 1875 Mrs. Severance had the pleasure of founding numerous clubs in New England towns. The founding of the Friday Morning Club, a sketch of which has recently appeared in these pages, is another chapter in Mrs. Severance's services to club life. Mrs. Severance has been a moving power in the introduction of the Social Settlement plan and the Kindergarten system in Los Angeles, and is, in fact, identified with and deeply interested in all the great movements which make for progress and upliftment. The Parliament will be favored with a talk by Mrs. Severance upon "The Oldest Club."

Mrs. Bella E. Bodkin is the daughter of an Ohio clergyman. She and her husband, Rev. P. H. Bodkin, editor of the *California Independent*, graduated in 1877 from De Pauw University. From an experience of over twenty years as a minister's wife, she is able to set forth the subject "The Duties of Ministers' Wives," chosen for presentation at the Parliament. Combining rare business and mental qualities, she ably conducts the business department of the *Independent*. She is leader of a Home Missionary Society and the Deaconess Board, and is largely engaged in philanthropic work. A resident of the State for twelve years, and of Los Angeles for two years past, Mrs. Bodkin is an ardent Californian.

"She has clearness, tact and sympathy in management; she is uncompromising against wrong, but carries her thought into action with re-

markable discretion, deliberation and good judgment. She delights to aid co-workers, to develop the best that is in them. Her motto is the simple word 'Help.' I should say that a level head or a remarkable balance of faculties was her special gift." Thus wrote Frances E. Willard of Miss Margaret Suddith, of Colton, who presents to the Parliament the subject of "Kindergartens." For several years editor, under Miss Willard, of the *Union Signal*, Miss Suddith has contributed in many ways to the success of the temperance movement. An indefatigable student, when the temporary failure of her eyes rendered it impossible to continue with books, Miss Suddith turned to travel as a means of study, spending some time in England and upon the continent. While in Germany she became interested in the Kindergarten system. She began her editorial career at the head of the *Young Woman*. Miss Suddith is a native of Illinois, and a graduate of the Wesleyan University of that State. She is Vice-President of the Parliament for San Bernardino county.

Many subjects under discussion in the Woman's Parliament have been brought to a successful issue by a few pointed remarks from Dr. Rachel Reid, whose presence upon the platform is always welcomed with applause. Dr. Reid was born in Chautauqua county, New York, in the days when there were pioneers in that State. At the age of fourteen she began teaching school when "boarding round" was the fashion. She learned the art of daguerreotyping during vacations, to earn the means for further education. Having read medicine earnestly, at all spare hours, she began the study of that profession in 1854, and graduated in 1857 at Cincinnati, O., from the only medical college in the "West" which would then admit women. She practiced her profession successfully at Beaver Dam, Wis. In 1860 she was married to Hiram A. Reid. In 1861 she formed, with the approval of Governor Randall and other officers of the State of Wisconsin, a band of army nurses, and in September of that year was summoned to St. Louis by Miss Dorothy Dix, and was the first woman mustered into hospital service west of Washington, and the first woman in the great general army hospital at St. Louis under General Frémont's command. Dr. Reid delivered special lectures to women during her practice in later years, and served as lecturer to women students of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. Resigning this position, she came to California in 1883. A Good Templar in early days, the doctor has since become an earnest W. C. T. U. worker, devoting her time especially to the colored race. She is also a member of the Women's Relief Corps, and with all her charitable work has found time to write stories, poems, topical papers, etc. Her subject before the Parliament is "Reform in Funerals."

"Reforms in Mourning," is the unique subject chosen for presentation by Mrs. Estelle H. Langworthy, of San Diego. Mrs. Langworthy is a native of Indiana, and a graduate of De Pauw University. An enthusiastic student she became identified, on coming to San Diego in 1891, with the educational and literary life about her, and has always lent her aid to progressive and altruistic movements. She belongs to the first college fraternity organized among women, the Alpha Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Theta of her alma mater. Mrs. Langworthy is a devoted and valued member of the San Diego Club.

Mattie D. Murphy, wife of Dr. W. W. Murphy and mother of Dr. Claire W. Murphy, of Los Angeles, was born in Tennessee. Having lived in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and New York city and Kansas City, Mrs. Murphy has had broad knowledge of American life, and has made an especial study of educational conditions. She taught school in Iowa, served four years as Superintendent of Public Instruction of McPherson county, Kansas, conducted an educational department, and edited an educational journal for years. She has also contributed to other branches of journalism. Domestic in tastes, Mrs. Murphy has

still given much of her time to philanthropic work, having for years acted as Secretary for the Los Angeles Orphans' Home, in which she is deeply interested. The daughter of the late Dr. I. O. Day, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Murphy has, perhaps, through association, long been devoted to the study of microscopy. Her paper will be on "The Club's Educators."

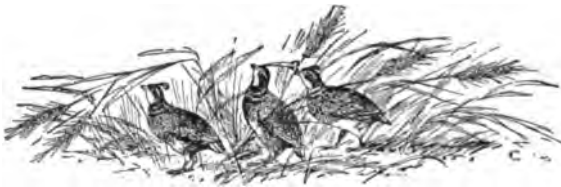
Mrs. Eliza A. Otis, who favors the Parliament with a poem, is well known and loved by all Southern Californians. She is a practical newspaper woman, as well as a writer of unusual ability. Born in New Hampshire, a graduate of Newcastle Seminary, Vt., she was married to Col. Harrison Gray Otis in Ohio. After the war Col. and Mrs. Otis lived for some years in Washington, D. C., and later removed to the Pacific Coast, where Col. Otis bought the *Santa Barbara Press*. All Californians know of Col. Otis' successful newspaper career, in which his wife has ever been an able coadjutor. Previous to their residence in Los Angeles, Col. and Mrs. Otis spent some years on St. Paul Island, Alaska, where Col. Otis was U. S. Treasury Agent, and in this remote part of the world the couple had some interesting experiences. Mrs. Otis has published one volume of verse, and has two ready for press, and has also a volume of poems which will shortly be issued by a Boston publisher. An ardent lover of California, Mrs. Otis has exercised her talent, always in celebration of the charms of her adopted State.

The discussion of the paper upon "The Benefits of Federation," will be led by Mrs. Frances Eastman, of Los Angeles, who is a director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. O. H. Smith, of San José, the State Chairman of Correspondence for the General Federation in California.

"Some Aspects of Plato's Republic" is the title of a paper presented to the Parliament, by Mrs. Alexander Blair Thaw, of Field Place, Montecito.

THE HOSTESS.

The Contemporary Club of Redlands, which will act as hostess to the Parliament, was organized in January, 1894, with twenty-five members, Mrs. H. D. Moore, President, and Mrs. K. N. Field, Secretary. The membership was at first limited to twenty-five, and after two years enlarged to thirty. In the spring of 1896 an important change was made by which the doors of the club were thrown open to all the women of Redlands, and the membership made unlimited. Since that time it has steadily increased in numbers until there are now over one hundred names on the list of active members. The Contemporary Club is devoting itself to live topics of practical interest to all, the discussion of which has proved helpful and inspiring. It has been ever ready to respond to calls of charity, and its influence always widening, has made itself felt in many ways for good. Mrs. Marion Gay is the present efficient president.





THE LAND WE LOVE

AND HINTS OF WHY.




Harvard-Collier Eng. Co

ONE OF THE "COAST-GUARD."
(At Alameda.)

Photo. by Miss Keeler, Berkeley



L. A. Eng. Co

THE OLD MILL, SAN GABRIEL.

Photo. by Fletcher.

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SOME OF OUR WAR SHIPS



U. S. CRUISER OLYMPIA.



U. S. CRUISER CHARLESTON.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

U. S. BATTLESHIP OREGON.

Photo by Kila.



C. M. Davis Eng Co

U. S. MONITOR MONADNOCK.

Photo. by Judd.

LOS ANGELES

INDUSTRIAL AND MINING INTERESTS.

ONLY a few years ago, whenever efforts were made to extend manufacturing industries in Los Angeles, complaint was always made that the high price of fuel was a serious obstacle to such extension, more than offsetting the high freight rates on manufactured products from the East.

This has all been changed during the past three or four years. Los Angeles manufacturers have now an ample supply of cheap fuel, in the shape of crude petroleum, which is sold at from 75 cents to \$1 per barrel of 42 gallons, the latter price being about equivalent to \$3.50 per ton for steam coal. At this rate Los Angeles manufacturers are on an even footing with those of many of the great manufacturing cities of the country,



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EXTERIOR OF INDUSTRIAL HALL.

Photo. by Maude.

having, in addition, the advantage of a climate which permits of outdoor work the whole year round, and which obviates the necessity of expensive protection against the weather.

A still cheaper power, in the shape of electricity, brought from the mountain streams of this section, will soon be available for our manufacturers. One power-house is now in course of construction in Los Angeles, and work is under way on a second enterprise, while more are projected. It may safely be stated that not less than 2000 horse-power from water sources in adjacent mountains will be delivered for distribution within this city before the end of 1898.

The first of these sources of supply is in the San Gabriel cañon, about twenty miles from Los Angeles, and the second in the Santa Ana cañon, beyond Redlands, in San Bernardino County. There is also a project on foot to bring in power from Kern river, in the county of that name.



C. M. Davis Eng Co

INTERIOR OF INDUSTRIAL HALL.
Headquarters of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association.

Photo. by Maule.

It is estimated that from 15,000 to 17,000 horse power is now used in Los Angeles.

The census of 1890 showed Los Angeles to contain 750 factories in



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Photo. by Maude.

A glimpse into the rooms of the Secretary and Directors of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, Hall of Industry.

operation, in which \$10,000,000 was invested. Five thousand men were employed, drawing an average of \$700 per annum in wages, or a total of \$3,500,000. The cost of material used was \$5,000,000 per annum, and the



A view of the Gas and Electric Fixture Factory of Meyberg Bros., Los Angeles.

value of the products manufactured reached the considerable sum of \$10,000,000. Since these figures were compiled, an immense stride has been made by the city, not only in manufacturing, but in every other branch of activity, and in population, as may be seen from the fact that while the census of 1890 only gave Los Angeles a population of a little over 50,000, the population is now 110,000. Then, again, when the



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IN INDUSTRIAL HALL.

Photo. by Maude.

census was taken the cost of fuel was very high. It is safe to say that there are today at least 10,000 men employed in the manufacturing industries of Los Angeles, and that the value of products turned out and sold during the past year was not less than \$20,000,000, while there are in active operation at least 1000 manufacturing establishments, great and small.

One of the important branches of the manufacturing industry is the canning, drying and preserving of the fruits and vegetables raised in the

surrounding country. There are several factories of this description in Los Angeles, but there is room for many more. One local firm has made a national reputation in the crystallizing of fruits. Pickles are



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Photo. by Garden City Photo. Co.

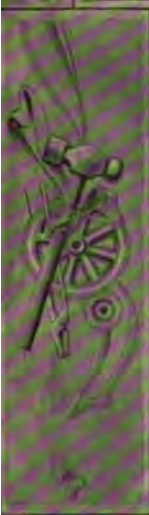
The leading Los Angeles Cracker and Confectionery Factory.

put up in large quantities, and several thousand barrels of vinegars are made every year, from barley, corn, fruit waste, wine and cider. The production is not, however, equal to the demand and much vinegar is



WHERE PURE OLIVE OIL IS MADE.

View of one of the Crushers and Presses at D. H. McEwen's factory, Pomona, Cal.



SNAP SHOTS IN THE BAKER IRON WORKS.
One of the great suppliers of Southern California's growth.

yet imported. Olive oil produced in Los Angeles county finds a ready market. A small quantity of castor oil is manufactured from the castor bean, which grows rankly in this section. At San Pedro, twenty miles from Los Angeles, there is a cannery, which turns out large quantities of sardines, mackerel and other fish. One of the important manufacturing establishments of Los Angeles is the packing house of the Cudahy Company, which turns out a large quantity of pork and beef products.

Manufactured iron and steel of all varieties is now made in Los Angeles, including agricultural implements, steel boilers, steam engines, irrigation machinery, electrical plants, pumps and railway iron. Cheap petroleum fuel enables these factories to compete successfully with San Francisco.

A large quantity of sewer and water pipe, of pottery, is made here. There are several large brick yards. The combined output of the yards in Los Angeles and vicinity is about 30,000,000 brick annually.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

AT THE BAKER IRON WORKS.

Photo. by Maude.

The Blacksmith Department.

Wine and brandy have from the earliest days been an important product in Los Angeles. There are several large wineries in the city, but most of them are located a short distance out in the country. The sweet wines manufactured here have a high reputation. A large brewery together with smaller ones, supplies most of the local demand, although much beer is still imported from the North and East.

Flour of the finest quality is manufactured from wheat raised in Southern California, but not in sufficient quantity to supply the local demand. There are two cracker factories.

One of the most important branches of manufacturing that has been developed in Southern California during the past few years is that of beet sugar. There are now two large beet sugar factories in operation, one at Chino, in San Bernardino county, and another at Alamitos, just across the line of Los Angeles county, in Orange county. Another still larger factory is in course of construction in Ventura county. The exceptional advantages offered in this section for the raising of sugar beets have attracted wide attention in the East and Europe, and it is likely

that the coming year will see the establishment of several more factories in this section.

Active efforts are now being put forth in Los Angeles to popularize and extend the use of home products. The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association has a special committee devoted to a vigorous campaign in favor of home products; and a permanent Home Products Exhibition has been established by the association. Thus the public has become thoroughly acquainted with the different articles produced here.

The rapid development of the mining industry in Southern California and adjacent territories has greatly increased the demand for mining machinery, much of which is now being supplied from this city. Almost every description of mining machinery is now made in Los Angeles, and at prices as low as in San Francisco.

Los Angeles is a geographical center of a most extensive and promising undeveloped mining country. Within easy reach of this city, in addition to the seven southern counties, are the rich mineral fields of southern Nevada, southern Utah, Arizona, western New Mexico, Sonora,



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. by Maude.

One of the Departments of the W. G. Hutchinson Gas and Electric Fixtures Factory. Lower California and Chihuahua. In Southern California alone there are nearly one thousand stamps, some seven thousand men engaged in mining, and a capital of not less than \$20,000,000 invested in the mining industry. Yet a beginning has scarcely been made in the development of our mineral wealth. Within the limits of this country there is mining territory that would attract millions of capital, were it located in some out-of-the-way section, and advertised in an attractive manner.

Among the leading mining sections of Southern California are Randsburg, in Kern county, the Perris district in Riverside county, several flourishing mining camps on the Colorado desert, in Riverside and San Diego counties, and Acton, in the northern part of Los Angeles county.

There has been much talk during the last few years regarding the erection of a smelter, to treat the gold and silver ores in this section. There is a good opening for such an enterprise, provided those who establish it possess sufficient capital.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

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